AMERICA'S GREATEST WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

PICTORIAL REVIEW

BEGINNING "THE LUCK OF GERALDINE LAIRD"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

OCTOBER 1918 TWENTY C

The Fall Fashion Number in Beautiful Colors

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Cream of Wheat

The food you come back to when you can get it – and now you can

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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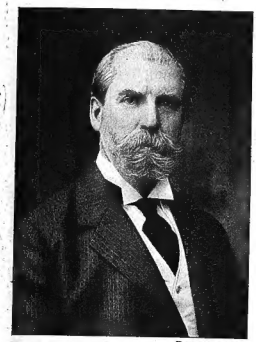
Read this Letter from Charles Evans Hughes



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THERE are few men in public life for whom the American people have such high respect as Charles Evans Hughes. His sincerity and ability have been abundantly demonstrated over and over again. His wonderful work at the time of the Insurance scandals in New York established Mr. Hughes's reputation with the public as a skilful, impartial investigator.

Later on, when Mr. Hughes became Governor of the State of New York, his remarkable executive ability and sound judgment secured for him re-election by a substantial majority to that post of distinction. He left the Governorship of New York to become a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, at Washington.

President Wilson has recently appointed Mr. Hughes to make an investigation of our Aircraft production and Mr. Hughes's past record is ample guarantee to the people of America that any work he undertakes will be thorough, painstaking, and above all, unbiased.

In 1911, Mr. Hughes was Chairman of a Commission to investigate Second-class Mail Matter. That Commission unanimously reported against the Zone System. The letter we have pleasure in printing below distinctly shows that Mr. Hughes sees no reason in 1918 to change the opinions on the Second-class Postal situation formed by his investigations in 1911.

Mr. ALLEN H. RICHARDSON,
Publishers Advisory Board,
200 Fifth Ave., New York.

1262 New Hampshire Ave.,
Washington, D. C.
June 17, 1918.

DEAR SIR:

In answer to your letter I beg to say:

I prefer not to accept a retainer to appear before legislative committees upon matters of general policy, as, in such matters, if I have anything to say, I desire to speak only as a citizen.

I have no hesitation in saying that I regard the zone system of postal rates for newspapers and periodicals, coming under the definition of second-class mail matter, as ill advised. The Commission on Second-Class Mail Matter (appointed in 1911), of which I was a member, considered this question and reported unanimously against the zone system. We said in that report:

> "The policy of zone rates was pursued in the earlier history of our post-office and has been given up in favor of a uniform rate in view of the larger interest of the Nation as a whole. It would seem to the Commission to be entirely impracticable to attempt to establish a system of zone rates for second-class matter. * * *
>
> "Progress in the post-office, with respect both to economy in administration and to public convenience, leads away from a variety of differential charges to uniform rates and broad classifications."

In my judgment the zone system for second-class mail matter is unjust to the publisher and unjust to the public. It not only imposes upon the publisher the additional rates upon a sectional basis, but it makes necessary the added expense for the necessary zone classifications at a time when every economy in production and distribution is most important. It introduces a complicated postal system to the inconvenience of the publisher and public when there should be a constant effort towards greater simplicity. There is no more reason for a zone system of rates for newspapers and magazines than for letters.

Newspapers and magazines are admitted to the second-class postal rates on the well-established policy of encouraging the dissemination of intelligence, but a zone system is a barrier to this dissemination. If it is important that newspapers and magazines should be circulated, it is equally important that there should not be sectional divisions to impede their general circulation through the entire country.

We are proud at this moment of our united purpose, but if we are to continue as a people to cherish united purposes and to maintain our essential unity as a nation, we must foster the influences that promote unity. The greatest of these influences, perhaps, is the spread of intelligence diffused by newspapers and periodical literature. Abuses in connection with second-class mail matter will not be cured by a zone system of rates. That will hurt the good no less than the bad, and perhaps some of the best sort of periodical literature will be hit the hardest.

We do not wish to promote sectionalism, and "one country" means that in our correspondence and in the diffusion of necessary intelligence we should have a uniform postal rate for the entire country. The widest and freest interchange is the soundest public policy.

I hope that Congress will repeal the provision for the zone system which is decidedly a looking-backward and walking-backward measure.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) CHARLES E. HUGHES.

It is a peculiar fact that no Commission appointed to investigate Second-class Mail Matter has ever recommended a Zone System. Mr. Hughes's conclusions on the subject also happen to be identical with those of Abraham Lincoln, Woodrow Wilson (when Governor of New Jersey), and the Penrose-Overstreet Commission. If the people of the United States were thoroughly acquainted with the forces that brought about this legislation it would be wiped off the Statute Books to-morrow.

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THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
WILLIAM PAUL ABNELT, President and Publisher
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING, 214-226 West 39th Street, NEW YORK

In sending notice of change of residence, be sure to send previous address as well

PICTORIAL REVIEW is published by The Pictorial Review Company, 214-226 W. 39th Street, New York. William Paul Abnelt, President and Treasurer; Chas. W. Nelson, First Vice-Pres.; Everett D. Trumbull, Second Vice-Pres.; Jay A. Weber, Secretary; Paul Block, Advertising Director; B. A. Mackinnon, Circulation Director.
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Why 1,500,000 Women Buy Pictorial Review In War Time

1,500,000 women buy PICTORIAL REVIEW every month because it is an investment that gives back far more than it costs.

When you plant seed corn in the ground you know you will get a crop many times more valuable than the cost of the seed.

You would not call it a saving to keep the money in your purse, would you?

There is a great deal of difference between *spending* money and *investing* it. One means waste. The other means saving.

To-day the woman who saves is a patriot. She does not idly *spend*. She invests, knowing that what she gets back for her money is what counts.

Each issue of PICTORIAL REVIEW is built to return big dividends on your investment in a subscription. We are making our magazine of such helpful character that you save money by having it in your home. To-day it would be a *waste* for any home-loving woman not to invest in PICTORIAL REVIEW.

Now to help you, until September 30th, we are going to accept a limited number of subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW for two years at the old rate of $3.00. This means a clear saving of $1.00 right now on your investment. The regular price of PICTORIAL REVIEW for *one* year is $2.00 and after September 30th a two-year subscription will be $4.00, but until September 30th we will accept a two-year subscription for $3.00. To take advantage of this offer you must act promptly, please. This remarkable offer will never come your way again:—

PICTORIAL REVIEW

2 Years for $3.00 Until September 30th

KATHLEEN NORRIS'S NEW NOVEL. In this issue "The Luck of Geraldine Laird" begins. Read this first instalment. It is by all odds the greatest story Mrs. Norris has written since "The Heart of Rachael." You can finish this book-length novel in three more instalments. That means a $1.50 book in four issues of the magazine.

ROTOGRAVURES TO FRAME. You'll be delighted to learn that more rotogravure pictures by the great French artist, Lucien Jonas, are coming. Turn to the two delicately drawn pictures in this issue and you'll see what's in store for you. These pictures alone would cost 50c or 60c in an art shop. Then think of getting two of these without extra charge each month.

DOLLY DINGLE CUT-OUTS. Still more coming! Dolly Dingle, the biggest "cut-outs" in color in America, will continue to make the youngsters happy. Those delightful Kiddies Twelvetrees paints will also be regular monthly visitors in the pages of this magazine. Did you ever see such merry little rascals in your life?

SHORT STORIES. Edward O'Brien, the noted critic, stated that PICTORIAL REVIEW publishes better short stories than any of the other popular magazines. Forthcoming issues prove this. When you read Wilbur Daniel Steele's story "For Where Is Your Fortune Now" in the November number you will be reading one of the best stories of 1918. "The Man Who Looked Back" by Lucy Pratt is a powerful war story that is *different*. Other fiction by such writers as Wallace Irwin, Edward S. O'Reilly and Octavus Roy Cohen will maintain PICTORIAL REVIEW'S national repute.

HOOVERIZING AT THE WHITE HOUSE. This special article shows exactly how the President and his family are putting into practice every order of the Food Administration. It is another splendid proof of the genuine democracy of our President. Every month PICTORIAL REVIEW publishes articles on the newest methods of saving food, how to obtain dainty dishes at the least cost. Experts write these articles based on experiences which every woman can follow. Read Mrs. Ida C. Bailey Allen's article in November on "Using Fish to Save Meat."

"TRUE STORIES FROM THE WAR." Are you reading Dorothy Canfield's astonishing series of *true* war stories? There's one in this issue and more are to follow. One of the greatest stories the war has produced is in PICTORIAL REVIEW for November. It is called "A Medical Joan of Arc" and recounts the marvelous heroism of a woman doctor at the Front. Don't miss this.

"WOMEN OF A NEW WORLD." After the war, what? How is it going to affect you? What are your plans? New conditions for women arise. In fact they're here now. Let Senator Helen Ring Robinson advise you. Her series of articles in PICTORIAL REVIEW deal with every problem that will confront you and all women.

FASHIONS IN COLORS. Even competitors admit there are no styles like PICTORIAL REVIEW styles! Every woman knows it too. From now on PICTORIAL REVIEW fashion pages are to be more beautiful than ever. Many of them will be illustrated in the actual colors of the dress-goods! These styles are always a little in advance of any others so that by following them you may be the style-leader in your community.

Now don't put off accepting this special offer of PICTORIAL REVIEW for two years for $3.00 until September 30th.

Send in your order when you finish reading this page. Do it while the matter is fresh in your mind. Don't delay. For your own sake save on your investment.

You can subscribe for two years for $3.00 through any reputable bookseller, newsdealer, Pictorial Review Pattern Agent, or you may send your order direct to

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FROM THE GOVERNMENT:

"Just a few words to let you know that the Department of Agriculture heartily approves the efforts you are making to assist the women of America in the country's pressing need for conservation and food-production.

"Anything your publication can do to bring about an increase in economy in American homes is a service not only to the Government but also to the whole country."

Carl Vrooman,
Assistant Secretary,
Department of Agriculture,
Washington, D.C.

WHAT O'BRIEN SAID:

Edward J. O'Brien, the well-known and widely quoted short story critic, rates PICTORIAL REVIEW as leading all the popular magazines, both in quality and quantity of short stories of distinction published during 1917. Mr. O'Brien's review of "The Best Short Stories of 1917" was recently issued. In his review Mr. O'Brien credits PICTORIAL REVIEW with publishing 26 stories of distinction during the year.

Out of all the stories published in American magazines, Mr. O'Brien has picked three which may be called the VERY BEST SHORT STORIES OF THE YEAR. Two of these very best short stories of the year appeared in PICTORIAL REVIEW.

For short stories Do Luxe—read PICTORIAL REVIEW.

A REMARKABLE LETTER FROM A FATHER

"Out of the fulness of my heart, I am writing to you. Perhaps you will feel it out of place for a mere man to address you, but I feel I must tell you what your advice has meant to me and mine.

"When Junior was one month old, we also became the parents of a fine boy, but my son's dear mother lived only long enough to ask of me that I myself would supervise the rearing of our child.

"During the first seven weeks of Sonny's life I employed a woman to care for him, with the result that he gradually lost two pounds in weight and surely was a fretful, colicky baby. When took to a neighbor for three weeks, but she brought him back and said she would not do for such a cross baby, with her own work to do. She assured me that most little motherless babies died, and maybe it would be better were this one to be out of misery, too.

"I clutched to the little mite and took him up to my wife's sewing-room to rock him to sleep—or try to. You will know how heartsick and discouraged I was. On her stand, I noticed her copy of your paper, open at the baby page. I read your article several times, sent out and purchased the two later numbers, and then and there decided that before I would lose the child we had planned for so long, I would see what I could do. Before I slept I had arranged a schedule, as per your advice, given to my work as a machinist, and arranged for work I could do at home to partly cover expense.

"There have been times when my loneliness and inexperience were almost more than I could bear, but the result has been: first, my child is now a normal baby, healthy, happy, and contented; second, he has suffered no teething trouble whatever; third, he is so well behaved that many acquaintances wonder how it has been accomplished; fourth, and best of all, I have been able to keep my promise to my dear wife, and I am sure could she see her adorable child now, she would feel that her sacrifice had not been in vain.

"Thanking you for every word of your series, and praying that God bless your work abundantly."

B.J. R., Ohio.

AN EDITOR SAYS:

"Although I have been connected with periodical publications during a long life, I am equally surprised and delighted by every issue of Pictorial Review.

"The excellence of its literary pages, the artistic value of its illustrations, and the variety of its departments appeal to every member of a family, and its advertisements are of the high class that is worthy of such a magazine.

"Knowing the limitations and the difficulties of editorship, I wonder how you maintain a uniform standard that extends even to the printing and gives always the impression of daintiness, strength and completeness"

Stephen Pinke,
New York.

MRS. BOYD WRITES:

"I want to tell you how much your pattern 7542 has helped me. I never thought I could be able to cut over clothes and be successful. That pattern appealed to me as a very suitable one for my six-year-old daughter. When I saw what a simple matter it was to use it I thought of making over some shirts of my sister's that were worn around the bell.

"A blue broadcloth two-piece shirt was cut over very nicely with this pattern. The only expense was a ten-cent ball of garnet colored embroidery silk and half a yard of garnet ribbon. I did not make a sash, only a crush girdle at back. With the embroidery silk I cross stitched the hem, around neck and sleeves and pleats in front. Just think, a new dress for twenty-five cents.

"The other dress was made of a two-piece white waist and a yard of white organdy at twenty-five cents a yard made sashes for two dresses. I made a simple tatting edge for neck and sleeves and put the buttons on the pleats.

"The little gwimpses I cut from some fine shirts of my husband's that were worn out around the neck and bands. Two dresses for the outlay of fifty-eight cents."

Yours very truly,
Mary C. Boyd,
Dorchester, Mass.

A WAR WORKER WRITES:

"It is rather an amusing thing to sit down and write a letter to you, when you have never seen, extolling the virtues of some one else. But I am so enthusiastic about the work that your representative, Mrs. Ida Clarke, is doing here in Washington that I can not resist the temptation to talk about her.

"The reason that I am so particularly interested to-day is that I happened to come across a little information concerning the very woman in which she obtained a story of a woman out in California who was ever patiently dying and dying without any knowledge of her boy, later then his departure from America to France. Mrs. Clarke made a determined effort to find out about him in that forceful manner of hers, with this result. She was able to send a message to that mother in California that her boy was not dead. He had not gone down on the "Tuscania," as she had every reason to believe, but had sailed on a ship which left New York before the "Tuscania" sailed, and was now safe in France.

"Could any service to the women of America be greater than this? Please do not think I am crazy to have written this to you. It is sympathy and deep feeling of appreciation of the work of an extremely capable woman.

"She and that section of Pictorial Review for which she writes certainly mean a great deal to the women of America."

Clara S. Foster,
Division of Women's War Work,
Washington, D.C.

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WOMAN'S SHARE IN THE NATION'S WORK

CONDUCTED BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

Keep Canned Goods for Home Use

A RECENT order has been issued to the effect that home canned and preserved goods can not be purchased or accepted as gifts for the Army or Navy. The Food Administration appreciates the patriotic spirit of people all over the country who want to send such things for the benefit of our soldiers, but there are the best reasons why such goods should be reserved for civilian use. No Government department is allowed to accept any article without paying for it. If home-prepared food could be legally bought, the purchase would not be practicable, because of the difficulty of inspecting small lots. Do not write concerning this ruling, as no exceptions will be made.

Plan for Continuous Prayer

THE purpose of the one-minute continuous prayer chain is announced by the Mothers of the Defenders of Democracy as follows: "To envelop the whole nation in continuous prayer, making President Wilson's proclamation of May thirtieth the basis of continuous appeal for national guidance, protection for our sons, and the victory of international justice and righteousness." His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has approved the plan and the Rev. Charles S. MacFarland, D. D., of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, has also given his support to it. The aim is to assure "continuous one-minute, silent, individual prayers every minute of the day and night, hundreds of thousands praying, one group successively following another, so that there shall be no break in the continuous appeal." Register with the *Mothers of Defenders of Democracy, 51 East 42nd Street, New York City,* pledging at least one minute a day.

College Women Needed Abroad

ALL college women who wish to enlist for service abroad and who can comply with regulations should apply to the *Intercollegiate Committee on Women's War Work Abroad, Women's University Club, 106 East 52nd Street, New York City.* For the Red Cross, this Committee will recruit social, canteen, and hospital hut workers, stenographers, clerical assistants, etc., and for the Y.M.C.A., canteen workers for the American camps abroad. All college women applicants to the Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A. for overseas work will be referred to this Committee.

For Overseas Service

WITH the vast increase in the number of our soldiers overseas, the need of women workers has increased proportionately Canteen workers are needed by the Y.M.C.A. and by the Red Cross. Applicants for Y.M.C.A. work must be between 30 and 45 years of age, must have self-reliance, good health, and willingness to endure loneliness and hardships, and to obey orders. They must pay all their own expenses or be financed to the extent of $2,000 a year. Apply to the *Y.M.C.A., 9th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.* For the Red Cross work, applicants must be between 28 and 40 years of age and of excellent health and character; must enlist for one year, and pay own expenses, or be financed to the extent of $2,000 a year. Apply to *Personnel Bureau, American Red Cross, Division Headquarters.* Women who have a knowledge of French and agriculture, and who can pay their own expenses, are wanted by the *American Committee for Devastated France, 16 East 39th Street, New York City.* No motor-drivers are wanted except those who can furnish cars and pay their own expenses.

New Passport Rulings

WOMEN relatives of civilians serving abroad are now included in the restrictions governing the issuance of passports, which were previously placed by the War Department on women relatives of men serving in the Army and Navy. Women relatives of men thus classified, who have been abroad and are now in the United States, will be prevented from returning to Europe by this ruling. Women under twenty-five are not given passports to go abroad in relief work. It is quite useless for any one belonging to the restricted classes cited above to request an exception, as no exception will be made under any circumstances.

Where Women Are Most Needed

CRAFTSWOMEN needed for diversional work in convalescent hospitals. Diversional occupations include: Wood-carving, toy-making, basketry, pottery, mechanical drawing, rag-rug weaving, etc. Apply to *Bureau of Nursing, Red Cross, Division Headquarters,* or *Washington, D. C.* Work is voluntary.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE EXPERTS. Apply to *Y. W. C. A., 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City,* concerning cafeteria management. Applicants must be between thirty and fifty years of age, of Protestant Evangelical religion. Openings are also announced in the *Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.,* and the *National Food Administration, Washington, D. C.* Apply *United States Civil Service Commission, Divisional Headquarters,* or *Washington, D. C.*

ENTERTAINERS. Apply to *Recreation Association of America, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City; Bureau of Registration, Y. W. C. A., 4 West 58th Street, New York City;* or *Y. W. C. A., 9th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.* Work consists of entertainments in camp and camp communities.

LIBRARIANS. Apply *Divisional Headquarters, United States Civil Service Commission;* also *American Library Association, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.* Work is in cantonment libraries. Paid and voluntary.

MATRONS. Apply to *Y. W. C. A., 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City,* for work in hostess houses; *Committee on Protective Work for Girls, Commission on Training Camp Activities, Washington, D. C.,* for work in detention homes and camp cities; *Red Cross, Divisional Headquarters,* for work in Red Cross houses connected with base hospitals; *Divisional Headquarters of the United States Civil Service Commission,* for work as field matron in Indian service.

Women Telegraph Operators Needed

FIVE thousand women telegraph operators are needed in the United States. The Western Union and the Postal Telegraph Companies provide training schools for recruits, who are paid $40 monthly while training. Salaries after training range from $50 to $75 monthly. For information, apply to the *Local Telegraph Offices* or to *Division Traffic Superintendent, New York, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Omaha, Neb.; Atlanta, Ga.; Denver, Colo.; San Francisco, Cal.;* or *Dallas, Texas.* The need for women operators for service abroad has been met for the present

Things Not to Do

THE Government is not using women aviators. There are no openings in the United States Secret Service for women. On a few occasions women have been employed in this department, but there are now on file 15,000 applications, 200 of which are from women. No telephone operators are now being sent abroad, the first unit having been filled. Women motor-drivers are seldom used except where they can pay their own expenses and furnish their own cars. A few women are employed as truck-drivers by the Quartermaster's Division at Washington.

A New Vocation for Women

SIX women Farm Labor Specialists have been appointed by the State Food Commissioner of New York, at the request of the Bureau of Employment. The salaries and expenses of these women will be paid by the Food Commissioner. The State is divided into six districts, and a woman is assigned to each district. The duty of the Farm Labor Specialist is to find the places where a woman's farm unit is needed, arrange for suitable housing, etc., interview the farmers who want help, and organize the unit. The number of women in each unit will vary from 15 to 25, none may be under eighteen years of age and all must have a physician's certificate of physical fitness. In other States similar action is contemplated. Apply to *Mr. C. B. Barnes, State Department of Labor, 230 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

Pictorial Review's Washington Bureau Is at Your Service

IF YOU are interested in anything mentioned on this page write to the address given, as this is the quickest, surest way to get accurate, authentic information. Conditions are changing with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Before written words can be printed they may become inadequate to express a condition. Therefore, it is best to seek fresh information from its source. If in other ways I can help you, write to me. Problems are very individual things, hard for other people to solve, but sometimes it does help to talk things out. When you write send a stamped, self-addressed envelop to *Pictorial Review, Washington Bureau, 707 20th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.*

Ida Clyde Clarke

For the Practical Nurse

THE woman who possesses the magic gift of nursing, and who, tho untrained, has the ability and experience that are so necessary in successful nursing, is likely to have her chance, according to *Miss Helen F. Boyd, Chairman National Organization for Public Health Nursing, 615 Nineteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.* Heretofore there has been no call for the "practical nurse." "In order that as many trained nurses as possible can be released for service abroad," says Miss Boyd, "the practical nurses will be recruited to fill the ranks in public health nursing. They will carry on the work under adequate supervision. The relation of public health to the health of the Army and Navy has been emphasized. The prevention of disease epidemics in communities means the prevention of epidemics in cantonments. The National Organization is in the field to keep up the standard of public health nursing and to disseminate educational material on this special work. It also directs people in their efforts to obtain training in this work, and assist communities in securing experienced public health nurses." Miss Boyd will furnish information and particulars.

Are You Fitted for This?

CONCERNING the work of Reconstruction Aides, about which numerous inquiries are being received, Colonel Frank Billings, Medical Corps, N. A., authorizes me to say:

"The work of Reconstruction Aides is divided into two sections: (1) those women who are well trained in massage and the other forms of physicotherapy, and (2) those who are well trained in simple handicrafts. Both sections of women must be between the ages of 25 and 40 years. They must either be graduates of normal schools of physical education and have experience in dealing with pathological cases, or trained craft workers or graduates of schools of industrial arts and crafts.

"Reconstruction Aides are civilian employees of the Medical Department, U. S. Army. Their pay, when serving in the United States, is $50 per month with allowance for quarters and subsistence, and $60 per month when serving abroad. They are classified in two grades, namely, aides and head aides. Transportation for Reconstruction Aides is furnished by the Government, and they will receive $4 *per diem* in lieu of traveling expenses."

To "Re-chickenize" France

MISS LUCY HEWITT, an American girl, is doing a novel war work which she describes as a plan to "re-chickenize" France. Miss Hewitt sells chicken buttons for ten cents each. The buttons say, "I have a chicken in France." Each button represents the price of an incubator egg and 1,000 eggs represents a full incubator. The incubators and chickens provided by Miss Hewitt are assembled on a farm, which was saved from the invaders, and are being cared for by 600 refugee children under the direction of a former soldier. This enterprising American girl has established thirteen poultry farms in France since Easter. It costs $400 to establish a poultry farm. This includes the wooden barracks furnished by the French Government, four incubators of 1,000 eggs each, and the salary for one year of a former soldier, who cares for the installation. If you wish to help in this splendid work, write to *American Committee for Devastated France, 16 East 39th Street, New York City.*

Red Cross Pig Clubs

THE first Red Cross Pig Club in the United States, organized in Carroll County, Mississippi, is sending 3,000 hogs to market in September, which means a contribution of about $10,000 to the Red Cross. Mr. O. F. Turner, then County Agricultural Agent in Carroll County, started out to get 2,500 people to raise one pig each, to be known as a Red Cross pig. Altho this county has but 1,600 registered voters, 3,000 people undertook to raise Red Cross pigs. Every banker, lawyer, minister, physician, and nearly every merchant in the county is a member of the club. On the last Saturday of each month the pigs are weighed, and a $25 registered pig is given as a prize to the member whose pig has made the greatest gain during that month. Five hundred negroes are members of this unique organization. Write to *Mr. O. F. Turner, State Agricultural Agent, Carrollton, Mississippi,* for particulars of organization.

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HAM CROQUETTES THAT ARE DIFFERENT

TO realize how dainty and delicious ham croquettes can be, use Crisco in their making and their frying as this conservation recipe directs. They are light and tender and of an unusually fine flavor. Just now when American housewives are asked to save beef, this is a most appetizing way to use odds and ends of ham and vary your menu.

Crisco is a cooking fat that gives good results in all frying. It is wholly vegetable, the solid cream of sweet, rich, edible oil. Without taste or odor, it enables you to bring out all the real food flavors. There cannot be a greasy taste to foods fried in Crisco.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Crisco is the most economical fat to use for frying, because there is little absorption and therefore very little waste. Then you can take the fat left over from your ham croquettes and use it for frying eggs or potatoes or even as a shortening, for Crisco absorbs no flavors. Simply strain it.

Crisco comes to you in air-tight, sanitary packages, one pound and upward, net weight, and it costs about the same as fats sold in bulk, not safe-guarded.

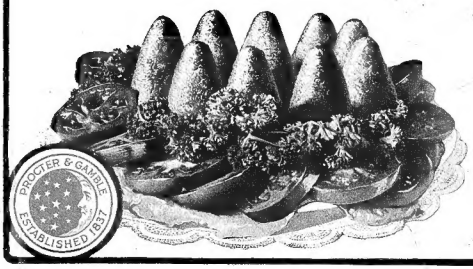
Ham Croquettes

This Recipe is Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Mildred Maddocks, Director.

¼ cupful Crisco
6 tablespoonfuls corn flour
½ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful paprika
1¼ cupfuls rich milk
1 cupful boiled rice
1 cupful chopped ham
1 egg, beaten light

(Use accurate level measurements)

To make the white sauce, melt the Crisco, add the flour and seasoning, and cook till bubbling; add the milk gradually, stirring constantly, and cook until the mixture thickens; then stir in the beaten egg. To this sauce add the rice and ham (cooked). Mix thoroughly and turn on a dish to become cold. Form into balls, cones or cylinder shapes, roll in dry, sifted bread crumbs. Fry in deep Crisco. Serve with peas, stewed tomatoes, or tomato salad.



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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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H. WESTON TAYLOR

The Luck of Geraldine Laird

IN FOUR INSTALMENTS—PART ONE

By
KATHLEEN NORRIS

ABRUPTLY, up the dark stairway that opened straight into busy Center Street of Stockham, New York, out of the afternoon sunlight, and into the dressmaker's close and littered rooms, came Geraldine Laird, bringing with her the sweet odor of the great lilac plume that she had pinned on her jacket, and a breath of the clean out-of-doors. She was a tall, swiftly-moving woman, with abundant dark hair carelessly massed under a plain hat, and a ready smile that showed her big, even teeth.

"For heaven's sake, Geraldine!" said Mrs. Potts, coming slowly from behind a sort of counter that was strewn with bolts of cloth, scissors, paper patterns, and various small odds and ends, "don't tell me this was your day!"

"Don't tell me," the other answered, with reflected concern, "that you haven't got my gown ready! Why, I expected to wear it away!"

Mrs. Potts, who was thumbing a string of small slips of paper that dangled casually on a nail, turned to her customer with a look of utter contrition.

"Saturday the eleventh—and that's to-day! Well, I don't know when I've ever done this before!" she exclaimed, aghast. "It went clean out of my head!"

"Haven't you even touched it!" half-wailed Geraldine, sinking into a chair. "If you haven't," she added, with the calm of despair, "my wedding-ring is just so much old gold—that's all!"

"I couldn't think of anything you'd want this for," Mrs. Potts said, taking an armful of silk and net from a youthful assistant who entered at her call, "and of course we had the Pierce wedding!"

"I wanted it for a reception or tea or something that Mr. Redding, the artist, is giving for that New York woman this afternoon," Geraldine, now briskly disrobing, explained.

"Well, of course you did! I might have known you were going to that," Mrs. Potts said, stricken. "I fixed a dress for your brother's wife, too—Mrs. Clem. That tea ain't to-day, is it!"

"This afternoon!" Geraldine nodded.

"Well now, maybe we can rush it through for you," Mrs. Potts said, busily pinning and arranging. "We'll see, anyway. That lady he's giving it for must be real smart," she remarked, after a pause. "Did you see her picture in the paper last night?"

"No," Geraldine said interestedly. "Was it? I didn't see it. Miss—what's her name?"

"Kennedy Bond," said Mrs. Potts. "She's real pretty, or at least her picture was. I says to my sister, 'Well, Lou,' I says, 'time I was going out of business!' I says, 'The girls ain't wearin' no waists at all, no more!' It was low and behold in the back, all right. I didn't see the front, she was kind of looking over her shoulder, in the picture. Stand still, dearie, while I'm pinning the skirt. She ain't an actress, is she?"

"Oh, no!" said Geraldine, yawning. "I believe she was—to begin with. But now she's a play-broker. She sells plays—she markets them. And that," said Geraldine, hugging her arms, looking at the expanse of blank window, and yawning again, "that's why I really want to meet her. Dean—Mr. Laird—has always been crazy to write a play—has written several, in fact. He's never had anything produced, of course, but he's always taking himself off to the old sewing-room, up-stairs, and plugging away. And of course he's interested to meet her."

"Mr. Laird has wrote plays—you don't say!" Mrs. Potts contributed with faint interest. "You don't want it too short, do you, dear?" she asked, of the gown. "And you don't want it *too* long——"

Presently she sat back on her heels and, laying aside the chalk, pursed her lips about five or six pins, which she rapidly wove into the hem of the gown. "How's Mama these days?"

"Mother's fine!" Geraldine's face brightened. "George is working so well, now," she went on, "it's a great relief to her. He's just as clever as he can be, my brother George is, but he won't settle to anything. And Mr. Laird is such a fanatic for work, you know, that he's very hard on George, and that worries Mother, of course!"

"Mr. Laird's folks were Bostonians, weren't they?" asked Mrs. Potts, who had made Geraldine's wedding-gown seven years ago, and her graduation gown, and her school dresses before that.

"Oh, the worst kind!" his wife returned, laughing. "The cold-nosed, early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise sort. Of course poor George has a lot of my father's family in him, and he can't help taking life rather easy. George says work is the curse of the drinking classes—just nonsense, you know, but it makes my husband wild!"

"I'VE often wondered how you folks all got along up there, together," the dressmaker confessed frankly. "I don't know as I ever knew a family to keep together like you all have done!"

"Oh, I shouldn't have married Mr. Laird at all, unless he'd promised never to take me away from Mother!" the younger woman, now resuming her street attire, said promptly.

"Well, that's right. No friend like a mother!" Mrs. Potts agreed. And dropping to a tone of business she went on, "Now, Geraldine, I s'pose we could rush this through for you by four o'clock, but I'll tell you the honest truth, dear. If I did, you'd have to bring it back on Monday, and leave me and the girls go all over it again. But if you have another living stitch you can wear this afternoon, then I'll send it to you Monday, or say Tuesday, and you won't have to bother coming down-town again."

"Well, that's all right, then," Geraldine agreed, reluctantly. "I don't believe that this is much of a tea anyway, and there's a possibility that Mr. Laird won't get there at all—he'd gone out to Albany, they told me, when I telephoned the office."

"And you just want to dress to please your husband—ain't that grand?" said the dressmaker, admiringly, archly.

"Oh, my dear, he's the one that cares—not I!" Geraldine answered, laughing. "You know I always say that the reason Mr. Laird fell in love with me was because he saw me first in that High School Kermess we gave for a whole week, and I wore my hair tightly braided, and the pretty Dutch costume with the wooden shoes! And then when poor Father died, I wore the plainest kind of plain mourning, and the mischief was done! Clothes count with Mr. Laird."

"I won't ever forget you taking off that Dutch girl," Mrs. Potts said with a reminiscent chuckle. "If any one wouldn't have sworn you was born and raised in Holland! And the time you done the Irish servant——"

"Oh, but that was later—after I was married!" Geraldine smiled. "Well, then, suppose we leave it that way—Tuesday?" she concluded, ready to go.

"And you're a real good girl to be so obliging about it!" the older woman assured her, gratefully. "Remember me to Mrs. Fitzpatrick," she said. "Girls well?"

GERALDINE paused, and into her bright face came a look of softness and rapture.

"They are simply so sweet and dear and delicious," she answered, "that I declare I don't know why the Lord ever gave them to me!" and with a cordial good-by she went out into the bright street, with a sense of content and well-being at her heart.

At four o'clock she was leaning forward to ring the bell of Louis Redding's studio, when, to her surprize, the door was noiselessly opened from within by a capped and aproned maid.

Geraldine knew the maid, who was employed by various clubs and householders in the town for unusual social occasions, and gave her, with her greeting smile, a rather concerned look, which embraced the square hallway, with its extravagant bowl of fruit-blossoms, and the studio beyond. A fire flashed in the immense fireplace, and a few men and women were grouped about the painter's tiny, white-haired mother, who occupied a sort of throne in the center of the wide divan.

"Heavens, Louis, I had no idea it was going to be such a

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grand party!" Geraldine said, with a rueful laugh, to the tall, ruddy-faced man who came forward to greet her. "Why didn't you tell me? I thought it was just the usual thing."

"Go put your wraps in Mother's room," Louis Redding said, with the host's quick, nervous laugh. "You thought —what? You thought it was going to be—yes, well, that was all I meant" he to be, my dear. But you see everybody wanted to meet my little girl—clever girl, Jerry, I know you'll agree with me!"

"She must be!" Geraldine agreed.

They had been good friends since the days, seven or eight years ago now, of his first arrival in Stockham. Neither Geraldine nor Dean honestly admired Louis's rather odd paintings, but they loved the warm-hearted, generous, simple fellow who had brought a charming and welcome element into the prosaic town. There was a simplicity about him, about his studio suppers and Sunday morning walks, that appealed to them both, and that they felt had the flavor of true Bohemia.

"WHERE'S Dean?" Louis asked.

"Coming—he had to go to Albany. And I didn't get the gown I wanted, and I feel so shabby!" she explained.

But he was hardly listening, in his anxiety to see how the conversation about the fire was moving, and who the newcomers were at the door.

"You're always charming, my dear. Nobody cares what you wear!" he assured her so seriously that Geraldine, quite comforted, went back to the bedroom, where women's hats and coats were already beginning to accumulate on the bed.

"But I'd no idea it was such an affair!" she mused again, straightening her frills and her hair. "Well, I'll go right to the tea-table and pour, and then nobody'll notice me, anyway!"

And with a final dab of powder for her nose, and a final half-satisfied glance at herself in the mirror, over her shoulder, she went out to the studio.

Almost all the men and women gathered there were old friends, who had known her as little Jerry Fitzpatrick not many years ago, and as she joined them she realized that Louis was telling them with much relish a story of her mischievous and daring girlhood. Walking home from high school, years before, as usual linked with two intimate friends, and as usual giggling and bubbling with inexhaustible spirits, the younger Geraldine had chanced to pass an unknown house, where a funeral was in progress, and, spurred by a spirit of idle mischief, had been inspired gravely to enter the house, gravely to condole with the family, and gravely to inspect the countenance of the aged and departed grandfather.

This shameless exploit had been actually kept secret for a long time by the half-frightened girls, but it had leaked out, and was a favorite with her friends now, and a source of mingled regret and amusement to herself.

The painter's little mother, a frail old lady with thin white hair streaked with yellow and strained away from a pink parting, a rustling silk dress, and shell-like hands emerging from frills of fine lace, drew her down to the divan, and said lovingly: "Well, how's Maggie?"

Geraldine laughed suddenly and merrily, and her hostess, still detaining her hands, added for the enlightenment of the group, "You all know what this bad girl did last year, when I advertized for a maid? She dressed herself in old clothes, and came down here. She said she was Maggie Something-or-Other, and wanted to see about the job. The studio was dark, of course, and I talked to her for fifteen minutes before she burst out laughing in my face. I looked at the girl——" said old Mrs. Redding, imitating that look of surprize and censure, with great enjoyment, "and I *looked* at her——!"

Another laugh, in which Geraldine joined, interrupted her. Every one knew the story, but every one enjoyed it.

"But tell me, where is Louis's guest of honor?" Geraldine asked, when she had settled herself at the old lady's side, for a chat.

"She was out drivin' with Louis, she'd never been here before," Mrs. Redding said, in her delicate, cracked old voice, "and they got rather late, so she's to come here as soon as she is dressed. She's with her aunt, you know, Mrs. Knowles, of the club. You know our vice-president—Mrs. Knowles? They ought to be here any minute. She's quite a fascinatin' person; we had dinner there last night, and I thought she was very fascinatin'. Louis tells me that she sells plays for people—I never heard of a lady being in that business before——"

"She handled 'The Wages of Life,' you know, one of the big successes this past Winter," Louis Redding, who was listening, contributed. "They say Behrman, the manager, came to her for a play only seven months after he refused her a chance. I met her Winter before last, when I was down in New York; she was just commencing then."

"I've not been down to New York since our wedding trip," Geraldine said. "I don't think she was there then?"

"Oh, my, no!" he said, eagerly. "Why, she only came to the city a couple of years ago—it's extraordinary, her success. She's only a girl now—twenty-five or six."

"Steady, Louis!" Geraldine said, with a significant glance from his face to his mother.

"Oh, nothing like that, I assure you!" the man answered again, putting his arm about his mother's little shoulders, as he sat beside her on the couch. "The—my best girl right here—I don't need any other! But you'll be crazy about Kennedy, Geraldine, she's just your sort, full of life and fun, and extremely pretty. And I want Dean to talk to her about his stuff. Nothing might come of it, of course, but on the other hand, she might be able to read some of it, and give him an opinion——"

"My dear—Dean won't even let me see it, after seven years in the holy bonds of matrimony!" Geraldine interrupted. "Has he ever shown *you* any of it?" she asked pointedly.

"No, he hasn't," Louis Redding admitted, a trifle daunted. "But he'll never sell it if he never lets any one see it!" he objected.

"Well, he may talk to her about the situation generally," his wife said, doubtfully, "but he is the most sensitive person I ever knew in my whole life! He disappears up there in that cold sewing-room; I hear his old typewriter going, but he never has anything to say! Not a month ago, when he was particularly vexed at my brother George, you know," Geraldine went on frankly, lowering her voice confidentially, "I suggested that he give up the office, and really give the thing a trial, but he snapped my head off —as it were. He asked me if I knew that there were—I forget whether it was twenty thousand or twenty million —aspiring playwrights in New York, and if I wanted my offspring to starve!" She laughed cheerfully, as her two hearers laughed. "But *you* urge him to discuss this thing, Louis," she finished seriously, "for if he will do it for any one in the world, he will for you! And now here are more people streaming in, to study the lines of my two-dollar shirt-waist," she said, rising. "I'll go to the tea-table, and begin to earn my supper!"

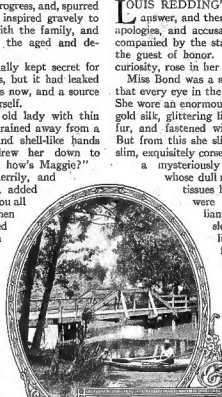
The tea-table was in a corner of the immense room, and for a while, filling an occasional cup of tea, and indulging in a running fire of talk with the women who came and went about her, Geraldine watched the room curiously, awaiting, as they all were awaiting, the arrival of the stranger. She had just confided to the wife of the family dentist that Miss Bond was certainly late, when Miss Bond arrived.

There was a stir at the door, and the confused murmur of the room died down under the clear, laughing accents of a strange voice, heard in the passage.

"Louis—you disgraceful boy—you've compromised me! You kept me driving so late—I wonder you can look me in the face!"

LOUIS REDDING'S eager, nervous laugh sounded in answer, and then on a little wave of merry protests, apologies, and accusations, he returned to the studio, accompanied by the stately figure of Mrs. Knowles, and by the guest of honor. Geraldine, overcome by irrepressible curiosity, rose in her place, and looked eagerly toward her.

Miss Bond was a small woman, dressed so astonishingly that every eye in the room was instantly riveted upon her. She wore an enormous circular coat of shining red Russian-gold silk, glittering like enamel, lavishly edged with white fur, and fastened with clinking gold-and-enamel chains. But from this she slipped almost immediately, revealing a slim, exquisitely corseted and supple young figure, clad in a mysteriously tinted garment of gauzy silks, whose dull mauve and pearl and pink and salmon tissues hung straight from her shoulders, and were carelessly belted by a band of brilliants. From the sheer folds about her slender young throat rose a dark, sleek little head, with the black hair drawn from a white forehead with almost Oriental severity. Her skin was fresh and soft and pure in coloring, her eyes black and bright, and in the delicately marked eyebrows and on the scarlet lips was just a hint of artifice that seemed to harmonize with her startling beauty. In the tips of the ears that the oddly arranged dark hair



CAGED WINGS

By ANNA BIRD STEWART

DUSK, and a silence sweet!
Then from within my heart a long
Vain flutter of caged wings.
Against its sides they beat,
Thus to set free a song
Of the unuttered things.

You know my love so well;
To give it speech I never sought
Until you went away.
Wings beat, but can not tell
The things I only thought,
The words I did not say.

revealed were dangling ornaments of pearl and filigree, and the stockings and slippers that the drifting film of her brief gown exposed were of gold.

She took the group gathered around her instantly by storm. There was no possibility of resisting her absolute self-possession, her charm, and the radiant simplicity with which she assumed the center of the little stage and accepted their admiration and interest. She had a rich, clear voice, and an extraordinarily distinct enunciation; it was the cultivated, deliberate enunciation of the actress, and it had all the charm of the actress. "No, it's *Miss* Bond," every one in the room heard her saying to old Mrs. Redding. "I was married, you know, but somehow it didn't take, and I've repented in sackcloth and ashes ever since—this is the sackcloth, you see, and I've got the ashes somewhere. You're Louis's mother? You know I'm in love with your son; do you mind my being in love with your son? Everybody in New York is, so you won't be cross at me, will you? I drove out in a taxi-cab so far this morning that I was beginning to realize the danger of a young girl's ever leaving her quiet country home, but he brought me safely back, and now all is forgiven, even tho it can not be forgotten, and I love him again! You stop listening to me, Louis! You——"

IT WAS all said with such a gay rush, and it was accompanied with so infectious a gurgle of laughter, and with so many appealing and mischievous glances, that he could not stop listening to her, nor could anybody else.

"He hasn't asked me to marry him yet," said Kennedy Bond, "but I can see from the look in his eye that he means to, this very afternoon——"

Louis laughed his full, free laugh, and all the others laughed, too.

"He might do very much worse!" said the little old lady, patting the girl's hand with her own tiny, veined hand.

"Now, I thank you!" Miss Bond assured her. "I think that is most sweet and dear and good of you——! But introduce me to all these nice people, my aunt's been telling me about them, and I'm going to try to get all the names straight!"

Throughout the merry confusion of introductions that followed, she continued her running fire of comment, and every one continued to laugh and to listen, half-shocked, half-admiring, and wholly amused.

Geraldine, at the tea-table, watched her in a sort of scornful amaze. She thought the girl beautiful, and her success was undeniable, but that all the men present and most of the women should be captivated by this unthinking stream of audacities and egotisms, was astonishing. Geraldine had always been considered quick of speech herself, but she knew that she would stand no chance of holding her own with this chatterbox, who asked and answered her own questions, and whose tongue was obviously tied by no considerations of dignity or delicacy.

Just as Geraldine and another woman at the neglected tea-table had fallen into a deep, low-toned conversation about her, Louis Redding came up to her, and insisted that she come to the fireplace and meet Miss Bond.

"Oh but Louis—I'm really not dressed——!" Geraldine protested. He drowned out her words, drew her hand under his arm, and took her to the fireside group.

"Laird? You're the one who writes plays?" Miss Bond said, standing to give Geraldine her hand, and looking keenly into her face.

"No, that's my husband!" Geraldine laughed. "Or rather, he wants to write them. He hasn't ever——"

"Well, then he must let me see them," the newcomer said, interestedly. She drew Geraldine a little aside and, through their first laughing remarks to each other, Geraldine could hear Louis telling the others, with great relish, that seven months after he refused to give her a place in the chorus, a Broadway manager had come meekly to Bond's lovely little Washington Square studio for a play.

"And you live here, all the time, in Stockham?" asked Miss Bond, with a look down at her fan, a bewitching look upward, and a look down again. "And your husband can find material for plays—here?"

"Plays have been written in country places before this!" Geraldine smiled.

"In country places, yes," the other woman answered quickly. "But in small towns—br-r-r!" She shrugged her shoulders in a little foreign fashion that was as affected as her voice, and as charming.

"Mr. Laird is not a native," Geraldine explained serenely, tho she was a little ruffled. "He has lived in other places —he has lived in New York. He is a Williams man, he wrote all their plays and jinks during his last two years there, and had a good deal of encouragement. Then after he left college he went to New York, and tried to get on a magazine or paper, but somehow he had no chance——"

"Ah, I wish I had been there, then!" the play-broker said politely.

"Then his uncle offered him a position here," Geraldine continued, "and we met each other, and we've been here ever since!"

"But if he is to write plays, you must certainly bring him to New York," said Miss Bond, with another keen look.

"I hate New York!" Geraldine said frankly.

"Ah—you don't hate it when it is good to you, when it holds out its hands to you!" the other said, in a little rush, and with a far-away look in her eyes. "Now, there," she said, in a suddenly interested, and cautiously lowered tone, "who is that—that man who has just come in, with an eye-glass ribbon and the camellia—the short, square man over there by the door?"

Geraldine looked in the indicated direction, looked back at her questioner and smiled.

"That's my husband—that's Mr. Laird!" she said.

"Oh, really?" Miss Bond said, in a changed tone, as she turned carelessly away. "You must see that I meet him!"

Dean Laird, stopping to lay aside his hat, gloves, and stick, with a deliberation that yet had in it something brisk and ordered, came toward them. He was squarely

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built, erect, exquisitely brushed and groomed, and, as he came, he raised his black-rimmed glasses to his eyes, and studied the group with a pleasant yet unsmiling look. He was a handsome man, with a fine smile, fine large hands, and a fine voice; rather odd, his neighbors thought, rather reserved and critical sometimes, but a much-admired figure nevertheless.

The group about the fire had lessened now, many people had gone, the tea was almost over. The newcomer seemed to sense this at once, for while he greeted his host with the look that passes only between men who are deep in each other's hearts, he apologized to the company in general.

"I'm very sorry—I'm late, I know! I've been in Albany all day, at a conference. Just back—without even time to brush up!"

"I don't believe it," said Miss Bond, who had just been introduced. "He doesn't ever look any cleaner and neater and fresher than this, does he?" she appealed to the others. "He couldn't!"

Dean looked down at her, for she was the smallest of women, with admiring eyes; he loved ready speech in any one.

"You don't know how beautiful I can look, when I try," he answered. "In which, of course," he added, with a significant glance, "I have the advantage of you!"

"You mean to imply that I tried to look beautiful?" the girl countered instantly. "Shame on you—I blush for you!"

"I don't care what you do, as long as you do it for me!" Dean said, with his grave look that was followed by the pleasant smile.

MISS BOND looked at him, looked down at the feather fan she was spreading with an exquisitely groomed hand, and looked up at him, through her lashes again. They had drawn a trifle apart from the others, who were generously conceding Dean as a late-comer his share of the charming stranger.

"Look here, Mr. Dean Laird," she said, dimpling with a sort of simple surprize, "do you know I like you?"

"I——" Dean was a trifle confused at the directness of it, and flushed and laughed in a little embarrassment. "In all the long talks we have had together, I never—do you know I never suspected it?" he said.

For a minute her eyes narrowed reproachfully, and there was the trace of a frown on her clear forehead. Then she laughed delightedly.

"Are you an actor?" she asked.

"I? Am I? Heavens, no—child!"

"You're a writer, then?"

"I wish I were!"

"You ought to be!" she said, as if half to herself.

Dean laughed uncomfortably, glanced at the group, fast scattering now, and made her a little bow.

"I don't know how you know that," he said seriously. "But it was my ambition to be a writer, as a matter of fact. I tried it, couldn't seem to make a go of it, and had to give it up."

"But what do you do?" she asked, gravely.

"I am with my uncle –it's a factory—motor accessories. I'm one of his representatives—travel for the firm."

He finished the brief summary with a smile, but the girl looked at him for a full minute with a grave face.

"How can you laugh about it? You might much better have tried to write and starved," Kennedy Bond said under her breath, with a sort of quiet passion. "Well——!" She shrugged, looked him full in the face again, and turned away.

Dean now became aware that her aunt, Mrs. Knowles, was calling her from the other side of the room.

"Ken! Come, dear. It's almost six o'clock. Ken!"

"Coming, *Tante!*" she answered brightly. Dean followed her to the door and saw the Russian-red coat disappear into the fawn-colored depths of the Knowles limousine. Then he turned back into the studio.

Geraldine saw at once that Dean was displeased with something, and sighed a little high. He was tired after his long day, of course, and perhaps things had not gone well in Albany; now he would be cross all evening. Probably things would go badly at the house, too, to-night, thought Geraldine, and with all that she had to do in getting the tired little girls to bed, she must soothe and placate the unreasonable Dean.

But she loved him, he was the center of her world always, and so when they started for home she opened the conversation cheerfully.

"Isn't it lovely to have the days getting so long!" she said.

They had a dozen blocks to walk, in the Spring dusk; a wind had sprung up, and the air was unexpectedly cold. Dean, stalking at her side, did not answer.

"That was darned awkward, that last thing!" he observed presently, in a mortified tone.

"What, our asking Louis and his mother if we mightn't stay to dinner?" she asked quickly. "Oh, Dean—how sensitive you are! They didn't mind that a bit—we've often done it. And more often," continued Geraldine animatedly, "they tease us to stay, and we can't!"

"I might have known that he had a date with that girl," Dean brooded.

"Well, what if he did! Isn't that," Geraldine reasoned briskly, "just what friendship is for? Why, I wouldn't give that a *thought*——"

He was not listening; she knew by the bored, abstracted expression on his face. They walked another chilly block in silence.

"What *is* the matter?" the woman said at last, spurred by her own irritation and fatigue into making him express himself.

"Nothing!" he answered lightly and briefly.

"Dean, don't say that. You're as glum as Christian charity! What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he said again, annoyed. But a moment later, he burst forth. "If you force me to talk about it, I may as well say that I—perhaps I *am* critical and exacting!—but I would like to have my wife appear at a formal affair in something nicer than a shirt-waist!"

Geraldine was quick-tempered, but she was generous too, and she was perfectly willing to concede him his grievance.

"I know! But poor old Potts had the Pierce wedding this week, and she didn't have my gown ready!"

"Of course, if you don't jack her up as most women would, and make her come to time, you can hardly expect a dressmaker to take you very seriously," Dean said, wearily and politely. "I don't ask much, I swear I don't think I ask much, but I make a good living, and there is no earthly reason why my wife should——"

His tone roused her to angry protest.

"Oh, don't take that tone, for heaven's sake, as if we were all dead and buried! I suppose that if I had nothing else to do but think of my gowns and slick up my hair and paint my lips, I might have had a proper dress to-day. But I got Mother and the children off to Grandma's, and called on Kate Thorn in the hospital, and then had a fitting, and took the Exchange for Mary—and I had no time to worry about how I looked; and neither did any one else!"

It was delivered in Geraldine's usual tone, half-serious and half-laughing, all good-humored.

But it effectually ended the conversation, and they finished the short walk in sepulchral silence.

They went up Davis Street, and past the fashionable part of the town into Allen Street, and turned in at an old garden that had been pushed aside by the current years ago, and that showed its sooty shrubs and scanty blooms in a deepening environment of apartment houses and shops. To Geraldine this enormous, clumsy, old-fashioned place was simply "home,". Child or woman, married or single, she had never known any other. But Dean never entered the gate without a resentful realization that his dignity was touched by the easy assurance with which his wife and her mother and brothers had somehow managed that he, instead of being the natural head and center of a new establishment, however small and unpretentious, should become upon his marriage only an unimportant member of the overwhelming tribe of Fitzpatrick.

Geraldine herself did not like the house, except for happy memories and associations there. But she was very young—barely nineteen—when they were married, and extremely pretty and endearing, and she had eagerly persuaded him that, for the present at least, it was the only reasonable arrangement.

Seven years ago now, and they were still living there, and the place was still called "the old Fitzpatrick house." Dean was but one, of course, and a comparative newcomer in the town, and the Fitzpatricks were many, and had been prominent citizens a generation ago. They had had a rapid rise, in the grandfather who was extremely fortunate in several real estate deals, in the time of the town's great prosperity, the grandfather who built this house—a palace and a landmark in those times. They were having a slow decline.

"It's Too Awful; It's Too Monstrous! Dean, My Own Husband—He Can't Mean It!"

GERALDINE was the youngest of five children, and the only girl. They had been a beautiful group in their more prosperous babyhood, dark, lithe, spirited children, with shadowed blue eyes, skins of cream and roses, and quick minds and tongues. There was George and Clement and Willy and Jack, and there had been a Rose and a Bessie, too, in that long-ago nursery. But Mrs. Fitzpatrick, as she herself expressed it, had "had her share." The tiny Bessie and Rose died as infants, and several years later, in the midst of her pride and joy in them, two of her handsome boys were drowned in the river. This blow brought her the shocked sympathy of the entire city, and little Geraldine told callers, with bitter weeping, that Mother would never get over it at all.

However, she did somewhat rally, to furiously combat the marriage of her oldest son, Clement, to a person scornfully described in the family as "that young lady widow." Clement, however, had married his Linda, and after a while his mother and father forgave him, and the family was re-united again, for a placid year or two. Then, when Geraldine was seventeen, her father suddenly died, leaving his affairs in terrible confusion, and leaving his widow, the youngest son, George, and Geraldine to cope with the first business of their experience.

One day they chanced to sweep into the office of Gordon & Laird, who had shown some interest in the old house as a possible site for their new factory, meet the junior partner's young nephew, and talk to him about changing the old house, adding lofts at the back, showrooms at the front.

Dean Laird had never met Geraldine, but he had seen her in some amateur theatricals that had quite covered her with glory, a few months before. To-day, eagerly suggesting, she had leaned over his desk, with the line of her hat, and the sweeping fresh black veil making a most becoming setting for her rosy face. Gordon & Laird did not buy the house, but events of even greater significance to Geraldine followed that chance visit. For her mother asked young Mr. Laird to call, and Dean came.

He was twenty-seven, and she nine years younger. At eighteen nothing mattered in the world to her except her love. If there were great differences in their traditions, their way of looking at life, she did not know it. People had mothers and brothers until they grew up and married; then they had mothers and brothers and husbands, that was all. Marriage was all joy to Geraldine, there was no thought of loss or sacrifice in her mind.

SO IT was all arranged suddenly, with a speed that Geraldine's mother tearfully resented, and that filled Dean's family with amazement. The main thing, murmured Dean and Geraldine, in the old parlor during the Winter evenings, when cannel coal burned redly behind the polished steel bars of the grate, and when they sat on the horsehair sofa whose pinned antimacassars kept slipping and crumpling—the main thing was to get married. Everything else would arrange itself satisfactorily, after that.

And as far as Geraldine was concerned, everything had. She had always been happy, as a girl and as a wife. She settled down in the big bay-windowed front room, full of innocent delight in her new estate, and affectionate eagerness to prove to her own people that the plain gold ring on her young hand made no difference whatever in her feeling for them. She still trotted contentedly to church and market at her mother's side, prettier than ever in her trimly tied veils and her handsome wedding suit. She helped her mother get supper on Lizzie's night out, she made calls during the afternoons, and she ran up-stairs ahead of Dean, when he got home at night, just as full of youthful chatter as she had been in the first days of their acquaintance.

But it was to the mother that the young wife confided her secret, or by whom, perhaps, was herself apprized of it, not many months later. Dean had a genuine shock when his wife ended a wonderful conversation, in his arms in the old horsehair armchair, with the naive confession that Mother had known of this state of affairs for two months. It gave him rather a flat feeling, to know that the two women had been whispering and smiling over the advent of his son, while he himself had been coming and going in ignorance.

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But he saw that Geraldine took motherhood, as she took wifehood, gayly and simply. He had been hoping, inasmuch as there seemed to be no possibility of selling the house, and no possibility of getting the heirs to agree upon any other disposition of it, to take his wife soon to a home of their own. But of course he could not move her now, when she was exulting in her mother's generosity in asking her to stay, and her mother's promise to take care of her.

DEAN was becoming philosophical about the whole affair. They would never change, he came to see that, so he tried to change himself. He did not like to spend these sacred months in the large, curiously assorted family group; he did not like to have Geraldine's changing aspect cheerfully accepted by her mother, brother, uncles, and by the Clement Fitzpatricks as a topic for affectionate comment. But rather than distress her, he bore with it all, and in due time the lovely Jane was born.

Then all the house circled about the baby, and Dean agreed with his wife that it was fortunate indeed that they were there. Jane's washing, Jane's naps, Jane's airings, these had half a dozen nurses to attend them instead of one. Clement's wife often brought her own children and freed Geraldine for the whole afternoon, and the care and fuss inevitable where a small baby is concerned was so scattered and shared that there seemed to be no burden at all.

To be sure, when Jane was big enough to sit in a high-chair at the table, her infatuated grandmother annoyed Dean by giving her bites and tastes of things entirely unsuitable to her age, but by that time Jane's little brother was supposedly on his way, and again Dean did not like to distress and upset his wife.

So the arrangement went on, altho gradually the sharp edges of their natures were beginning to work through the novelty of the relationship, and the grind of plain daily living to make itself more and more felt. Dean resented Mrs. Fitzpatrick's softness where George was concerned, and her general laxness in business matters. She let bills run, and he hated bills, and she blamed George's employers for his frequent shifts, when Dean knew that George alone was to blame.

But it was the fretting fear that she had inoculated Geraldine with her easy-going doctrines that really galled him, and when he began to fancy that he saw signs of the same slackness and shiftlessness in his wife there was the beginning of troubled times.

"My dear, the shops expect you to run bills!" Geraldine, nursing her second daughter, said innocently. "Don't you know that they all have arrows pointing 'Billing Department'? They wouldn't have a whole office for bills, and pay all those clerks with the green shades on, if they didn't expect you to run bills! Not in this day of efficiency they wouldn't——"

His gesture of annoyed impatience stopped her, and with an injured and surprized, but quite unresentful look, she devoted herself to the child. She had happily given the baby her father's name.

"For I might as well call her Dean now, and done with it!" Geraldine had said. "I'm going to have seven little girls in a row, and one of them might as well have your name!"

Dean, smiling from the deeps of a bitter disappointment, had agreed. He had so hoped for a son! Well, all life was disappointing. He became a polite, weary, silent man, coming and going in superb indifference to what they thought and said and did in the old Fitzpatrick house.

His wife saw the change in him, and tried to scold him into a happier frame of mind. What more did he want, she asked, than his devoted wife and his [illegible] little girls and his friends and his health——

Her mother's theory, that all men, and especially all married men, had their times of being "cranks," consoled Geraldine. She thought herself that Dean was a little unreasonable, sometimes, but she never said so in so many words. She would raise her eyebrows, glance at her mother, and shrug her shoulders with a puzzled smile. His bath had been hot, his linen in order, his breakfast perfection, yet he had left the house angrily, forsooth, because his wife had promised to go take care of the Shainwald children while their mother went to her cousin's wedding! Or, when he was well in soul and body, his girls daintily dressed to go out with Daddy, his wife her prettiest in a new Winter suit and hat, he would darken the whole domestic sky by a mild inquiry as to the state of her gloves. As if shabby gloves mattered!

Well, men were like that—Geraldine and her mother agreed good-naturedly. The older woman never failed to tell her daughter that she ought to thank God for getting a man as good and steady, and Geraldine observed so stern a loyalty to her husband, even in the bosom of her family, that George might not so much as criticize his brother-in-law's necktie without bringing upon himself his fiery sister's anger.

TO-NIGHT they entered the garden and crossed it to the ugly old wooden house, pretentiously bay-windowed and decorated with wooden scallops in mill-work. It was shabby, as was the garden, where the great trees drooped in dry, neglected fringes, and the bushes were nipped and bare about the roots. Mrs. Fitzpatrick's poultry roamed at large here, and the little girls dug holes in the flower-beds, and built crazy edifices of stones, and plowed furrows with the hose. The fence, built of slender poles that had once kept an unbroken line of deep scallops about the entire block, was broken in several places, and removed entirely on the western side, where some years ago a line of flats and shops, whose ugly backs gave directly on the Fitzpatrick garden, had been built.

To-night a raw odor of boiling asparagus floated through the dim gloom of the hall, where there always lingered a faint staleness of atmosphere, even in Summer, a staleness that was diffused from old wood, and old plaster, and old hangings, and that was accentuated in the kitchen and bathroom by a faint odor of old pipes.

Geraldine had known this odor since babyhood; even Dean was used to it now. He laid his stick and gloves down in the hall, hung up his hat, and walked into the back parlor, greeting the young man who was already there, and deep in the evening paper, with a curt and disapproving "Evening, George."

George Fitzpatrick, big, loose-built, sleepy-eyed and tousle-headed, usually preferred to sit crosswise in the big leather armchairs, with his long legs dangling over one arm, and his back braced against the other, and was in this position now.

He knew that his fastidious brother-in-law disliked this attitude, but he had the secret contempt for Dean that is felt by the physically big man for the physically small one, by the free-lance for the office-bound. George thought Dean a prig, and Dean thought him a loafer; their intercourse was always as brief as was possible. Dean settled in his own chair, fixed his glasses, gave George a stern look, and opened his paper.

Meanwhile, Geraldine had gone up-stairs. The children flew to their mother's arms, and clung there, weary, sweet, dusty after their country day. They had handfuls of pussy-willows for her, and stammered and joyous accounts of the visit to their great-grandmother. Janey was a lean, dark child with freckles and lovely bright eyes; she grinned toothlessly at her mother, as she went on with vigorous tossing and brushing of her mane. Deanie, barely five, relapsed comfortably into Geraldine's lap, lying there with her mop of brown curls on her mother's shoulder, and a fat socked leg hanging over her mother's knee.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, large and placid, with a flimsy widow's veil still dangling from her hat, eyed her daughter and granddaughters with satisfaction.

"Run along now, children," said the grandmother, with a significant glance at their mother. Geraldine returned the glance with one of surprize, and when she had accompanied the children to the door she shut it, and came back with questioning eyes.

"What is it, Mother?"

"I wanted you to know," her mother answered mysteriously, "that the boys have turned that offer down!"

"Clem and George have refused Barron's offer?" Geraldine asked slowly, frowning.

"Clem told me to-day. They refused it—oh, a week ago!"

"They had no business to refuse an offer like that without consulting Dean!" she said, deliberately.

"Well, if both boys and me were against it, then there wasn't any use bothering Dean!" her mother argued, but with a faint anxiety in her own tone.

"I know, Mother," the daughter said quickly, "but in any case, he has taken so much trouble with our affairs that it was his right to know, and if he had been strong for selling, you would probably have come around to his view!" she added frankly.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick looked uncomfortable.

"Clem said to-day that it was worth fifty thousand if it was worth a cent!" she observed, watching her daughter closely.

"I WISH I'd told Dean that Barron made the offer," the younger woman mused regretfully. "Clem asked me not to, but I had no idea he and George would make up their minds so quickly! Thirty-four thousand dollars is a lot of money—just for the property—for the house isn't worth anything! Well——" She was brushing her hair now, and gathered it smoothly off her face, looking into her own troubled eyes as she spoke. "Well, no use telling him now, it would only mean another scene with George. George—makes—me—so—mad!" breathed Geraldine, finishing her toilet with a few swift buttons and hooks, and powdering her nose.

"I told the boys they had a right to tell Dean!" her mother conceded. And with an air of relief she added, "There's the bell!"

The dinner-bell was indeed echoing metallically through the house, and the two women went down-stairs. Geraldine found little Deanie winding herself in and out of the balustrade, and entered the dining-room with the child hanging upon her. Dean was already at the head of the table. George, still reading his newspaper, was also in his place. Jane was nibbling a soda-cracker, her bright eyes dancing from face to face.

"Hello, Sis!" George said, folding his paper, putting it behind him on the seat of his chair, and giving her an affectionate smile.

"Hello, Gogo!" Geraldine rumpled his thick hair as she passed him; she was extremely fond of him, even when he exasperated her.

"Tell us about the New York young lady," Mrs. Fitzpatrick said, when the soup-plates were being passed.

Geraldine looked at her husband, and smiled again.

"Well, she's very pretty, and she wore perfectly exquisite things, all filmy and lacy and blue and gray and gold, and she's extremely affected—don't you think so, Dean? And she talks all the time——"

"Upon my word, I think you are unfair to Miss Bond, Geraldine!" her husband interrupted her suddenly, in a surprized and disapproving tone. "I don't know what that young lady did to have you speak of her so! She—" Dean settled his glasses, and gave the company a severe look, "she is young, beautiful, and certainly clever," he said, dryly, "and every one else at Redding's seemed to like her—if Geraldine did not! Sometimes—" Dean added patiently, in an undertone, as he resumed his eating, "sometimes I don't understand the way women estimate each other!"

GERALDINE, flushing a little under the attack, nevertheless laughed.

"But Dean—you know she is egotistic to the last degree!" she said.

"I know she is considered one of the cleverest play-brokers in New York, after arriving there two years ago absolutely without friends or influence," he answered.

"She told you that!" Geraldine said good-naturedly.

"She did not," he said, annoyed.

"Well, then she told Louis, and Louis told you!" she amended cheerfully. "Why, my dear," she added, wholesomely, "I don't care what she is and what she does, if she really encourages you to go on with your writing! I can't, because I'm a perfect bonehead about literature, and you won't take what I say seriously. But if she looks right straight up at you with those black eyes of hers, and looks down at her fan—so—and looks up at you again from under her eyelashes—so—she can make you do anything. 'You're to write a play for me because I arsk you to!'" Geraldine finished the little imitation with a burst of laughter, for to her great satisfaction her husband was laughing, too.

"That's exactly like her!" he admitted, a little unwillingly.

"And is she really going to read your plays, Dean?"

He shrugged, in fine indifference.

"You really oughtn't call them that—they aren't plays yet! Yes, she said she would. I don't know whether anything will come of it, for she's only to be here a few weeks."

"Now follow it up!" his wife urged. But immediately she rose from the table. "Come, mouses," she said to the children. "You've got to be early in bed! We don't want any pie, Mother. We'll go up now. May we be excused?"

"You're excusable," Mrs. Fitzpatrick rejoined politely, as she had said thousands of times in this house and in this room.

Geraldine had been their nurse since the baby's third birthday; before that there had sometimes been a second maid in the Fitzpatrick house. But with an unincreased income, and with the two shocking expenses of Janey's sudden operation for appendicitis and Deanie's long siege with scarlet fever to pay for, Geraldine had persuaded her husband that the nurse was not necessary.

Since her long illness, Deanie had slept with her mother, the older child sharing the adjoining room with Dean. This little estrangement sometimes rather troubled Geraldine, it seemed to belong to the coolness and silence and reserve that were becoming more and more a part of Dean's character. He did not seem to be unhappy, he did not complain and scold as much as he had a few years ago, but there was some impalpable, faint barrier between them that puzzled and distressed her, none the less.

Dean, as she sensed without understanding, was always measuring her by tests of whose nature she was innocently unaware. Where she laughed, he might be frowning, and when she frowned he was very apt to laugh at her. He wanted her to be prim and cold and stiff, and affected——

No, he was not prim and cold and stiff and affected, she would have to tell herself honestly, when this thought came. What did he want? There were moments of self-communion when Geraldine had to say to herself that she did not know.

When she went down-stairs to-night, it was to find him all ready to go out. There was a meeting of the directorate, at the golf club, he said. Geraldine, bidding him a cheerful good night, expressed a wish that the car was available; it had been laid by for repairs for some days. Her husband told her that Brooks was to call for him, and immediately afterward Mr. Brooks came in, and sat for a polite minute or two, holding his cap, smiling at the dim, shabby parlor that smelled faintly of plaster and dust, and laughing at Geraldine. Then Dean put on his coat and the men departed. They went to the country club, to exquisitely simple rooms that were fresh, aired, with fires burning in clean tiles; with noiseless attendants touching electric buttons, and drinks served in sparkling crystal on immaculate, monogrammed linen.

But Geraldine did not know that the sharp contrast between his club and his home was stabbing Dean to the soul, and she cheerfully began to debate the question of going to the movies with Mother, or staying home with George. Then Aunt Lizzie White wandered in, another of the veiled widows who had always played a large part in Geraldine's life.

"I thought maybe you'd go out to

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the pictures with me, Jenny?" said Mrs. White, sighing.

"Then you go, Mother, and I'll stay at home!" Geraldine arranged. "A rest will do me good. I'm tired to death, anyway!" When Mrs. Fitzpatrick went up-stairs for her wraps, Mrs. White turned to her niece.

"What's the matter with you, Jerry?" she asked, looking at her sharply and affectionately. They were devoted to each other; Aunt Lizzie was the only person in the world who ever heard of Geraldine's doubts and fears.

"I don't know!" she said, blinking the tears from her eyes, and trying to laugh.

"You and Dean haven't quarreled?" the older woman asked, after a silence.

"Oh, dear, no—I wish we might, for quarreling is better than—than nothing!" Geraldine protested, suddenly kneeling down beside her aunt's chair, and looking straight into her eyes, with the puzzled appeal of a child. "I don't know why I'm saying this to you, Aunt Lizzie," she went on, hurriedly, "I can't say a word to Mother, of course. But sometimes I feel as if—Dean acts as if—well, as if some of the feeling we had for each other isn't there any more!"

Her aunt, without moving her gaze, nodded soberly.

"They all act like that!" she offered, deeply concerned.

"But——" Geraldine hesitated. "But don't women sometimes lose their husbands?" she asked, shamefacedly.

"No!" her aunt answered, in scorn. "You——" She glanced about the room; these were delicate matters to discuss. "Just be patient, Jerry, dear, he'll come round," she advised. "Men are that way, you know—nobody knows what gets into them. But a woman has to get her happiness out of her children and her home sometimes—she'll not get it from her husband. And then again they'll be just as good and innocent as children!" Mrs. White finished, rising ponderously as her sister came into the room. "But I'd leave it to you, my dear, to do anything with anybody!" She raised her tone to cheerful commonplaceness for farewells, but the look she gave her niece in parting was full of devotion and sympathy. Geraldine closed the front door upon a wild Spring evening, reflected that it would rain in the morning, and went back to George at the fire and reached for her mending-basket.

George presently flung aside his magazine, and came over to watch her. For a few minutes he stood idle, hands thrust deep in his pockets, then he drew up another chair, lighted a cigaret, and stretched himself peacefully before the fire.

"I THINK you and Clem had no right to turn down Barron's offer without consulting Dean first," Geraldine presently observed, severely.

"Shucks! The place is worth fifty thou," George protested.

"I don't care whether it's worth fifty thousand or fifty million, you have no right to decide things without consulting him," Geraldine retorted with spirit. "Besides," she added, threading her needle, and giving him a shrewd glance before she began to sew, "I would like to see you and Clem get a better offer!"

"All right—all right, you'll *get* a better offer!" George, who was a little ruffled, answered resentfully, as he smoked.

"Do you mean that you *know* of any other offer?"

"Now listen, I'll tell you about it," George offered, eagerly, "if you'll keep your mouth shut about it. What would you think if old man Carey bought it for a bunch of those flats he's always building?"

"It would be a wonderful place for flats," Geraldine, grasping the idea with her usual quickness, answered interestedly. "And you know Jud Carey well, don't you?" she pursued. "Has he any influence with his uncle?"

"Well, now I'll tell you just how it stands," George, pleased with her interest, pursued. "Down at the office, you know, we're just getting bids for the cement work on the new theater."

"And the Judson people are bidding," she surmized promptly. George had been employed by the town's largest contractor for several weeks, and the family began to feel that he was placed, at last. But he was not as quick as his sister by any means, and now gave her a disconcerted look.

"Who told you they were?"

"Why, I guessed it," she answered, simply. "Old Judson tries for all that sort of thing, doesn't he?"

"Well, yes, that's just it," George conceded, noncommittally. But he reflected that Jerry was pretty smart, for a woman. "We had until yesterday to get the bids in," he resumed, "and Jud asked me to keep him pretty well informed about how they were going."

"Can you do that, in business?" Geraldine asked innocently, her hand poised over the small brown stocking she was darning.

"Well," he admitted, "you're not supposed to, of course, but I did! What's the harm? I told him what the New York people bid, and what the Fosters in Albany bid. And then he asked me to pipe the Midfield bid."

"And did you?" she asked anxiously.

"No, not exactly." He was smiling complacently. "I held it out on them," he explained. "It came in on Tuesday."

"And was it lower than the Careys' bid?"

"Why,—I don't know. I didn't open it, of course. I just took it and slipped it under my blotter," George said. "And to-day I carried it in with the rest of the mail, as if it had just arrived. You see the contract was given the Careys yesterday, so it was all safe."

"Did any one notice the date on the postmark?" Geraldine asked, after a moment of frowning thought.

"I don't know. You know I don't sit in the old man's lap and play with his watch while he opens his letters, darling." "Well, but—great heavens, George! You ran an awful risk. That might be actual felony or something—I don't know. What on earth possessed you?"

"Oh, I'm fond of Jud Carey!" he answered carelessly. "And believe me, it'll rest with him where his uncle buys for a new block of flats and stores, you know!" George added, with a crafty air.

"You mean he might really buy this place——" she asked, and bit her full lower lip as she meditated upon the possibility.

"Certainly he might!"

"And would old man Carey pay more than thirty-four thousand?"

"Thirty-four—Jud says he'd pay sixty for the place!"

"What a blessing it would be——" Geraldine mused, slowly resuming her darning. "Men do funny things in business," she commented.

"What I started in to tell you was that to-day I saw old Bates, of the Midfield, having lunch with the old man from our office, you know," George went on, "and the old man got some letter out of his pocket and showed it to Bates. It just went through my mind that they might be discussing that; it would be darned uncomfortable for me if they asked any questions! However, I guess I'm worrying for nothing——!"

"He probably telephoned the Midfield people to know what delayed their bid, and compared the date on the letter with the date of delivery," Geraldine summarized, aghast. "Oh, George, how could you do such a thing!" she added despairingly, the fears he had momentarily diverted all awake again.

"Oh, don't worry—it'll all blow over in a few days—nothing will come of it!" he answered comfortably. He kissed her, rumpled her hair in his boyish, affectionate way, and went off to bed.

IT WAS the privilege of Dean Laird, who was in his office nine hours in every working-day of the week, to sleep late on Sunday, but his wife and the little girls were always early astir.

She bathed and dressed the children with many whispered commands for silence, and they descended to the eight o'clock breakfast fresh, dainty, and chattering happily, ready for the always enjoyable Sunday.

They almost always found Mrs. Fitzpatrick there, with her face cold and rosy from the early walk to church, and her stringy black veil dangling from her bonnet. George was always late for breakfast, Dean latest of all; the women and children could join comfortably in a domestic conversation from which Lizzie Garney was by no means excluded.

The little girls, in ruffled snowy petticoats that made them look like inverted flowers, and the trim sailor-suits and black hair-ribbons that, rather to their grandmother's disgust, seemed preferred by their modern mother to chalies and velvet bows, kept up an intimate undertone, while their elders talked. Lizzie Garney asked, respectful in manner, if "Clem's folks" were coming to the one o'clock dinner, and observed that Mrs. Clem looked like death. Geraldine, finishing her breakfast, wandered to the window, and observing that the weather threatened rain, organized a search for umbrellas, overshoes, and raincoats.

It was then that the telephone rang, and that George began slowly to come down-stairs, in his bath-robe, tousled and yawning, but ready for his breakfast. Little Jane gathered up a great sheaf of Sunday papers from the front step, and carried them toward him.

"Dean at the telephone!" announced Mrs. Fitzpatrick, from the dining-room door.

"He's asleep!" his wife objected.

"It's that Miss Bond," her mother explained.

"Ah, then wake him!" Geraldine laughed.

"That reminds me that I've got to go up and get a number I've got to call," George, removing his attention from the headlines and remounting the stairs, said lazily. "Was that call for me, Mother?"

"No—for Dean!" Geraldine said. "Come, girls—we're going to be late!"

They went away through the wet, bare garden, and joined the groups of church-goers that were already moving down the street. Geraldine always liked this hour with her little girls; they talked of serious things on Sunday mornings, opened their little prayer-books and read them dutifully, through the service, and looked with virtuous dismay at the bad little boys who wriggled and whispered and looked back at the choir. To-day they came home happily through the first slanting lines of a hard Spring rain. Breathless and laughing they rushed up the front steps, and with much noise and bustle disposed of wraps and overshoes in the hall. Then the children raced up-stairs to get at their delayed play with paints and doll-house, and Geraldine went into the dining-room to find her husband eating his breakfast. There was a fire in this room, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick had brought a caller to the fire, an elderly widow who held her wet prayer-book between cotton gloves as she talked. Dean, who hated these familiarities on the part of his mother-in-law's old friends, was sternly reading the paper. She went to sit beside her husband and attempt to engage him in agreeable conversation.

"It's wonderful out!" she said enthusiastically.

Dean received this with a shrug. Geraldine tried again.

"What did the charming Kennedy have to say?"

He looked away from his paper, with the quick little scowl that was partly a question, and partly an effort to hold his glasses securely in place.

"I don't understand you!" he said.

Geraldine looked at him blankly a moment.

"You got her message?" she asked, with a sudden sinking at her heart.

"I got *no* message!" he answered. "At the telephone—just before nine!" she said blankly. "Do you mean that she called me?" Dean questioned. "Why—why—Mother," Geraldine said, looking about defensively, "didn't Dean get that message from Miss Bond this morning?"

"I *thought* he did!" her mother answered, with concern. "I certainly called out to you that it was for Dean!"

"But I supposed George——" Geraldine turned quickly to her brother, who came in fresh and groomed and smiling. "George," she appealed, "didn't you tell Dean that there was a call for him this morning?"

"Didn't know you wanted me to!" George said cheerfully.

"Well, but you *saw* that we were just starting for church, George!"

"Yes, I know!" He looked stricken. "Gosh—what a bonehead I am!" he said, penitentially.

"I seen the foam off the hook, and hung it up, after you went," Lizzie contributed interestedly.

"It's of no consequence!" Dean said bitterly, abruptly concluding his breakfast. Geraldine, as he pushed back his chair, noted that his coffee-cup was half full. He walked to the door, quietly left the room and mounted the stairs; she knew that he was going up to his study.

"And I *said* to wake him—I thought of *course*——" she mourned. "And she must have waited and waited—oh, dear!"

She went up-stairs, heavy-hearted, and entered the big, bare bedroom that was streaming with wet air. Exercise with sheets and pillows, however, all the great motions of straightening and folding, stooping to the floor, reaching to upper shelves, had their bracing effect, and presently Geraldine began to sing:

"Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing,
Oh, the lilt of the piper's tune.
Oh, for one of those——"

The telephone rang again. Geraldine flew to it, with an instinctive knowledge that by fortunate chance Miss Bond was calling again. She had heard Dean descend, a few moments ago, and ask for the Knowles house, without success. But now her heart danced with sudden hope.

An Autumn Walk with Deborah

By ALINE KILMER

OVER the limp and yellow grasses,
Deborah, will you walk with me?
You may gather gentians in purple masses
And honeypods from the locust tree.

Brown leaves cover the partridge berry,
Holding it safe for your questing hand.
Barberry bush and cornelian cherry
Offering scarlet jewels stand.

I will dress you up as an elf-queen, twining
Bittersweet wreaths for your golden head.
Your leaf-brown cloak with its orange lining
I will hang with garlands yellow and red.

We must leave this place while the sunlight lingers
Lest the elves should covet your beauty bright.
The gentians fall from your tired fingers
As I carry you home in the fading light.

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"Dean," she said, putting her head in at his study door, "it's Miss Bond again, dear!"

"Oh, is it?" He tried to appear indifferent as he got to his feet, but she saw his dark flush, and the heap of manuscripts over which he had been working told its own story. He went down to the telephone, and Geraldine went back to her beds.

"Shall you mind if I am not here for lunch?" he asked formally, coming in a moment later. He refused to call the midday meal dinner. "Miss Bond suggests that I bring my manuscripts to Louis's studio, so that we can run over them a little! She is going away very soon, you know, so this seems my only chance. She had an engagement at the club, but the rain has spoiled that."

"Why, go by all means!" Geraldine said, jerking a pillow up and down by a firm grip of her big white teeth, as she pulled on a clean slip. "And remind Louis that we rather said we'd all be at the club late this afternoon—perhaps you might bring Miss Bond, too; that would be nice!"

"We could have dinner there?" he said, brightening.

Geraldine made a reluctant face.

"But the dinners there are so hearty," she protested. "If I have a great, heavy meal at one o'clock, I can't sit down at half past six to oysters and chicken and ice-cream again! It's just three dollars thrown away, as far as I'm concerned!—and then some one always suggests wine, and you pay for it, and it means a lot of eating and expense——"

A familiar anger had come into his eyes.

"If I like a thing, that's enough to make you hate it!" he said. "Most women don't object when their husbands suggest their dining at a country club. I'd like much better to bring my friends to my own home, if I could. But I notice this, Geraldine, I *pay* for the dinner and the wine—and a lot of other things, too, and if they are worth while to me——!"

"I don't see anything to get angry about!" Geraldine said coldly.

"I know you don't!" he answered wearily. He went into his own room, and a few minutes later ran down the stairway, coated for the street.

"Shall we leave for the club about four?" Geraldine, who was quite over her moment of anger, called after him. He looked up politely enough, from the lower hall.

"Probably," he answered. "I'll try to be back!"

"I'll be ready!" she called down. And after the front door had closed, she remained, hanging on the old railing of the stairway, looking absently down into the hall, and dreaming. "I suppose we really ought to get out of here, and into a place of our own," she mused. "But it would kill Mother, and the children have the whole garden to play in here, and I'd feel perfectly lost with any other girl but Lizzie! But George does get on Dean's nerves, and Mother with old Annie Knox watching Dean eat his breakfast this morning, and Linda's boys banging all over the place today—well, he won't be here for that," she interrupted herself consolingly. "I hope the siren keeps him happy until it's time to go to the club!"

And she went back to her interrupted work and her interrupted song.

DEAN, meanwhile, was walking through the Spring rain and wind with anger burning hot in his heart. He liked his leisurely Sunday morning breakfast, and it had been interrupted and curtailed to-day. He liked his club, and that Geraldine, who was extravagant in so many ways, should always protest against the dinner-cost there invariably exasperated him. He hated, he told himself fiercely, slackness and shiftlessness and easy good-nature that took its toll from the conscientious and scrupulous, and the Fitzpatrick house was full of all three. He was out of temper with the whole establishment; every hour that he spent there hurt his pride or his sense of fitness. He felt, moreover, the nervous excitement of the creator whose first-born is under discussion; the mere thought of meeting this successful and unusual woman again, and of putting his precious pages into her hands was enough to stop his heart from beating.

Lastly, the rain distressed him, and the wind caught at his breath. His heart beat fast as Louis's old Frenchwoman opened the door.

Dean went in, to find Louis and his mother alone with their guest. They were breakfasting, in leisurely studio fashion, beside the fire, or rather the younger pair were breakfasting. Old Mrs. Redding had probably had her frugal meal hours ago; she was sitting comfortably ensconced with her knitting, her transparent little hands busy in baby-pink wools. The painter gave his friend a shouted greeting, and got up with some little stir to make room for Dean at the table.

Miss Bond, who wore an odd trailing gown of brilliant flame-colored silk, with a shapeless Oriental jacket, and a barbaric necklace, looked up with a serious look, a smile, and a dimple, and then looked down at her plate again. Her beautiful little head was as sleek to-day as yesterday, and her very white hands were the whiter for the odd, large rings she wore.

The Little Drum

I WAS brave when they told me he was gone;
I shed no tear on that awful day,
Tho the only light that had ever shone
On my lonely life had passed away.
I was calm when I touched his empty bed,
When I gathered up his clothes and hat;
I was firm when I saw his little sled—
But his drum—I could not look at that.

It seemed somehow to speak—that little drum,
That lies neglected, silent now;
To me more eloquent, tho dumb,
Than any voice on earth, I vow.
How strange, that out of all his things,
His skates, his wagon, ball, and mitt,
His drum most poignant mem'ries brings—
And still—I can not look at it.

PERCY WAXMAN

Comfort and beauty and content flooded Dean's weary heart. The atmosphere was instantly soothing and relaxing to him. It immediately developed that Mrs. Redding and Louis were to depart for a country luncheon, within the half hour, and Miss Bond's mild glance at Dean, as the statement was made, set his heart jumping with a promise of their talk before the fire, with only the exquisite shadows and silences of the studio about them, and with his finger-marked, and ink-marked, and travel-marked manuscript in her clever little hands.

"Don't mention luncheon," Miss Bond entreated, glancing at the little, business-like watch that was strapped to her slender wrist. "It's almost eleven now, and I am to be picked up here by the Waites at three. We shall have something else to think of besides food!"

"Well, you must ask for tea, or sandwiches—anything you want!" the old lady quavered hospitably. "How's Geraldine, Dean?" she asked.

"Splendidly, thanks," he answered promptly. And in the moment's pause he added rather aimlessly: "She was off with the little girls to church, as usual, this morning."

"Little girls? Have you children?" Miss Bond asked, widening her eyes, with a little twitch of unmistakable amusement at her lips.

"Two," he said, with a bow.

"Oh, come!" she said, laughing. "You have harnessed your Pegasus with a vengeance! A wife and babies and a factory in Stockham!"

FOUR hours later—they had flown as only such hours could fly—Dean bowed good-by to the Waites and Miss Bond, in whose car she was being swept away, and began to walk down the quiet Sunday street swiftly, aimlessly, with a tumult of joy and hope and excitement in his heart.

It was after three o'clock; he could hardly believe his timepiece, or the witness of the dull, glaring hours of mid-afternoon. The dubious morning had turned into a day of decided brightness, there was even a hint of coming Summer heat in the steady, brilliant sunlight that was flooding the world.

They had had no luncheon, no general conversation; they had hardly moved from their chairs. And he had finally been reduced to a feverish, trembling desire only to end this time of magic happiness on the same high note of perfection that it had maintained throughout. Now, striding blindly up one street and down another, passing the familiar parks and corners, he felt like a merchant in an old fairy-tale, who is left alone at last with the greatness of his discovered treasure, to gloat over it in the almost terrified silence that follows the abrupt departure, in a whirl of smoke and flame, of the beneficent genie.

"What a woman!" he whispered to himself, more than once. For the amusing, erratic little rebel of yesterday had been all a woman to-day. He had seen her soberer, finer side, the side she turned to her work; and he had been thrilled and amazed at the intelligent, quick interest she had shown, the quiet self-confidence in her own judgment.

At her request, he read her, in a thick, trembling voice, what he thought his best effort—a one-act play somewhat following the Ibsen type. She had listened, nodded absorbedly, and handed him another manuscript silently, the instant he finished the first. Dean had smiled at this choice, a one-act comedy of rather crude nature, and had read it more easily, with a sort of contemptuous facility. And this she had applauded laughingly, and of it she had said simply, "That I can sell!"

And then came the long, serious play, the beloved labor of two long years. Dean, with a rueful glance for the thickness of the manuscript, had begun by skipping and slurring generally, but she soon stopped that, and commanded him to read every word. And while the rain stopped falling and the Spring day brightened outside he read on and on, his voice gaining confidence and power, his points making themselves one by one——

He remembered it all with a thrill that seemed to him the beginning of a new life of wonder and emotion. It was all new and unclouded, all exquisite and bright with promise. The wonder of this day would never quite repeat itself, he knew, even tho honor and achievement lay ahead. But to Dean, walking, walking, walking, the whole miracle seemed but beginning.

Well, she had liked his play. Actress that she was, she was not acting when his words made her catch her breath, when his climax brought the tears to her eyes. She was not all acting, at least, when she sprang up, at the very end, and caught his hands, and looked straight into his eyes with a laugh of triumph and delight.

Ah, that was a great moment to remember—that was a great moment to remember——

His footsteps had turned, rather without his own volition, toward home. But he remembered that Linda and Clem and the boys were to be there to-day, and he did not feel inclined to join the noisy family group. He thought of the club, too, but the Waites had taken Kennedy Bond there, and his following her would savor of anticlimax. He took another street turning, and went on and on, in the heartening sunshine.

Rather hard on a man, thought Dean, to have an hour like this come to him, an hour that changed all the future, and to feel that his house was swarming with his wife's relatives, and that his wife was so absorbed in the claims of mother, brothers, and nephews that she would grant him but an abstracted reception if he should go to her. A fine, faint frown darkened his handsome forehead; he and Geraldine had been entirely out of sympathy for a long time now, and he felt a sort of impatient weariness whenever he thought of her. Sometimes he had long conversations with his wife, in his own mind, and they were always recriminating conversations, full of exchanged grievances and reproaches. He entered upon such a conversation now.

BUT it did not last long. In upon it came flooding the buoyant current of his memory of this morning's talk. Kennedy Bond believed in him. When he had somewhat bashfully asked her for a summary of her opinion, she had dismissed the necessity of giving it, briefly, almost impatiently.

She had implied that he must leave Stockham, of course, and the motor business, of course. Upon his smiling assurance that he had financial responsibilities, she had shrugged.

"If I can come to New York, at twenty, unknown, with no money—and no gift like yours, Mr. Laird, remember that!" she had reminded him, "—don't you think a man might dare it? I'll simply have to leave that to you. I'll take this—and this—if you'll let me?—to the city, and show them to a manager or two there. This one you must change, and with that we can't do anything—now, anyway, when we have so much else to do. This is Sunday—I go home Thursday or Friday. Now, can't I telephone you some day this week and go to lunch with you?"

"Any day!" he had answered instantly. "Tuesday?"

"No, we'll not set it, darling. That's wicked and unprincipled; that's having a date with a married man," Miss Bond had said, with a momentary return to her manner of yesterday, "but I'll telephone you, and then you won't know anything about it, at breakfast, and at dinner you can say that that unprincipled Miss Bond telephoned and literally asked herself to lunch."

"Very well!" Dean had grinned.

"Then I go home," she had mused, business-like again, "and in about—this is the selling season, you see—in about a month you ought to come down for a few days, and come and have tea with me in South Washington Square, and I'll introduce you to a few of the old guard, and we'll have some dinners and things, and talk to producers."

"What a woman!" he said to himself again.

He had always wanted to write plays, in his quiet way—this woman saw it clearer, in her twenty-four hours' knowledge of him, than many of his old friends ever would. For Dean was rather a silent, reserved fellow, and admitted few men, and no women, to his inner heart of hearts. His wife, he thought to-day, might easily have been the chief recipient of his confidences. But Geraldine's interest in his writing was chiefly because his gift had sometimes been put at the service of the various charities in which she was interested.

Well, she would see, he told himself grimly, tiring himself at last, and reaching home at almost five o'clock. The Clements had gone, and the little girls had disappeared somewhere about the grounds, but there were callers. He could hear their loud voices and raucous laughter from the dismal parlor.

A look of refined pain crossed Dean's sensitive face, and he went quietly up-stairs. Geraldine, whisking into his room half an hour later to close windows, was surprized to find him reading in a chair by the sunny bay which was streaming with sunset light. She told him about the Clems' troubles and the street-improvement assessment that meant no new car for the Clements this Spring.

"It may or may not interest you to know that Miss Bond thinks I have written a great play," Dean said icily, after a while.

His tone made her instantly resentful.

"I don't see why you didn't say so! I don't see why I have to draw it out of you by degrees," she protested. And as he did not answer, she added a little stiffly, "I'm very glad, of course."

Still no answer. Geraldine felt her heart sink; she was vaguely conscious of a wish that she might have the courage to quarrel with him, in the old vigorous way—the old way that had ended with tears, and forgiveness, and laughter, so many times. But somehow there was a coldness between them now—a self-control—a general inclination to avoid, rather than healthily to meet, the issue.

"HE DOESN'T love me any more!" she thought, going leaden-hearted into her own room, and standing at the bare window to look out into the softening and deepening twilight. She had said it a hundred times before, of late; to-night she began to wonder what happened when a man and woman stopped loving each other and yet were man and wife. "I'll never let him leave me, and I'll never give him a divorce," Geraldine said to herself, "so he might as well get over his nonsense and come to his senses at once. I hate all this politeness and weariness and silence—I'd rather he would drag me about by the hair!"

And she resolved that at the slightest provocation she would school herself to fly out at Dean in the old way. But even while she so decided, looking down the shabby avenue to the gate, she knew that when she was in actual contact with his coldness, when his articulate reluctance was really opposed to her stammered incoherencies, she would slip from his presence with this wretched sense of being snubbed and whipped and silenced again.

She did not realize that Kennedy Bond's interest in his work had opened a new world to Dean, had set him thinking, however vaguely, of the road that he might find that would lead him away from all the unutterably stupid and

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tedious facts of his present life. But she felt a new force in his mood to-night, felt that it was an active rather than a negative protest, and the thought filled her with uneasiness.

"If I've really lost him," Geraldine said to herself, with a little flutter of fear at her heart, "is it too late to do something now to hold him?"

And with a nervous anxiety to dispel the cloud of the moment, she walked to his door again.

"Dean, do you want to go up to the club?"

"No, thanks!"

"I THINK—from what Harry Kent said when he telephoned—that the Waites have Miss Bond there," Geraldine submitted, uncertainly.

"I know they have."

Silence. While she stood hesitating, Janey danced in.

"Gramma says will you please come down to supper, and it's half past five, because Lizzie wants to go to her cousin's wedding at seven," sang Janey.

"Heavens—time to eat again!" Geraldine protested.

But Dean, who was unromantically hungry, got up and began to brush his hair violently with his military brushes. He followed his wife and daughter down-stairs in time to meet the departing callers, and gave them a dark look. "How it is, Mr. Laird. The house really needs so much done, do you see? And they've just got so much to invest and no more——"

Dean looked at her with an opaque eye, while the women of his family exchanged horrified glances.

"Were we to dine?" he asked his wife, in a tone so cold and so deliberate that Mrs. Hanna made no further social effort, but hurried away after her daughters, wondering in her easy soul if she had said an unfortunate thing.

When she was gone, Dean looked from his wife to her mother.

"Do I understand that Barron did make an offer for this house, Geraldine?" he asked.

"Through Clem—yes, Dean, yes!" she answered, hurriedly and guiltily.

"You knew of it?" he asked, measuredly.

"I—yes, I knew of it. Clem told me on condition that——" she paused. "And I thought all along that you should be told!" she added.

"When was this, if I may ask?"

"About—why, two weeks ago."

"You've known it for two weeks?"

"Well—yes."

"Come, lovey, we'll go in to supper," Mrs. Fitzpatrick said hastily to Janey. Dean and his wife remained looking steadily at each other.

A full minute passed. Then the man turned to the hat-rack, and took from it his big coat, his hat, and stick.

"Where are you going?" Geraldine asked, with a quick jump at her heart.

He did not answer, but stepped to the door.

"Dean! Aren't you going to have supper?"

No answer. He opened the door, glanced at her briefly through narrowed lids.

"Listen, Dean!" Geraldine said, in a rapid but cautious whisper, "you shan't walk out of the house like this, simply because you weren't told of Barron's offer! It wasn't my fault, anyway. I told Clem—I told George——Dean," Geraldine interrupted herself passionately, as he showed no evidence of having heard her, "if you walk out of this house to-night, without discussing this matter like a reasonable human being, as I ask you to, you needn't come back! I'm sorry, and I've said I'm sorry—and that ends it—and as the boys wouldn't have accepted that figure anyway—now, Dean, listen—I'm serious! You——"

"Good-night," he said, with brief distaste. He closed the door behind him, and was gone.

Geraldine, after staring blankly after him for a second, drew a long breath, nodded her head slowly, and turned back into the bare hall. She was more angry than frightened or surprized. Dean had done this, or almost this, before.

It was distressing, of course, and humiliating and annoying, but these scenes were part of married life, and one must simply endure them, that was all.

She went slowly into the dining-room, where her mother and the children were commencing a delicious supper. Lizzie had made Dean's favorite batter-bread, and had opened a bottle of the sour, black, pickled walnuts he liked. Geraldine sighed.

"Gone," she said, with a shrug.

"I thought he would," her mother answered. "Well, he'll get a good dinner somewhere, and come in about nine o'clock feeling better!"

"He thel he didn' have any yunch," observed Deanie.

"Ah, well, that accounts for it, then!" Mrs. Fitzpatrick said comfortably. The meal proceeded in harmony.

FOUR days later, walking slowly down-town, Geraldine Laird bowed a good-by to Miss Kennedy Bond, who was in the Knowles car, obviously being whisked to the three o'clock train for New York. The smart little suit-case was on the front seat, with a furled umbrella, and a camera, and pinned to Miss Bond's Spring-like suit was an exquisite bunch of orchids. Geraldine did not know that when Dean sent Miss Bond a grateful note, the day before, to say that unfortunately he could not arrange to lunch with her, he enclosed it in the box containing the flowers. But even had she known it, it would have distressed her less than the wretched thoughts that were milling about in her head as she made her way to his office. Petty jealousy had no part in them.

She smiled at Miss Bond and waved her hand, and the departing visitor returned the greeting effusively, even while her bright eyes studied the general lack of smartness noticeable in Mrs. Laird's clothes and manner, and the careless, almost boyish, carriage.

"She's the crying sort," Miss Bond thought. "She'll hold him back if she can!"

"Is Mr. Laird here?" Geraldine asked, in what she tried to make a natural tone, a few minutes later. She was in Dean's office now, and found that suddenly her hands were icy cold and her breath short.

"I think he is, Mrs. Laird," a smiling young clerk answered brightly. But she told herself that he would come back in a moment to say that Mr. Laird had gone out. She sat down, and tried to gather her hurrying thoughts together.

"Will you come in?" the clerk said, taking her unawares. She smiled automatically, and followed him into the familiar, pleasant office, where Dean was usually to be found. As she came in, Dean rose from the big flat-top desk that faced the room to greet her. The clerk disappeared, and they were alone.

"Dean," Geraldine said, directly and simply, "why haven't you been home, since Sunday?"

The veiled look she dreaded came into his eyes. He sat down again, and she sat down opposite him.

"Because, since my opinions and my ideas are absolutely less than nothing to you, I feel happier elsewhere," he offered quietly, after a pause.

"But Dean, you know that isn't so!" she exclaimed, not with much conviction.

He shrugged. And there was another brief silence before he said, "I think I may be the judge of that, to a certain extent!"

The conversation seemed ended. But Geraldine reopened it.

"Don't you think it would have been wiser, and kinder, to have notified me that you intended to remain away?" she asked at last.

"Perhaps," he answered, lifelessly. "I was tired on Sunday, I had had no luncheon, and I acted hastily, under—I feel—some provocation. I went to Louis's, and we dined, and as his mother is visiting his sister, out of town, we have been 'batching it,' ever since."

"Does he know the circumstances under which you left home?" she asked.

"Not from me."

"It made me extremely angry, for a day or two," Geraldine admitted, after a moment's frowning thought, and in a carefully controlled tone, "and then it occurred to me that we only lose time by fighting; we are man and wife—we have the children to consider, and all this is very undignified and unnecessary. I telephoned you here yesterday, and when you didn't answer, I thought I might as well come in and tell you that the sooner you come back, why the sooner the whole thing will be over and forgotten. Mother suspects, of course, but I told George you were obliging Louis, and it's nobody else's business."

"I suppose you're right," Dean said slowly.

He wrote a number on his blotter, looked at it a little while and rubbed it out. "I'll be back to dinner to-night."

"I'll say nothing of your apologizing to me, or of the outrageousness of a husband and father simply walking off in a tantrum that way," Geraldine was unable to resist the temptation to add, "because you always have been a law to yourself in such things, and I suppose you always will be! The thing is for us to consider the children now, and Mama——"

"Don't forget Linda and George and Clem and Aunt Lizzie——" Dean murmured, with an ugly little smile twitching his mouth.

"Oh, you're impossible, Dean!" his wife said, hotly. Tears of anger came to her eyes, and for a few minutes she sat silent, biting her lips. Then "If you're unhappy in Mama's house, as you seem to be," she went on defensively, for she had been going over this conversation in her mind for forty-eight hours, "why, I'm perfectly willing to move——"

"You weren't last week, when I suggested it," he countered quickly.

"No, last week I did say that I thought we ought to wait until we could sell the house," she explained eagerly, "because Mama is so hard up that to take our hundred and fifty——"

"Our hundred and fifty!" he echoed, with a smile. "My dear girl, I make around four hundred dollars every month. Do we *save* any of it?"

"There's the club, and the girls' clothes," she reminded him.

"Yes, you and I spend perhaps a hundred. And the rest," he said grimly, "is for George's laundry and Mama's telephone bill and the gardener for half a day, and taxi-hire up to Aunt Lizzie's——"

"Well, do you think three hundred a month would go much further if we took one of those new houses you admire; up toward the West end, and paid down seventy-five a month flat, and forty more for a maid, and coal and telephone and food and all the rest of it?" Geraldine countered warmly.

She knew she had him, and looked triumphantly at him in the moment of silence.

"We won't discuss it," he said lifelessly then. And a moment later, as she continued to look at him with a sort of stern and youthful expectancy, he continued wearily, "Of course I regret this sort of thing—infinitely. It seems, unfortunately, unavoidable. Well! That's neither here nor there."

"I realize perfectly that you have a—well, a good deal of temperament, Dean," Geraldine said, in a troubled tone, "and I know that when you and Louis get together you talk about writing and New York and success—I suppose we all have those dreams! But you have so much, Dean, in having your home, and your wife and children, and your health——"

SHE hesitated, a trifle daunted by his expression. Then she got up, and after exchanging a few meaningless remarks entirely for the benefit of the outside office force, she went away. But as Geraldine went out into the street again, she felt absolutely dazed with pain.

She walked slowly for a square or two, and then, with a sudden look of resolution in her eyes, boarded a trolley-car, and went out to the newly-opened and attractive residence site that was known as Hyde Park Wood. Dean had always expressed an admiration for Hyde Park Wood, but Geraldine had contended, to combat any vague plan he had of living there, that it was too far from her mother.

To-day she walked slowly through it, looking at the pretty brick-and-stucco houses, and the occasional charming Colonial model, with suddenly awakened interest. All the little homes were inviting, with their newly planned gardens, their fresh white paint, and their setting of great elms and maples just feathering into new green. Geraldine stopped before a delightful modern farmhouse, cream-white with demure green blinds, barely finished, odorous of clean white wood, and flooded with pure sunshine.

She studied it carefully, and then picked her way daintily toward the coated and hatted man who was directing some bare-armed laborers on another house nearby.

"Is this house for sale?"

"Yes, *ma'am!*"

"If I bring my husband here on Sunday, might we see it?"

"Sure you can," the contractor said amiably.

Dean had brought her to see these houses, six months ago, and had expatiated eagerly upon the advantage to the children and themselves to be gained by joining this colony of refined and intelligent people. But Geraldine remembered that she had been, for some forgotten reason, notably unenthusiastic.

They had some little capital, quite enough for this venture, anyway. Geraldine imagined a conversation between her husband and herself in which Dean would suggest that they mortgage the house, to begin with, and she would persuade him that the better way was to start clear of debt, and add the furniture piece by piece, as they could afford it.

She reached home pleasantly excited and full of hope, amusing the little girls, as she brushed their thick mops and buttoned clean aprons for supper, with an account of the pretty houses in Hyde Park Wood, and the nice little girls who were playing about in the neighborhood. Mrs. Fitzpatrick wandered into the room while they laughed and splashed and chattered together.

"The girls were wondering if you would do some imitations, some night at the Bazaar, Jerry," she presently observed. "They've got a program to get up, entirely different, the five nights, and it's hard on them! I suppose somebody remembered you, and got Aunt Lizzie to ask me." She did not push the point.

"I'm sure I don't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

"'There Goes Geraldine—Oh, Good! That's Geraldine Laird, She's a Perfect Holy Terror!'"

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A HONEYMOON À L'AMÉRICAINE

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AUTHOR OF "A LITTLE KANSAS LEAVEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUTHERFORD BOYD

I NEVER knew many of the mere facts of their existence: where all their money came from, nor the extraordinary romance which must have lain back of them. Nor did I care to. They were too epic a pair for realism to touch. I find on thinking them over that I never quite came to believe in their actual existence; and yet, whatever value this slight sketch of them may have will be due to its literal truthfulness to fact.

My first sight of them was on a very cold day in the second year of the war, when they suddenly filled with their resplendent presence the dreary room which was known as my "office." For several difficult months, against all the obstacles which made up everyday life in war-time France, I had been laboring to organize and get into shape a braille printing establishment which would provide books for those most tragic of war-victims, the blind. Together with a crew of devoted volunteers I had tugged at the task, struggling like everybody else in France with a universal shortage of supplies, which began with able-bodied men and ran down to tacks and cheese-cloth. There was also the difficulty of getting the "Authorization from the Government" before drawing your breath; but unless you have experienced this potent brake on enterprise, there is no use trying to describe it to you.

And yet, somehow, we had managed to get along, had added to our two plaque-making machines a couple of presses (very poor, both of them), had scrambled together a home-made device for wetting and drying the paper, had hunted down enough men to run the machines, had trained enough proof-readers and assembled enough voluntary editors, so that, after a fashion, we were really printing. The magazine, liberally bedewed with our blood and sweat, came out once a month; and altho the two presses broke down with great frequency, we managed, by dint of incessant repairing, to keep at least one in shape to do tolerable work. We really had something patched-up, ungainly, but reasonably valid, to show the sightseers who came through on the weekly visiting day, when all the rest of the institution was open to visitors.

I took my two Olympian guests for the usual idle, visiting-day couple. I went the rounds with them, pointing out with a weary satisfaction our various makeshifts. When I found that they listened receptively, I indulged in considerable self-pity over our difficulties past and present. On their part they asked a good many pointed questions about the business end of our enterprise, about the financial status of the institution, about the probability of permanence for the venture. They came back to the "office" with, me, the goddess in sables taking the solitary chair, while her mate sat down on the edge of my little table, stretching out before him legs clad in cloth of a fineness I had forgotten could exist. Quite casually, like the diamonds and pearls of the fairy-tales, amazing words now issued from their lips. "See here," said he of the broadcloth overcoat, "this is no way to do business. You can't get good work done with any such junk as those two presses! Why, I wouldn't take them as a gift, not for old iron! And turned by hand-power! Isn't that Europe for you? Why for twenty-five cents a day of electric current, you could do ten times the work you are doing now, and have women run the presses! Go find a modern electric press that a man can look at and not think he's Benjamin Franklin come to life again, and let us know how much it costs."

He handed me his card, as he spoke.

THE goddess quitted my rickety, cane-bottomed chair and from her superb height dropped down on me. "You know, the kind that opens and shuts its jaws like a whale; perhaps you've seen them in printing establishments at home." She tempered her assumption of my ignorance by a smile out of the loveliest eyes imaginable and added, "My father was a printer out West. I used to play 'round in his shop. That's how I happen to know."

Gazing up at her, fascinated, I noted how deep the little lines of kindliness were at the corners of her smiling gray eyes, and how, beyond the usual conventional coating of powder, no effort had been made to hide the fact that the beautiful face was not in its first youth. The consequent effect of honesty and good faith was ineffable, and had its perfect counterpart in the extraordinary simplicity and directness of her gentle manner. She drew her regal fur up around her long neck and her husband put his hat back on his thick white hair. "While you're about it, you'd better get those two plaque-making machines electrified," he remarked. "Any electrician could do it for you. There's no sense in having your operators push down that pedal for every letter they make. Man-power again! Europe!"

I realized that they were moving toward the door and shook myself out of my entranced silence. "But you *can't* buy a press of that kind in Paris!" I called after them, all the bitterness of my past struggles in my voice. "You can't buy anything in war-time France. There hasn't been a press or anything else manufactured in France for two years! Don't you know that all the factories are making munitions?"

Mr. Robert J. Hall—that was the name on the card—came back to me and said earnestly, "Money can't *do* everything, but I tell you that it can buy anything buyable, if you've got enough of it. Now we'll give you money enough to buy that press. It's up to you to find it." From the doorway his wife smiled to mitigate his intense seriousness and said again, "It's the kind that opens and shuts its jaws, you know." The door swung shut behind them to a last call-to-arms, "Go to it!" from Mr. Hall.

Five minutes later a proof-reader coming in found me still standing, staring at their card.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

I took her by the arm. "Look here," I asked, "did I just show two visitors around the place?"

"Do you mean that awfully good-looking man with the white hair and the royal-princess-effect in sables, with eyes like Trilby's?"

I nodded, re-assured. I had not dreamed them!

OF COURSE I went to it. Of course I found the press. After such a galvanic shock, I could have found, if that had been my need, a feather bed on the *Arc de l'Etoile*. I have too many other things to tell you about the Halls to describe the hunt after the press, altho, in its way, that was epic, too. Enough to say that, after three weeks of impassioned concentration on the subject, during which I ate, drank, slept, and lived printing-press, it was located, a second-hand one in excellent condition, in a loft in the remotest corner of a remote industrial region of Paris. It was quite exactly what we needed, a thousand times better than anything we had dreamed of having. I felt almost a reverent admiration to see it opening and shutting its great maw, and spewing out perfect raised-type pages, at least twelve times faster than our wretched hand-press: doing in one day the work of two weeks!

But the price! Like all war-prices it was five times what it was worth when new. I hadn't the least idea that my extraordinary visitors would buy it for us. Why in the world should they? In fact, by that time I had gone back to thinking that I had dreamed them.

However, I betook myself to their hotel, into their private sitting-room, bright with chints and copper and flowers. I found Mrs. Hall without her hat even lovelier than before, a little gray in her thick soft hair as honestly shown as the faint, fine lines of simple kindness in her clear skin.

She wore a dark-blue satin dress, richly embroidered, evidently a creation from one of the great Paris houses. She assured me cordially that she was awfully glad to see me.

Sitting on the edge of the Beauvais tapestry chair, like the poor relation on a begging expedition which I felt myself to be, I timidly told of my search, trying to be amusing about it. Now that I was there I dared not mention the price. Finally, however, having run out of expedients to put off that dangerous moment, I brought out haltingly the sum needed, and began to say, excusingly, that I thought I might get *part* of that from—

Mr. Robert J. Hall moved to the writing-table and took out a check-book. "I'll tack another thousand francs on to that," he said over his shoulder, as he wrote. "I haven't been able to sleep nights for thinking of those operators punching down the pedals by main strength and awkwardness."

There was a silence as he wrote. Mrs. Robert J. Hall examined her glistening nails, looked out of the window and, with a tact for which I was grateful, did not once glance at my face. I fancy that my expression, instead of gratitude, must have been stupefaction. Mr. Hall blotted his check, detached it and handed it to me, the little bit of blue paper, through which I saw as in a vision, hundreds of the terribly-needed raised-type books put into those terribly empty hands. I could find no words at all. "It's—it's just like a miracle!" I was stammering, when some one knocked at the door, a timid, hesitating knock, such as mine had been.

The sound seemed to alarm the Halls. "Good Lord, I bet it's the *abbé*!" said Mr. Hall.

"You don't happen to speak French, do you?" asked his wife hastily. "Oh, you do? It's all right then. It's the *curé* of a town in the war-zone and we want to help him with some war-orphans, but we have the most awful time trying to make him understand about business details. It's perfectly terrible, not speaking the language."

WE TURNED to meet a short, elderly, double-chinned ecclesiastic who carried his bulky body with the impersonal professional dignity of his calling, but was not otherwise in the least impressive. The conversation began.

It consisted of an attempt on the part of Mr. Hall to get the *curé* to "come to the point"—as he expressed it—and name a sum, and of terror-stricken evasions on the part of the *curé* to do any such thing for fear of losing their interest. This fencing centered about a large house which the *curé* needed to fit up for the reception of a number of war-orphans. "How much will it cost?" asked Mr. Hall, patiently, over and over, evidently seeing no reason for his not receiving a direct answer. Upon my pressing the *abbé* hard, he finally brought out the sum, miserably, in a faltering voice which made me want to shake his hand. I knew how he felt.

The Halls consulted each other with a look of intimate understanding. "All right," said the husband. "All right, *on condition* that he can get the funds from his diocese to keep the thing going if we set it on foot." To me, he added, "The more we see of this sort of thing, the more we see you've got to go slow at times. These Europeans are so impractical that first thing you know they've used the money you give them to get themselves into some fool scheme, without half seeing their way through. We make it a rule not to give anything to a concern which isn't on a good, sound, business basis. What's the use?"

I turned to the waiting priest, who had been wildly trying to guess from our faces what we were saying, and translated Mr. Hall's philosophy of philanthropy. I found a little difficulty in hitting on the exact French phrase to express "a good, sound, business basis," but evidently I made myself understood, because the old man's lips began to tremble eagerly, "Oh, yes, yes, tell them that I can bring a letter to-morrow from my bishop guaranteeing the support —if only the house can be secured and fitted up!"

Mr. Hall sent back through me, "Well, you tell him that the minute he shows me that letter from his bishop, I'll give him a check for the house, and some over for extras."

I translated this exactly as it was said.

For an instant the *curé* kept a solemn silence, his eyes looking through us and beyond. I knew what he was seeing —a big, sheltering house with happy, rescued children playing in the garden. The graceless, stout old man looked very touching to me.

Then he came back to a sense of the inherent probabilities of things, and appealed to me in a trembling voice, as to one who at least spoke his language and to this degree was more of the real world than these amazing strangers. "Are you sure you told them correctly? It is such a great sum! And nobody else has been willing to—Madame, do you *—do you really think they will do it?*"

I showed him the check still in my hand. "They have just given me this for the war-blind," I said. I found my own voice not entirely steady.

Then it was my turn to look out of the window while he took his agitated departure. I tried not to listen, but I could not help hearing that he gave them his blessing. I wondered how he managed it, being but half their height.

I was still at the window when he emerged from the

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hotel entrance into the open square below. He stood looking up and down wildly, forgetting to put his broad-brimmed, flat-crowned hat on his head, altho it was raining. Then, as tho at random, he crossed the wet asphalt and vanished down a side street. He staggered a little as he walked. I knew just how he felt.

WHEN I turned back from the window, the Halls asked me, offhand and as tho it would be doing them a favor, to accompany them on an automobile trip out to the Front, near St. Quentin. (I had been trying vainly for three months to get a *sauf-conduit* which would let me get to the front.) "We want to take some money out to the villages the Germans blew up when they retreated last month; and seeing how quick we got the *curé* fixed up with somebody to talk French, we thought it would be nice if you could go with us." This from Mrs. Hall. Her husband continued, as if in explanation of a slightly eccentric taste. "You see, we like to dodge the committee-and-report effect in war-relief. It takes so long for those big shebangs to get into action, don't you think?

"And we like to manage so that the spending of the money we give isn't in the hands of one of those self-satisfied young

women in uniforms who know all about Elmira, New York, but do they about the Department of the Aisne? It's unscientific, I know, but in such cases as these people who have been cleaned out by the Germans, we like to put the money right in the fists of the people who need it, and then go away and leave them to spend it the way they want to. If my house burned down, I don't believe I'd enjoy having a foreigner tell me how to build it over, and you needn't tell me they like our ideas any better."

I was, by this time, in the state of silent stupor which was the effect not infrequently produced on me by the Halls. I found no words to tell them how precisely their invitation fell in with my wishes, and they took my momentary hesitation for doubt. "We've got a very comfortable car," urged Mrs. Hall. "I don't think it would tire you much!"

And Mr. Hall added, "Honestly, it would make me a lot more satisfied if you would. You haven't any idea what a fool you feel just to poke money under people's noses and not be able to say anything to them!"

"I thought to myself it was a sort of "foolishness" which I could well endure but, before I could put this idea into words, we were deep in a discussion of ways and means—what clothes to wear, whether cameras would be permitted, what to do about food. The date for the expedition was set. My call was over. Dazed, their check still clutched tightly in my hand, I was emerging from the hotel entrance into the street.

I think I must have staggered a little as I walked, but the resplendent doorkeeper did not seem to notice. He was probably quite used to this phenomenon as a part of the departure of visitors to the Halls.

This is not the place to tell you of that phantasmagoric trip to the Front, the nightmare of the dynamited villages, the carefully and expertly murdered fruit-trees and vines, the ravaged gardens and fields, the grimly enduring women and old men who toiled feebly with an invincible determination to bring a beginning of order out of the hideous chaos which had been their homes. For me the recollection of all that horror of desolation is shot through with the incredible presence of the Halls, resplendent in health and good looks and wealth and good-will, brightly interested in everything, cut off by their untouched prosperity from any grinding comprehension of what they saw, but, somehow, not needing to be ground into comprehension like the rest of us, somehow not needing to put on the sackcloth of bitterness and passion in order to feel fellowship.

They kept vaguely reminding me of something—and on the last night out, I learned what it was.

Everywhere the gesture was the same. The car rolled into a new set of ruins, as like the ones we had just left as one part of hell must be like another. Mrs. Hall always began at once to take photographs, methodically noting down the name of the village which had stood there. Mr. Hall got out from his pocket the wallet containing more cash than I had ever seen together in my life, and I went off with the French officer escorting me to

"They Kept Vaguely Reminding Me of Something—and on the Last Night Out, I Learned What It Was. Everywhere the Gesture Was the Same. The Car Rolled into a New Set of Ruins, as Like the Ones We Had Just Left as One Part of Hell Must Be Like Another. Mrs. Hall Always Began at Once to Take Photographs, Methodically Noting Down the Name of the Village Which Had Stood There. Mr. Hall Got Out from His Pocket the Wallet Containing More Cash than I Had Ever Seen Together in My Life, and I Went Off with the French Officer Escorting Me to the Mayor of the Ruined Town. For the Most Part, the Real Mayor Had Been Carried Off by the Germans for Forced Labor, and We Found Some Substitute, Chosen by the Remnant of the Citizens Left. Usually It Was a White-Haired Man; Once It Was a Woman, Lean, Energetic, Stern, Who Had Lost One Eye through the Explosion of a Dynamite Petard. Always We Found a Worker at His Work—Ah, the Noble Procession of Valiant Old Men We Saw in Their Shirt-Sleeves, in Worn, Faded, Patched Overalls, Hammer or Mason's Trowel in Their Knotted Hands, Sweating and Toiling among the Ruins."

THE same thing always happened. I explained the Halls' mission. The mayor opposed to my account the prompt defense of a total incredulity. Things didn't happen that way, he always explained to me, as we walked toward the car, he wiping his hands on his overalls. He told me that nobody gave help at once, that people came and looked and exclaimed and said how awful and said they would write articles, and others came and took notes and said they would report to a Committee in Paris, and others said that if a report were written by the mayor and visèed by the *sous-préfet*, and signed by the *Député* and sent through the Ministry of the Interior—by this time we were beside the car where the mayor's eyes were always instantly fascinated by Mrs. Hall's tall beauty.

Mr. Hall shook him by the hand and left in it big, crisp, crackling French bank-notes, at which the old man gazed hypnotized, while I tried to express to him something of the kindliness in the hearts of the two shining messengers from another world. During this time Mrs. Hall always took our photographs again.

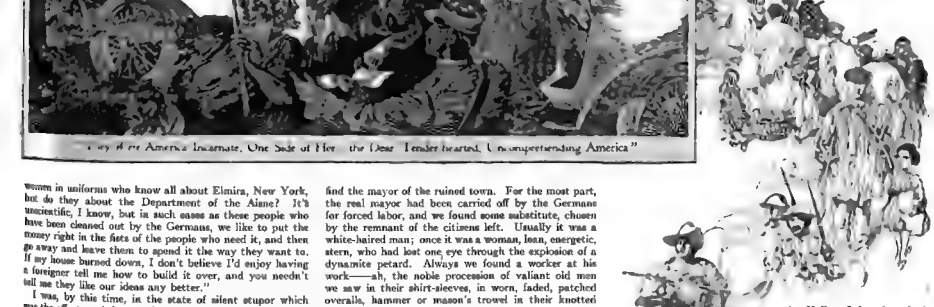
THEN we shook hands all around. The mayor tried convulsively to express his thanks and failed. The automobile moved forward. We were off to a repetition of the scene.

When our time limit was up, we scurried back toward Paris in order to reach the city before the hour set in our *sauf-conduits*. The car rushed forward over the long, level road, dimly shining in the starlight, the flanking poplars shadowy, the cold pure air blowing hard in our faces. Mrs. Hall and I were in the tonneau, looking up at the stars, incredibly steady above our world of meaningless misery. Then it was that I learned of what they had reminded me. Mrs. Hall said to me, evidently thinking it the simplest and most matter-of-fact explanation of their being in France, of their life there, "You see, we haven't been married so very long, only three months ago. And we were awfully happy to be married. Of course, all newly married folks are, but we had special reasons. And we wanted to have a very special kind of honeymoon, the nicest kind anybody ever had. It seemed silly to go to Florida, or to the Yellowstone, or yachting, or to Hawaii, or to Japan for cherry-blossom time, or any of the things you usually do. We'd done all those anyhow, but more than that, when you read the newspapers about the war, you don't get much good out of cherry-blossoms or surf-riding, do you? We wanted to do what would give us the very best time we ever had, to celebrate our being married. That's what honeymoons are for, of course. And we decided that what we should like best would be to come to France and help out. So we did."

She was silent for a moment, while I slowly took in the significance of what she had said. Then she went on, "And we like it even better than we thought. We are happier even than we expected. It has been perfectly, perfectly lovely."

Then I knew of what they had reminded me. They had reminded me of America, they were America incarnate, one side of her—the dear, tender-hearted, uncomprehending America which did not need to understand the dark old secrets of hate and misery in order to stretch out her generous hand and ease her rod-happy heart by the making of many gifts.

OF COURSE, such an extraordinary phenomenon did not go unheeded by the sharp eyes of the elegant and cosmopolitan circle in Paris war-relief work. That circle had as well-trained a predatory capacity for emptying fat pocket-books as the prettiest girl who ever sold ten-cent bouquets for five dollars at a church fair. It was with something of the same smiling security in levying philanthropic blackmail that they began to close in on



"They Had Reminded Me of America, They Were America Incarnate, One Side of Her—the Dear, Tender-hearted, Uncomprehending America"

the Halls. I heard excited talk of them everywhere. Everybody's mouth watered at the stories of their "easiness," and plots to entrap them were laid by every cosmopolitan *mondaine* who now felt about her own pet "war-work" the same competitive pride she had had (and would have again as soon as the

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Women in a New World

The Battle of the Sexes—First of a Series of Articles on After-the-War Problems

By HELEN RING ROBINSON

First Woman State Senator in the United States

EDITOR'S NOTE—Helen Ring Robinson, former senator in Colorado, whose articles on "Preparing Women for the Ballot" have been so very popular, here begins a new series of articles—a discussion of after-the-war problems with particular reference to women. Both men and women will find these articles well worth a careful reading.

A LITTLE group of men and women were spending a few days last July up at Miranda's mountain home, "The Hut," which is sentineled by the wide silences of the National Forest Reserve and has the Continental Divide for its garden wall.

Miranda is a widow—by conviction, it may be said, since she has been heard to declare with feeling, "A widow who marries again does not deserve to have lost her first husband." She is also a rather truculent feminist with a habit of talking about "woman" as if she were a recent discovery of her own. So, as we sat one placid afternoon in the door-yard of "The Hut," the talk naturally turned to women and the part they are taking in the Great War.

"The position of women will be entirely different after the war," Miranda declared. "A million of them have lost their lives for their country and for humanity, in the wreckage of munition works and in hospitals close to the fighting zone. They have faced violence. They have shown themselves capable of glory. Their subjection is ended. They have become personalities instead of mere conventions; mere superstition——"

"Superstition dies mighty hard," interrupted the Professor of Sociology, who had recently returned from week-ending in the French trenches as a member of Some-Commission-or-Other, and so, naturally, was regarded as a military authority. "Human nature," he continued, "may somersault and stand on its head while a great war is going on, but it always gets down on its feet again when the fighting is over. "Women as bank cashiers? Why not? Women making time-fuses better than men? No doubt! But the egotism in men will remain, quite as surely as the vanity in women. Certain things women have won in this war they will never let go, but certain other things they are now undertaking will interfere with the convenience of men—and these they will not retain without a struggle, since there is a lot of human nature about men."

"We talk about the economic war after the war. How about the sex-war? Watch for a flare-up of sex-antagonism, after the war, that will be as bitter as any past struggle between Capital and Labor."

Here, I am sure, the young Provost Marshal blushed and prepared to say, "What bunk!" when I prevented his words with a prolonged "Ah—h!"

I had been watching Miranda's hens.

Now Miranda's poultry-yard is a war measure and, as it is not the custom to conceal our war service, she had placed it within full view of the terraced door-yard.

The hens were very quarrelsome that afternoon. Pullets were rumpling and squabbling over worms, and a group of young chicks were pecking savagely at each other.

Suddenly a black shadow of menace swooped down toward the poultry-yard. Like an aeroplane, the hawk hovered fifty feet above it, motionless, watching, ready to swoop and to strike.

"Ah—h!"

The hens saw the black shadow sooner than I did. A strange shrilling cry from an old mother hen, and the chicks stopped their savage pecking, tumbling to the shelter of her outspread wings; the squabbling pullets scurried to cover.

"Krak!" went the revolver of the young Provost Marshal and a ragged clutter of flesh and hawk feathers fell into the midst of the poultry-yard.

Then the pullets came down from their shelter and wrangled again over worms, while the chicks pecked each other viciously. There was safety once more in the poultry-yard—and conflict aplenty.

"There is some human nature about hens, too," I observed to the young Provost Marshal, while Miranda tried to bait the Professor of Sociology into further talk about the impending sex-war, but vainly, since by that time he had taken out his knitting, and when the Professor of Sociology knits a sock he puts his whole soul into it.

THERE is a lessening of bitterness between Capital and Labor here in America since we entered the war; much of the former contempt and hate between classes seems to be disappearing; the repercussion of the eternal Woman Question has quieted—while the hawk hovers with bloody talons outspread.

But when that hawk falls, as fall he must, a mere splatter of feathers, then, with peace, will come the renewal of conflict.

Great social changes are impending, no doubt, but the new days will have their old ways, quite as surely. Soap-box orators will work once more with their mouths, while buccaneers of great wealth will pave their way smooth with dollars, and the eternal duel will be resumed across the gulf of sex.

It may be resumed with added bitterness because of the dislocations of war, as the Professor of Sociology threatened. Or the hostile tension may yield to harmonious co-operation. The settlement depends upon whether we men and women have intelligence enough to recognize facts when we see them.

Sex-antagonism has always existed, as surely as sex-attraction. How could it be otherwise, since in its simplest form it is merely a reaction from that attraction?

The one is no more entirely evil than the other is wholly good.

In its more complex phases, sex-warfare has developed from the primordial contempt of men for women.

NOW there is no need of shying at that word "contempt." Facts are not changed by pelting them with pretty phrases, and gargoyles remain gargoyles even in a world of beauty doctors.

The contempt of primitive man for woman was natural enough, and by all the canons of the time it was justified. He despised woman, but only as he despised all things weaker than himself. He was the superior being, because he was the stronger being.

And the primitive woman accepted the situation, since it is quite natural to believe in the superiority of those who oppress us. Or, if some advancing woman dimly resented her caveman's treatment, she never—if she survived—let him know what she thought of him. So there originated in women that deceitfulness which professors disdainfully call "woman's nature."

In those days there was peace between the sexes. Peace between the weaker and stronger fisted.

Then, as it may have happened, a change in environment made conditions no longer endurable to some vanguard women. They brought forward a feminine scheme for changing, re-adjusting the conditions they found evil. And were beaten—or perhaps eaten—for their pains.

But the feminine idea persisted, with sullen discontent among women and resentfulness among men. There was "a flare-up of sex-antagonism" to quote the Professor of Sociology.

Finally, so a study of social development seems to show, the male looked over this feminine notion and saw how it could easily be adjusted to his convenience. So he complacently made it his scheme, not hers. He fixed its limits and molded it into what may be called his masculine culture—or is *Kultur* the better word? And the sex-battle ended—with the male "retreating" forward.

Thus, tho the evidence often seems contradictory, there is little doubt that the woman, to whom the idea of the family has always been more significant than to the man, originated the scheme of monogamy. The idea seemed most inconvenient to the male, and he resisted it. Finally, however, impressed by the persistence of the most stubborn of all created things, he took the notion and shaped it. He fixed its laws. He laid heavy penalties upon the female transgressor, and built pleasant paths of egress for the male. So he found monogamy not too exacting after all, for a masculine form of culture.

While man, pickled in sex, ridiculed and belittled woman, the idle, the vacant, the parasite woman, smeared with sex, has debased man also, feeding on him with her painted mouth as some female spiders gorge themselves on their bridegrooms. Women like these have undoubtedly aroused in men a sex-hatred that has drenched all women.

There are some ugly things that lurk in the lair of human nature, and occasionally it may be worth while to call them by their right names.

If the sex-antagonism of to-day, which we are all thinking about and edging away from with most demonstrative reticence, seems to differ from the earlier flare-ups, that difference is chiefly in the changed attitude of women. Nietzsche explains that changing attitude when he says, "The greatest misfortune of our time is that women are forgetting their fear of men."

A man down in Texas expressed the same idea to me in a different form—a man who, evidently, was unable to supply himself with two "galluses" at the same time. He leaned sadly against the village post-office and spat vehemently toward a hitching-post as he remarked, "Them there suffragette hussies talk as if they wuz as good as us men—they do, akcherly."

The vanguard women to-day understand that many of the conditions they would change bear quite as hard upon men as upon women.

As for the changes that most directly affect women—they are not struggling for a little easement here and there, to be shaped from without by a masculine culture. They wish those changes to be made from within by a distinctive feminine culture.

Not a superior culture—since only inferior women think themselves superior to men.

And not an inferior culture—but a feminine culture existing side by side with a masculine culture, the two strengthening each other through diversity, shaping new conditions together.

So there opens the troubled question of the work of women, where changes that were taking place have been vastly accelerated by the war.

Statesmen and journalists, in America as in Europe, are lauding women because they have laid down the scrubbing-brush and the dish-mop for the lathes and levers of munition works, and in England Parliament has rewarded them with the ballot!

And these women workers, returning to their homes each evening or morning, take with them a dignity, a consideration, and an independence they never won in the kitchen, however the years were stewing in sentimentalities about home-makers. Many such a worker finds, for the first time, some sweet suggestion that she is man's equal and not merely his superior.

And after the war—What?

When the question is asked of English and French workmen, they nudge each other and tell of agreements between labor unions and bosses and Cabinet Ministers by which "she is to be chucked out."

WHEN I asked an elderly Senator, all puffed up with masculinity, the same question the other day, he answered, "I have such faith in the 'Eternal Womanly' that I believe she will follow the shining pathway back, back into the home."

Now Miranda would have asked, forthwith, "Whose home?" Or she might have remarked, "I see you call it going backward!" But I just let it go at that, as I have always thought it a waste of energy to skin a balloon.

Very many of these women workers will indeed return to their homes, but—here is the point of the whole matter—it must not be a going backward, but rather a traveling forward.

A just settlement of all such after-the-war problems can only be made if the feminine culture and the masculine culture together re-adjust the different departments of labor, coming to such an agreement upon conditions of work that men and women may enter the various fields of industry on terms that are fair to both.

That, of course, means the re-adjustment of work in the home as well as in the factory.

Then there is the re-adjustment of marriage conditions that seems probable after the war. Is the masculine culture to shape those changes alone? Women say, "No!" While we read that Prussian churchmen and statesmen are considering in their secret councils the most efficient form of polygamy, the best methods for cooping up "the eternal womanly" in a harem—in the interest of cannon-fodder—German feminists have assured me that, if this is attempted, the harems will have to be arsenals.

So it is that, when we talk of reconstruction days after the war, we face the stark fact that the old primordial question of the relation of the sexes is still the newest question for to-morrow. And, with widening vision, men and women who see, men and women who think, realize that a new harmony between the sexes must be the herald of all those other changes, those other re-adjustments of work and of life we dream of as we watch to see the New World come swinging out of the "Twilight of the Kings."

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Who's Who in Women's War Work

MISS FRANCES HAWTHORNE BRADY

THE first and thus far the only woman to be placed on the staff of Director-General of Railroads McAdoo is Miss Frances Hawthorne Brady, the daughter of Thomas Grayson Brady, of Washington, D. C. She was selected because of her ability and efficiency in liberty loan work in the Treasury, and was Mr. McAdoo's second appointee. After leaving a finishing school in Washington, Miss Brady was prominent in all the affairs of the younger set of that city, but when this country declared war she felt the call of patriotic duty and offered her services to the Government. Miss Brady is a fine example of what a girl gifted with brains and ambition can do.

MRS. THOMAS R. MARSHALL

AN organization that has been doing active Red Cross and other charitable work since the beginning of the war is "The Ladies of the Senate," whose president is Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Vice-President of the United States.

MRS. JANE RIPPINS

EVERY delinquent woman and girl in the vicinity of an army camp will be dealt with by the Section on Women and Girls of the Law Enforcement Division of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, of which the chairman is Mrs. Jane Rippins, formerly peace probationer officer of the Municipal Court of Philadelphia. Mrs. Rippins sees to it that there are workers in every camp city and in each community affected by the proximity of camps, as well as at the ports of embarkation. Problems of vital importance to the young people are taken care of. The number of workers in these camps will be increased as needed. There are paid and volunteer workers.

MRS. ROGERS H. BACON
(At Right)

ACTIVE in canteen work in France is Mrs. Rogers H. Bacon, a member of the Directing Committee of the National League for Women's Service. Mr. Bacon is also in France doing Red Cross work

MISS ELIZABETH GREEN
(Above, at Left)

A VALUABLE booklet, giving the latest information on Woman's War Work, has been issued by the Information Bureau, Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense, of which Miss Green is director. This booklet is free on application.

MRS. ISAAC PEARSON

THE League of American Pen Women, with headquarters in Washington, invites every woman writer in America to join in its war work. The president of the League is Mrs. Isaac Pearson, and through her efforts many of the best-known women writers in America have been enlisted

THE Surgeon General of the United States Army has called for 25,000 nurses for the Army and Navy by the end of the year. Every qualified woman should offer her services. Miss Dora E. Thompson is superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps.

MISS DORA E. THOMPSON

MRS. FRANCES C. AXTELL

MISS LOUISE GRUNDY LINDSLEY

PROMINENT women of the Southern States have done valuable war work through the Women's Auxiliary, Southern Commercial Congress, of which Miss Lindsley is president. An important meeting of this organization will be held in Baltimore in December of this year.

THE first woman appointed on a Federal commission by any President was Mrs. Frances C. Axtell. She is a member of the Employees Compensation Commission and of the Women in Industry Committee of the Advisory Commission, Council of National Defense.

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Chips of the Old Block

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THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
NEW YORK

This Little Chap Acts like a Cobbler, but His Father May Be an Artist

His Father *May Be* a Newspaperman, but, again, Maybe He Is Only Running from a Grasshopper

Little Mary's Mother May Be a Dressmaker, but a Shoemaker also Plies the Needle Occasionally

You Might Imagine He Was the Son of a Professional Golfer, but His Father Might Be a Butcher—What?

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Drawn by C. H. Twelvetrees

YOU might make a guessing competition as to the ancestry of these Twelvetrees Kiddies. One or two of them can be only the children of people you meet every day, but, again, you may be "away off" in your guess. For instance:

You Would Say This Chap Comes from a Lawyer's Family; on the Other Hand, His "Old Man" May Be an Anarchist

Not Much Doubt as to the Parents of These Two—Is There? Gossips of Course

On the Face of It—this Little Fellow's Father Should Be a Dentist, but He May Be a Plumber—Practising with a Wrench

Here's a Puzzler—His Father Might Be a Builder or a Contractor or—a Second-story Man

Her Mother May Be a Milliner—but, again, She May Be only "Trying It on the Dog"

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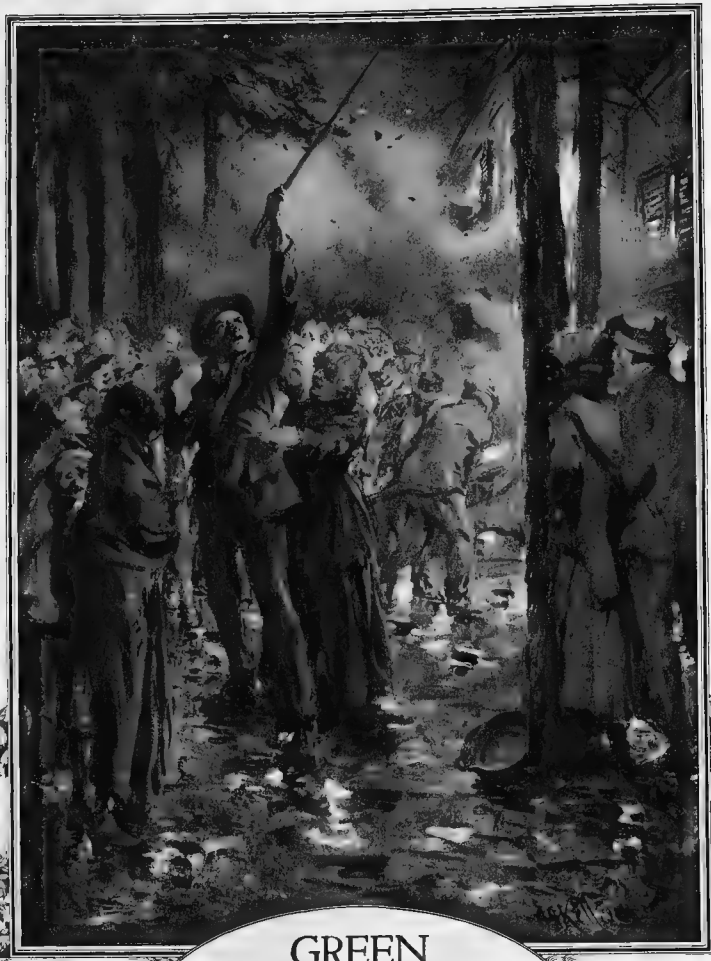

"'Where's—My Wife? I Want—My Wife! Where's—My Child?'"

GREEN UMBRELLAS

"The Fool Hath Said in His Heart, 'There Is No God'"

By LUCY PRATT

AUTHOR OF "EZEKIEL," "THE SUNNY DOOR," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

THE pines were talking to him in loud whispers as he wandered below and puffed heavily at his pipe. He was not given to romancing soliloquy and his regular strides beat themselves out on the damp earth path with a business-like habit which suggested a reign of physical law and order and final fitness. It was only the pucker between his eyes which suggested a haunting uneasiness and deepened painfully as his feet marked off their paces on the path and the wind sifted more noisily through the trees.

"Storm——" he reflected. The smoke from his pipe blew away from him, and he glanced from the hurrying, early night-clouds to a window in the looming old house above. His little son was up there. He was aware of that. A small thing up there under the spreading shadow of the night.

"Wonder if he's asleep," he considered. Was it his imagination that a small, white face was there at the window—peering down at him through the darkness? He paused a moment. But it was gone again, and he walked on. The haunted pucker between his eyes deepened, and the old house rattled dismally with the rise of the wind.

"Seem to be—seeing things!" he scoffed lightly. "He's been abed and asleep for an hour." A soft lamp-light from a room below crept out to him and his face relaxed a bit. "Mrs. Torrey doesn't forget," he approved. "Takes proper care of him."

Did he hear a cry? He hesitated. But Susanna Torrey, in her lamp-lighted sitting-room, did not hesitate. She stiffened up tautly in her chair.

"Nightmare again!" she announced crisply to Matthew, who looked up from across the table with a mild but husbandly interest. "I declare, if I had a child that I cared one straw for, I wouldn't go off and leave it to the mercies of strangers like this, I'm sure of that!" Her spectacles dropped rakishly over her nose and her weekly paper crumpled on the floor.

"He's callin' you, ain't he?" suggested Matthew, looking thoughtfully over the rims of his own spectacles, and she came to her feet and sped swiftly to the hall.

"Well, of course he is! He's too timid to leave him alone up there, anyway! Yes, Penny! I'm coming!" she assured softly, as she scurried over the stairs, "yes—I'm right here! Well, what was the trouble? Have a bad dream?"

She reached down her motherly arms to the shivering little person in the big bed, picking up the rumpled clothes with deft, sure movements, pulling them up into shape with one hand, while the other went round the small figure which crept up to her with apologetic whispers of explanation.

"Bad dream?" she repeated soothingly, "h—m!" Her arm was very warm and *steady*. Little Penniman thought. It didn't shake like the house and the bed—and everything else. But he felt rather ashamed to be getting her up here like this, too. As if she were his mother—and he had to call for her! His father would say—to be a man—and not a cry-baby! His father—wasn't afraid of the wind! His—

"Is—Mother—coming to-morrow?" he demanded very faintly of Mrs. Torrey's broad and motherly bosom.

A QUICK step sounded just outside. "Your father, I guess," replied Mrs. Torrey, in business-like but cheerful tones, as her arm relaxed, and she glanced up casually through the dim light that came in through the hall.

"He's had kind of a bad dream, that's all, Mr. Poore," she informed him briefly, as he stood before her. "He'll be all right now."

"What's the matter, Penn?" came the brisk, anxious

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question. "Dreaming again? Bad habit, Son. Go to sleep and forget it."

"It wasn't really—just the same as a dream," explained Little Penniman carefully. "I guess the—wind—was what made me call, really. I wish there could be—a little light!"

"Lonesome!" threw in Mrs. Torrey. "Just the least bit lonesome up here by himself. Well, we'll leave the lamp out in the hall. It's kind of a dreary night, anyway, with the wind and all," she added in lower tones.

"NO, NO! There's no necessity for any lamp," came the quick objection. "It's a bad habit! He never has a light! Now, go to sleep, Penn. You're no baby. Go to sleep and forget yourself."

"*You're* all right!" Mrs. Torrey said it very low, something like a secret, as she hovered over the big bed and its small, huddled occupant. "All right now!" she whispered slyly, conscious of the alert, watchful person just behind her. "Say your prayers and go to sleep!"

"No, we don't do that sort of thing, do we, Penn?" put in his father evenly. "We don't drop into any medieval devotionals in our difficulties," he explained briefly. "Now, we've had enough nonsense. Be a man, and don't let's hear another word out of you to-night!" He stepped to the door with a few crisp strides, and waited there for Mrs. Torrey to follow. She brushed past him with a scant scrutiny of tolerance, while a brave demand, just audible, quavered after them across the shadows of the room.

"Is—Mother—coming to-morrow?"

The man at the door reached for the knob. "No. She isn't." The pucker between his eyes deepened into something like an ugly cross. He closed the door and the wind slammed up against the noisy old house as Mrs. Torrey proceeded down the big, drafty hall and swept once more into the lamp-lighted sitting-room. She snatched up the crumpled newspaper that she had cast so recently upon the floor, and then dropped back in her chair in a kind of dismal and resigned relaxation.

"Well, maybe I wouldn't be glad to see Mis' Poore walk in here!" she declared feebly.

Matthew looked at her, held deep in thought.

"I'd like to see Mis' Poore, myself," he conceded. "She was all right, wa'n't she?" Again thought was upon him. "Too bad they don't pull together better, ain't it? Don't seem hardly possible, when you think back."

"No—it don't," agreed Susanna almost dreamily. "I always think the way she looked coming in under the old lilac hedge the first time I ever saw her, and the way the color dipped into her cheeks as she looked up at him that morning. My, my, I guess there never was a honeymoon to match that one, either!"

"He wa'n't 't all daft about her, was he?" suggested Matthew with pleased irony. "Seem's if I never saw a man so cracked on his wife. He looked scat if she was out of his sight five minutes. I don't blame him any. She was a winner."

"No more so than she is now, nor so much!" challenged Susanna loyally. "Of course she ain't so *young* as she was, but she's more bloomed out, as you might say. If 'twa'n't for that sad look that's come over her, I'd say she didn't stand any comparison at all, as a bride, to what she is to-day. The way she was when the three of 'em come down together the nineteenth of June!"

"That's right," agreed Matthew gently.

"Men are past understanding, the majority of 'em, that's the amount of it. I s'pose he'd say she'd aged—or lost her looks or something, the big dummy!"

"OH, NO—*he* ain't anybody's fool! *He* knows what kind of a wife he's got! If anybody else was to ask for her he'd shoot 'em for their trouble, wouldn't he?"

"I dunno but he would," admitted Susanna weakly. "Oh, he don't understand her, that's the gist of it. They're *diff*'rent! Ev'rything about 'em! I don't believe she really understands *him*, for that matter!"

"'Nother story when it comes to Little Penn, ain't it?" Matthew's slow tones were touched with dreaminess, too. "Used to make me laugh the way he'd snuggle up in her lap just about's soon's the sun'd gone over the edge for the night——"

"And she with that kind of far-off look in her eyes—you might 'a' thought she'd 'a' forgotten him if her arms hadn't been around him so snug."

"Wa'n't much on twilight those days, was he? Seemed to give him the blues. Guess he ain't changed much, has he? '*Fraid* o' the dark, ain't he?"

The wind shuffled dismally at the windows and blinds, and Susanna glanced instinctively through the open door, up into the big, drafty hall.

"Poor little feller! Up there like a little lost cat with the shivers! And she—prob'ly gone off to crumple up and die somewhere! I'll speak my mind yet. You see if I don't."

"Now, look-a here, Sue, don't you get off anything in a hurry that you'll repent of afterwards!" warned her steadying mate. "They've been good friends to us, both of 'em. Look at the phonograph—arrivin' just in time for Christmas! Thought 'twould 'amuse us' Winter evenin's! I s'pose 'twas his money bought that, wa'n't it?"

Susanna looked thoughtful. "Oh, of course, he's got lots of good points!" she agreed contritely. "It makes anybody feel worse for that very reason. I s'pose that's why I feel's if I'd got to take a hand!"

"Well, you listen to me, and don't you take no hand in nothing!" argued Matthew warmly. "You'd make things worse by meddlin' with what ain't none of your business, that's the size of it." And looking plainly alarmed, he rose from his chair under the lamp-light and wandered anxiously to the front door where he pushed the bolt into place and turned the big key in the lock.

"There ain't any reason for stayin' up all night that I know of," he complained gloomily—while she leaned absently forward in her chair, an unbroken soliloquy still glowing behind her eyes like a danger-signal in the dark.

It was still there in the morning, but it was touched, too, with a more genial light of day, as she stood—broom in hand—upon the "north path" and glanced from a small figure in a checked Russian suit, which hopped eagerly about the watering-trough, to a larger one swinging toward her across the grass.

"Good morning, Mr. Poore!"

"Mercury going up, isn't it, Mrs. Torrey?" answered the friendly voice. "Here you are, Penn! Play ball! Catch it!" Quite by accident Little Penn caught it as his hands went up. "Good boy! Get it back here now! Way back! More swing to your arm there! Strong right arm!" The ball rolled up near the walk and he followed it without complaint. "Learning to throw straight—and think straight," he explained casually, glancing up the path. "Here you are, Penn!"

He looked well-washed and fit as his arm rose. His smoothly trained hair clung close to his head on either side of the careful parting, there was a ruddy freshness on his square face that went way back to his ears, and the familiar pucker between his eyes gave an effect, just now, of clear, keen vision. "All right! 'Nough for now!" rang the voice. He stepped lightly upon the path.

"Just look at the little ant-villages down there!" appealed Susanna cordially. "I always feel something like the Lord of Creation when I sweep off the walk."

"H—m. They're supposed to be a very highly developed little people," he approved. "Constructive and systematic. I don't doubt those hummocks down there are models of government."

"You've only to watch 'em to know it. Watch 'em *now!* Sev'ral new generations come on since I scattered 'em to the four winds yesterday—and ev'rything running like clockwork again. Nice morning for 'em down there, and ev'rybody right at it and tending to business! Young folks busiest of all—full of plans and full of learning, and most likely giving it out that there ain't nothing above! No eye awatching 'em—oh, no!" She poked gently with her foot. "You're wrong, young fry!" And her broom came down with a soft, light sweep.

"LOOK at 'em go! See 'em run! Wa'n't looking for a cyclone! Crazy—ev'ry one of 'em! Homes swept away—ruin and desolation ev'rywhere! Good many dead, ain't there? But that ain't the end, little fellers! You'll know more when you wake up. Oh, things are planned out pretty straight and shipshape, after all, I guess." She looked into the puckered but amused eyes just level with her own.

"Straight thinking, Mrs. Torrey," came the cheerful encouragement. "We've come up by long stages. Guess nobody'll deny that. The survivals, so to speak."

She met his look, as he hovered before her with his air of well-groomed spruceness, and then she glanced at Matthew, sauntering comfortably toward them and pulling vaguely at a loose suspender.

"And I surmise p'raps *we* ain't the capping climax of the whole show either," she ventured, glancing up at the great clouds. "I'd take a chance on there being somethin' up there—keeping tabs on *us*. There certainly don't either of *you* look the part for the Lord God Almighty."

"I wouldn't put in no such a claim," said Matthew dryly.

The ants teemed at their feet, Matthew shuffled his suspender and turned for better appreciation to their prosperous boarder, and above them all the clouds still sailed high and unapproachable.

"It's a good thing you don't, too. Because as sure as I'm astanding here, I'll guarantee on good authority that you *ain't* the Lord Himself, Mat. It's likely to be drove home to you in the shape of a tornado or an earthquake or a passing hurricane and sweep you into kingdom-come most any day, and it's just as well to make your plans." Significantly she raised her broom. "Good-by to house and home!" she warned. "Good-by to——"

But a piercing little cry struck on their ears. "*Pit it down! Pit it down!*" The broom dropped. "I want—to see all their houses!" piped Little Penn in shaken appeal.

She smiled down at him good-naturedly. "All right, Gram'pa," she soothed. "There's plenty of room for observation. I pass 'em over to you." She smiled back at him again as she trailed up the path, and Little Penn stood gazing down at some small, undisturbed mounds which swarmed with life.

It was almost two hours later that he became aware of Mrs. Torrey coming back again with real alarm upon her face.

"For mercy's *sake*, Penny," she complained. "I thought you were with your father! *He* ought not to go off this way without letting me know! Get up, Penny!" she commanded. "It's altogether too hot for you out here in the sun! And lying down on that damp ground!" She brushed him down with business-like strokes as she brought him to his feet.

"You can play, too, if you want to—" he replied, looking down in abstracted isolation. "You can play you're an Ant Fairy, too. I just propped the green leaves up over all their diff'rent houses—so there can't anything get them! Look! Mrs. Torrey! I s'pose they think it's really a Fairy—dropping down green umbrellas on them!"

"Well, I'm a Fairy come for you," returned Mrs. Torrey grimly. "Mercy on us, child, you're perfectly roasted!" She turned him round with a firm hand; but he looked back.

"Don't let anybody touch the green umbrellas!" he petitioned.

"No, I won't let anybody touch the green umbrellas," she soothed. She looked troubled as her hand rose to his hot cheek.

SHE still looked troubled—and her gaze swung with a curious persistence that afternoon from the alert Big Penniman to the hovering Little Penn. His cheeks were still hot, too, as he sat beside her under the cool grape-vine arbor, before supper, and looked listlessly down the road that led away to the Long Street where there were car-tracks, and occasionally a car. There was a little raised platform under the grape-vine arbor, and Mrs. Torrey sat upon it in a chair—sewing always as she rocked. But Penn sat upon the boards below, at her feet, his own feet in the grass.

"Is Mother—coming to-day?" he inquired in far-away tones.

Mrs. Torrey's needle paused very briefly as she looked down.

"Why, not to-*day*, I'm afraid," she answered with a most inviting accent of optimism. She glanced up at the hanging clusters of green grapes. "It would be nice if you could be here when the grapes were all *ripe*, wouldn't it?" she urged divertingly.

His eyes rose to the green clusters and then shifted to the distant car-track.

"Is she coming—to-morrow?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not, Penny," came the hurried, accidental-sounding reply, "I tell you one thing that we'll do! I'll read you a Fairy-story *after* you go to bed to-night, just for a little extra."

He considered it. "I don't believe Father'd let you, would he?"

"Oh, I think so, if I ask him very particularly."

And her intervention had been of such an artistic and convincing nature that he had actually let her. At any rate Penn had a heaven-like half-hour up there in the big bedroom, after supper, and it was only when Mrs. Torrey got up to go that he became suddenly anxious.

"I s'pose there couldn't be—any light?" he suggested.

"Light? Any light? Why, it's too warm for a light, child! Say your prayers and go to sleep!" she commanded briefly.

"I guess—Father wouldn't like it——" he explained.

"Sure enough! I almost forgot your father, didn't I? Go to sleep, child!"

"Father wouldn't—but Mother would. Is Mother—coming to-morrow?"

"Oh, perhaps! You never can tell. Shut your eyes! You'll be feeling like a new man in the morning."

But even in the morning she felt a bit querulous concerning his appearance, and when his father, with anxiously puckered eyes, asked if he needed a doctor, she looked at him with a fearless intent.

"I don't think so," she answered. "Just a little hot weather upset. But I think he needs his mother, Mr. Poore."

The pucker snapped into all sorts of criss-crosses. "I'm afraid that's out of the question, Mrs. Torrey."

"Is it?" she insisted. "Because I hate to see a child need its mother so bad's this—unless '*tis* necessary."

"Mrs. Poore has entire faith in your supervision, Mrs. Torrey. You needn't worry in the least. Of course if he needs a doctor, why, we'll have one."

"Oh, I don't doubt he'll pull up again by noon." She glanced out across the yard to the grape-vine arbor where he sat rather limply upon the little platform, his feet in the grass, and his eyes wandering dreamily to the Long Street. "Doesn't feel very lively, that's all."

But at noon her look of question still hovered like a vague challenge between her big boarder and her small one. "If you don't get up a better appetite by to-morrow, Penny, I don't know what we're going to do with you!" she threatened.

"*He'll* be all right by that time!" assured his father, affecting brisk cheerfulness and pinching lightly at the small arm. "Strong right arm again—by that time. Game o' catch? We'll have a great day to-morrow, Penn!"

Little Penn stepped up quite close to his father, and looked up with a shining face. "*Is Mother coming?*" he asked. "*Is Mother—coming to-morrow?*"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

We Are in this War To Win!

BELGIUM and France and Italy have felt the heel of the invader. Our country is safe so far, and a million and a quarter of our boys are fighting on the far battle fronts to keep it so.

It is up to us to save and economize and back Uncle Sam and our boys to the last dollar.

Get into the Fight! Buy Liberty Bonds!

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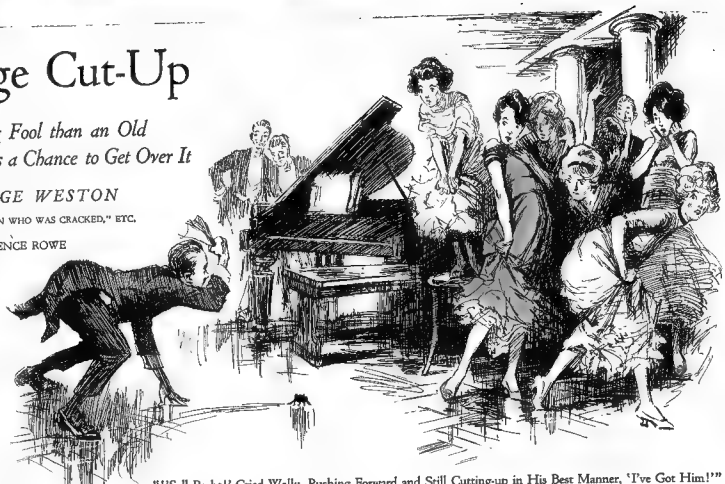
The Village Cut-Up

Better a Young Fool than an Old Fool—The Youth Has a Chance to Get Over It

By GEORGE WESTON

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WHO WAS CRACKED," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE



"'Sall Right!' Cried Wally, Rushing Forward and Still Cutting-up in His Best Manner, 'I've Got Him!'"

YOU might have guessed it—even the first time you saw him.

He had, for instance, an innocent look that can only be described as pristine, and experience would have warned you that no young man can be as innocent as that.

He also had a large mouth which grinned easily—a hair-trigger grin, they called it at Cantwell's blacksmith shop—a chin that always seemed to be on the point of retreating, and one of those tip-tilted noses which can scent a giggle even if it's buried in the Dead-march in "Saul." So, perhaps, you won't be altogether surprized when I start his history by saying that Wally Marsh left Hoxie High School at the urgent request of the principal. A full account of Wally's misdemeanors has never been cataloged, but if they had been itemized after the style of a certain historic document which was once addressed to King George the Third, the indictment would probably have read—in part—something like this:

He asks the French teacher what "*ma chérie*" means, and when she says "My dear—" he fondly repeats "My dear!" and makes the pupils laugh.

In Winter he slips ice, and in Summer he slips bearded barley, down the backs of soprano singers

He has a device in his trousers pockets which imitates the cry of a suffering cricket, and this device he privily operates when the principal addresses the school.

He frowns at nervous girls and, while frowning, he ripples his scalp and likewise wiggles his ears.

The recital might be prolonged almost indefinitely, but enough has been said to show why Wally left high school in his sophomore year. At first the principal was criticized freely enough, especially by the elderly ladies of the First Church where Wally sang tenor in the choir and was a great favorite, as all young men who sing tenor in the choir are apt to be. But a few Sundays later the elderly ladies changed their minds.

Of course there were some who tried to say it was a slip of the tongue. Others thought it might have been due to faulty acoustics. Whatever excuses were made the undeniable fact remains that Wally seemed to come rejoicing bringing in the "cheese," whereas, of course, "sheaves" were meant.

How could the people of Hoxie be expected to know that, in the great court of life, it was Wally's ambition to be the jester—that his favorite poetry was a comic song—that his favorite stage character was "Topsy"? He was a young man who wasn't appreciated: that's all—a prophet of mirth without honor in his own home town—a smile reduced to a yellow pallor—a bar of ragtime in the "Pilgrim's Chorus." He giggled no more, nor played the cricket, nor wiggled his ears at the ladies, but after a gradual eclipse he suddenly disappeared from Hoxie altogether, and the next we heard from him he had gone to New York to seek his fortune, taking the boat from New London one night after a particularly dispiriting lecture from his folks.

Poor Wally! It's doubtful if he understood himself at that time of his life—to say nothing of being understood by others. He was this kind of young man: If you had come to Hoxie a few years after his departure and had said "You remember Wally Marsh, the Hoxie boy who went to New York to seek his fortune? Well, sir, that boy has made a million dollars and I hear he's engaged to one of the Vanderbilt girls!"—if you had come and said that, we should have solemnly nodded our heads and have solemnly exclaimed "I always knew he would!".

As a matter of fact, Wally hadn't been in New York a week when he secured a position with the Chilton-Channing chain of drugstores. In speaking of this position at his boarding-house, he never went into details. He merely said in a large and sketchy manner that he was "associated with the Chilton-Channing people." Hearing him say so, with his infectious smile and his pompadour, acquaintances sometimes told themselves, "In the office, I guess—assistant secretary or something like that." Which was pure surmise.

But as for Wally's friends at Mrs. Mason's boarding-house, they never troubled themselves about the exact degree of his association with the Chilton-Channing people. It was sufficient for them that Wally was the life of the party. A young man who can swallow a knife and bring up a fork, throw a piece of cake to the ceiling, bark twice, and catch the cake in his mouth, and think of such great stunts as putting a dishful of warm, wet macaroni in the overcoat pocket of a grouchy old boarder—such a young man as this is an acquisition at any boarding-house, a gem of the old rock, a pearl above price, and not to be backed into a corner by any nagging cross-examiner and asked, "Now look here: just exactly what do you do with yourself in the daytime?"

IN SHORT, for the first time in his life Wally found himself in a congenial setting. He was a jester in the court of life, appreciated and admired, and he lifted his face to the sun like a rose in June.

In his dress, too, he gradually became the last word, reveling in college cuts and snappy styles, sporting cuffs to his trousers, soft linen collars fastened by a rolled-gold bar, and semidemi silk hose—emerging from the cloth caps and mackinaws of Hoxie as naturally as a butterfly sloughs off its cocoon. For his slogan he adopted the word "classy." Indeed, his ambition to shine as a "classy" dresser became an obsession with him, and when the employees of the Chilton-Channing chain of drugstores gave their First Annual Easter Ball, which happened in the fourth year after Wally's arrival in New York, he boldly appeared in evening dress and achieved a success comparable only to Mr. Blücher's arrival at Waterloo or Mr. Turveydrop's appearance in the Park.

Wally was on the Refreshment Committee and that afternoon he had visited the scene of the coming festivities. There he had made himself acquainted with the field of operations, and especially with the service-room, half pantry and half-kitchen, where the ice-cream tubs were stored.

The dancing was to begin at ten o'clock, following a reception which started at nine. This reception, the Committee had fondly hoped, would give everybody a chance to become acquainted with everybody else, but as a matter of fact it was (as such things generally are) a frosty affair.

"'Fifty a Week!' He Scoffed to Himself. 'Me — Fifty a Week!'"

And yet it was a crowd which was simply spoiling for excitement. You could see it by the eager way in which they all turned when anybody laughed, by the quickness with which they gathered around when two girls began to practise a new step. From this, perhaps, you can realize with what a grateful gush of appreciation they hailed Wally when he suddenly appeared in the doorway of the service-room, wearing his evening dress, adorned with a false mustache of the cut and color made famous by Mr. Chaplin—and bearing a custard pie.

He twiddled around the room in a grotesque little trot, and before him ran Anticipation and behind him followed Laughter.

"Say," said Wally, stopping near a window, his voice trembling a little with nervousness, "You know what I'm going to do? There's a crowd down here on the sidewalk and somebody's going to have pie."

Before the horrified Entertainment Committee could stop him, he had raised the window and dropped the pie, cautiously peeping out to see where it had landed.

"Great Scot!" he gasped. "Right on a big cop's bean!"

Talk about excitement!

And while the Entertainment Committee was finding out that Wally had only dropped the pie into an empty court, that earnest little cut-up was secretly winding a large, mechanical spider—a brown, woolly spider about as big as a mouse and with such a set of gangling, flighty legs that it would have given you the creeps just to see it standing still. So you can picture to yourself whether or not there was any commotion when this formidable insect began scuttling over the floor toward a group of young ladies who were watching the door in a state of fearful expectation, thinking every moment to see a policeman come striding in, demanding further details about that custard pie.

Yes, right among those keyed-up ladies ran that awful spider and simultaneously there was a shriek which brought everybody running forward, especially when one of the young ladies evidently thought that the spider had followed the example of a well-known mouse mentioned rather prominently in "Hickory-dickory-dock."

"'Sall right!" cried Wally, rushing forward and still cutting-up in his best manner, "I've got him!"

He hit the spider a sweeping blow with his program. It slid across the floor toward the service-room. Wally followed in hot pursuit. Again he caught it a shrewd whack with his program—Wally, whose career as jester in the great court of life was in its apogee, whose hour was striking twelve upon the clock.

"It went in here!" he cried, rushing into the next room. "It ran up the wall!" With his program he began to prod around the edges of the switchboard.

"Look out!" he shouted. "It's coming out again! There's a whole nestful of them!"

And simultaneously he depressed a switch and every light on the floor went out.

THERE was silence for a moment; a dark, formless silence; one of those silences in which it is claimed that feathers can be heard falling on butter—a silence, indeed, in which small objects could really be heard scurrying over the ballroom floor. Then arose a sound which made everybody shiver, and a girl said "O-o-o-o-oh-h-h-h!" with indescribable emotion.

"What's the matter, Hon'?" asked a young man in the dark.

"O-o-o-o—Jo-o-o-o—I stepped on one!"

"Now, Hon', don't! It must have been something else."

"Oh, but it wasn't! I felt it! I heard it scrunch!"

Enjoying his triumph by the switchboard, Wally was throwing further peanuts around, when a scrunch arose close beside him and the next moment a small hand clutched his sleeve, a small voice said "Ugh!" and a small form, scented with apple-blossom talcum powder, seemed to fall from nowhere right over against his chest. Instinctively fearing the worst, Wally threw the switch in again, and when the lights flashed on he saw at a glance that for the third time in his life, he had been and gone and done it.

"G-get a glass of water, will you?" he stammered to the nearest group of Chilton-Channings, "I think she's fainted!"

She was a thin, pretty girl, and, notwithstanding the fact that she was attending a ball of drugstore employees, her features had that aristocracy of outline which would have strongly reminded you of the earlier pictures of Marie Antoinette. Moreover, as becomes a girl with a profile like that, she hadn't really fainted; she had only been slightly overcome. Nor is it any wonder.

In the first place, the heat of the room had probably

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been partly responsible. And in the second, third, and fourth places, she knew only one girl there, this was her very first ball, and in the excitement and hurry of dressing she had forgotten the some-what important act of eating. Add to these items the further details that she had a mortal horror of spiders and had stepped upon a peanut with a particularly realis-tic scrunch, and you will begin to see why a giddy feeling had taken the strength from her head and her knees and had caused her to sway against Wally's shoulder.

"Feel better?" he anx-iously asked.

"Y-y-yes. I'm all right now, thank you."

But the organ of her voice had such a soft pedal on, and such a tremolo stop out, that Wally wasn't greatly deceived.

"Let's go over and sit down," he said, and simply because he couldn't stop cutting-up on such short notice, he added, "I always think it looks so much classier than standing up; don't you?"

He led her through a happy, chatting crowd. Wally sat down by the side of the girl and they glanced at each other with the serious look with which young people are apt to regard each other when first they meet.

"Which store are you from?" asked Wally.

"Which store? Oh, I see what you mean. Why, I don't come from any of the stores. I only room with a girl who does—Miss McCarthy, who's in the Times Square Branch, I think. I work in the Public Library."

Wally nodded with approval. Secretly he thought it much more classy to work in a library than to stand on sen-try duty all day behind a barricade of toilet articles, or to play the sharp staccato and bell-ringing choruses of a cash-register.

"You must let me have the first dance," he said, "to show there's no hard feelings."

"I don't know any of the new dances," she warned him. "I come from the country."

"Say, isn't that funny?" demanded Wally. "I'm from the country, too! Say, isn't it queer the way people get to know each other when they start talking? Beats all! I come from Connecticut, and my name's Walter Marsh."

"I come from Pennsylvania," she responded, "and my name's Mary Steacy."

"Miss Steacy!" said Wally, putting out his hand.

"Mr. Marsh!" she smiled, putting out hers.

They shook hands and just at that moment the orchestra burst into full-blown harmony.

"Getting ready for the Grand-march," said Wally. "I guess we'll have to take an egg and beat it. But just as soon as the Grand-march is over—

'In my uniform of blue,
I'll come marching back to you,
'Good-by, little girl—good-by!'—"

THAT' time she smiled without lowering her eyes, a smile that went right between Wally's ribs as tho it had been a harpoon. And when the last encore of the last dance came to an end at half past twelve that night, you may take as many guesses as you like as to whether Wally went right straight home all by himself like a crabbed young woman-hater—or whether he took Miss Steacy home instead.

It was a moonlight night, and tho the poets may never have mentioned the fact, moonlight over the city roofs is just as disturbing as when it shines on hills and dells or dappled seas. Then, too, you must remember that, Easter coming late that year, there was a Springlike balm in the air and Wally was wearing an opera-hat for the first time in his life. Not only this, but all the evening he had made Mary laugh, and had made her dance, and had brought her refreshments, until her heart had grown light, and her cheeks had been tinted to a shade that could never have been purchased at any of the Chilton-Chan-ning stores.

So they walked slowly toward Mary's home, and when they came to some dark, blue shadows in front of a new building that wasn't finished yet, Mary instinctively slipped her hand on Wally's arm for protection, and Wally suddenly felt as tho he owned the earth and most of the stars, and had a barbed-wire fence around them.

"Have you been with the Chilton-Channing Company long?" she asked.

"Oh, a year or two," he answered. "Of course I don't expect to stay there forever—but—fifty a week isn't to be sneezed at, even in New York."

"Fifty a week!" she almost gasped.

But a moment later, he noticed, she slipped her hand off his arm, as tho fifty a week were not for her, and when they finally came to a stop in front of the house with the broken shutter, she almost seemed to draw a breath of relief. It was then that Wally started to get off the speech that he had been mentally rehearsing for some time back.

"Now in Connecticut," he said, turning very red, "when a young gentleman sees a young lady home from a party—he—now—he gen'ly—he—he gen'ly—" But somehow, gazing at her queenly little features, so pale and pure in the moonlight, he simply couldn't do it.

"'Oh, Wally, Wally!' Said Mary, Half Laughing, Half Crying, 'I'm So Glad You Told Me'"

"Good night, Miss Steacy," he said, holding out his hand.

"Good night, Mr. Marsh," she responded, "and thank you so much."

For one rap-turous moment he imagined that she was returning the pressure of his hand, but the next moment she had slipped through the doorway and was gone.

Wally went home as a poet might go home—a poet who had just received such an inspiration that he hardly knew whether his address was Earth or Heaven—and when he finally reached his room he sat for a long time at the window with a gaze that was far removed from custard pies or warm, wet macaroni.

"Fifty a week!" he groaned at last. "I queered myself, all right!"

As you have probably heard, there was once upon a time a community of Shakers who decided to leave the word "love" out of their vocabulary. They substituted the naively de-licious phrase "feeling foolish."

Accepting the Shakers' substitution as having some basis of truth, however fanciful it might have been, it can safely be said that Wally felt so foolish the following week that it seemed extremely doubtful if all the king's alienists and all the king's men could ever make him coherent again. At Mrs. Mason's, they simply couldn't understand it.

WHEN he came down for breakfast, for instance, and one of his admirers said, "Morning, Wally, how's the boy?" instead of snapping back, "Sick abed; how's the doctor?" and making everybody laugh, Wally peevishly replied, "Oh, I'm all right; what do you think?"—from which alone you can see the state he was in.

On Sunday morning he dressed himself in his classiest manner and as soon as dinner was over he hied himself to the house where Mary lived, stopping at the corner to buy a twenty-five cent bunch of daffodils which he hid in his inside pocket in the immemorial manner.

Mary had just finished dinner.

Would she like to go for a ride? It was a lovely day! And wear these—now—these daffo walk? Or a bus would she care to dils? Would she! him feel so foolish

She gave him a look which made that he really needed a padded cell and a straight-jacket; and back again up-stairs she ran to dress.

And, oh, such an afternoon! And such an evening! They went to the Park, to the Zoo, and when old Nero roared, Mary's hand found its old place on Wally's arm for a mo-ment, and to Wally's ears old Nero's voice was far superior to Caruso's. For din-ner they went to a French table d'hôte, which Mary thought just won-derful, and after that they took the ferry to Staten Island and back, and Mary told Wally about her work at the Library.

It didn't take him long to gather that the chief of Mary's department, who talked through his nose, ought to have his neck wrung, and as for the fresh youth who helped Mary in the cata-log-room—!

"It took me nearly three months," she said, "to find out what an awful little fibber he was. Don't you simply hate a story-teller, Mr. Marsh?"

Poor Wally! Every word was a knife in his heart, and when at parting she told him that it had been the very nicest Sunday she had ever had in the city, and he felt the pressure of her fingers quite unmistakably he wasn't far from bursting out, "Oh, Mary, I love you! I do! I love you, but I lied to you something fierce! I'm not getting fifty a week—I'm only getting twelve. Oh, Mary, can you forgive me and love me just the same as if I'd always told you the truth?"

"Nothing doing," he sighed to himself in the mirror that night as he took off his collar. "As soon as she knows that I'm a member of the Ananias Club, it's all off. I'll have to stay away from there after this," he told himself. "I'll have to cut it out—just the same as if I'd never met her."

By way of cutting it out, he called again on Wednesday evening—called after a struggle which made him feverish. They went to the movies and when they came out among the lighted crowds on Broadway, Wally noticed with an aching sort of pride how many looks of admiration were directed at Mary.

"But I'll have to cut it out," he told himself a dozen times that night. "I'll have to cut it out and no more fooling."

YET, tho he groaned as he did it, the next Sunday morning he dressed himself with the same exquisite care which he had taken the week before—and found himself debating whether he should buy daffodils again or try a classy little bunch of violets for a change. Matters went on this way till the early Summer and then one evening, after the nasal-speaking chief of Mary's department had put her through an unusually trying day, Wally comforted her so eloquently that she had to dust her eyes with her handker-chief, and when that was over they began smiling at each other—a sadly tender smile which only lovers know—and then somehow, just as naturally as two and two make four, they solemnly kissed each other and Mary's sigh was the sigh of peace and content.

It was on the tip of Wally's tongue to tell her then—to tell her and ask her forgiveness—but he shrank from it the same as you would shrink from shooting a dove or striking a baby a violent blow in the solar plexus just because it smiled at you and wrestled with your finger.

Poor Wally! You can see his position. If he was really getting fifty a week there was no reason in the world why he shouldn't marry Mary and deliver her from the bondage of old Trumpet Tones.

"But to get married on twelve a week!" he groaned to himself that night, "or even to buy her a ring, when it keeps me busted just to take her to the movies and once to Rec-tham-bo's once a week! And every once in a while she gives me that look as if I was the greatest thing that ever happened—and all the time I know I'm nothing but a dirty little four-flusher and a liar! Fifty a week!" he scoffed to himself. "Me—fifty a week!"

Theoretically speaking, as all the world knows well, every male citizen of these United States has a chance to become president. You have, for instance, and so have I. Or if we haven't, our sons have. But, frankly speaking now, as friends should speak to each other, how much do you think our individual chances are worth?

"Such a Young Man as This Is an Acquisition at Any Boarding-house"

Charles Rowe

In the same way we are sometimes told that every man can be what he wishes to make himself, but too little, I think, is said of the difficulties which are nearly always en-countered in the process of manu-facture.

It wasn't long before his asso-ciates at the foun-tain noticed the change which had come over Wally, the same as his companions at the boarding-house had done.

He no longer juggled the lemon when he made a lemonade, nor asked the stenographers with a killing air whether they wanted their ice-cream sweet or sour. Every time he shook a soft drink by hand it seemed to whisper "Fifty-never-fifty-never-fifty-never—" and every time he de-pressed the soda-stop it seemed to hiss him with de-risionand scorn, till Wally simply had to relieve him-self of a long-drawn sigh, and

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The Bitter End

Showing that Youth Is the Time for Action Old Age Has but Regrets

By STACY AUMONIER

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WAY OF BUSINESS," "THE TRIPLE SCARAB," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

JAMES BOLTIVER was essentially a club-man. He was unmarried, and he belonged to three clubs—The Bath Oliver, The Junior Imperialist, and The Gulls. The Bath Oliver was his favorite club. In those days he was invariably to be found in the smoking-room there at about half past eleven or twelve in the morning, the great bulk of him filling one of those enormous, shiny, green-leather easy chairs. He would lie back with a cigar between his teeth, breathing heavily and reading the newspaper. And there he would meet his greatest cronies, Bennison, who was getting very old now, and George Altchurch, whom he had known for twenty-seven years, and Martin Larway, and Stephen Clarke. Boltiver himself was fifty-six and he was almost the junior of this group. He had been left a very large fortune by his father, who came from the Midlands, and who was the originator of "Boltiver's Beef Extract." The business was still a very flourishing concern; doubtless you have seen the advertisements of it on the London hoardings.

James himself took no direct interest in this business. He explained one day to Bennison that it disgusted him. It appeared that when younger he had visited the works near Loughborough, and he had had an unpleasant experience. He had passed near a slaughter-house, and he had seen a herd of oxen being driven in.

"It was horrible," he explained. "I'm a kind-hearted man—of course I didn't go in, but I looked at the faces of the cattle—by Gad! you could see that they *knew* that they were going to be killed!"

This seemed to have impressed him very much. He even contemplated for a time selling out his shares in "Boltiver's Beef Extract," but, after all, he decided that people *had* to have beef extract and—well, twelve-and-a-half per cent was a very good return on one's money.

He owned a small house at Knightsbridge, where he occasionally entertained select bachelor parties to dinner, and sometimes his brother's widow and their three grown-up children. His sister, who lived in a Cathedral town in the West of England, he had only a very mild feeling for. They agreed on most subjects, but he found her peevish and tiresome.

Indeed, his real affections were almost entirely centered on his nephew, Lawrence, a good-looking and likable young rascal. His sister-in-law was pleasant enough, but "one of these brainy women" and apt to be embarrassing, and the daughters he never felt quite sure of; but the boy was the apple of his eye. This was the more remarkable in that, from a strictly Boltiverian point of view, Lawrence was not a success. He was a dreamy, impressionable boy, almost a renegade to the Boltiver tradition. He had done nothing at Charterhouse beyond winning a prize-poem competition. He had not distinguished himself at football or cricket, and he only played squash-rackets, as he said, "to keep himself warm." He had most unspeakable revolutionary views on politics, altho James comforted himself with the reflection that he would grow out of that. He refused to consider the question of Woolwich or Sandhurst, he would not go in for politics professionally, or the law, and he would certainly be no success at business. So at present he was up at Oxford, muddling about, and "getting mixed up among a lot of discontented young rascals."

He supplied an inexhaustible topic of conversation to James at his club, who talked him over with Bennison, and Altchurch, and Larway, and Stephen Clarke, individually and collectively. He stated emphatically however, that, in spite of the boy's "silly notions," he liked him. He never tired of discussing what he should make of him. And on the occasion when he took his nephew to lunch at The Bath Oliver, he had no cause to be ashamed. The boy made a very good impression, with his alert manner and his clean-cut features and his gay laugh.

THERE were times when James found the atmosphere of club life in general exhausting. He would then go in search of his beloved salmon, but after a few weeks he would suffer a reaction and want to return to town. The lure of club life was very strong.

It was during one such Summer, when he was trying a new and particularly attractive type of fly on a loch near Pitlochry, when the astounding news arrived in a leisurely fashion by a Scotch mail that the Great War had broken out.

James immediately got into a feverish state of anxiety to return. It was very alarming, disturbing—thunderingly interesting. He must go back at once. There would be a lot of questions to consider, financial and so on. He must see his broker and his lawyer, and incidentally he was quivering to talk the matter over at the clubs. He bade his host a hurried farewell, and promised to return within the course of the week. But he never did so. He found that Bennison, and Larway, and Stephen Clarke had returned in similar mood, and the dramatic events of the day were too absorbing to follow in the wilds of Scotland, when one could stand by the tape machine in The Bath Oliver, or pick up the latest rumor at The Junior Imperialist.

In the middle of August the clubs were full, and there was such talk as had never floated around those walls before. Theories, rumors, ideas, discussions—talk, talk, talk from morning till night. The brokers were very harried, and dubious speculations had to be carefully reconsidered. Whatever, for instance, had influenced James to invest a thousand pounds in Austrian railways? A most foolhardy—and in some lights almost an unpatriotic—speculation! Fortunately this was the only serious loss, the Boltiver Beef Extract Company was quite safe, and the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the various industrials. There were a few problematic gold mines, nothing to speak of, and several gilt-edged securities to balance them. James would not be ruined in any case. But it was all very—tremendous. The Empire! practically the whole world at war! What would come out of it?

"'Bah! They Won't Last Out through the Summer. Why, *We* Have Hardly Started Yet'"

And the coterie at The Bath Oliver met every day and discussed the matter. They followed the tape, and snatched the editions of the newspapers from the hands of the waiters as they appeared. Conversation now was never banal, never uninteresting. We were living in stirring times. Great things were happening. History was being made.

IT WAS in the month of September that he experienced a great disappointment. His nephew Lawrence turned up and talked pacifism. He talked wildly and treasonably in the very smoking-room of The Bath Oliver itself! James tried to argue with him quietly, but he felt abashed and ashamed. He felt a desire to protect this young man from himself. It was very dreadful—profane, almost improper, and he shuddered lest Bennison and the rest should hear. What would they think of him—James Boltiver?

"The lad will get over this. It's like a passing disease. Of course his arguments are all ridiculous. One has only to read the newspapers—"

Lawrence went back to Oxford, and James sent him a rather larger check than usual—"Thought there might be a few heavier expenses, what with the war and that." And then he dismissed his nephew as much as possible from his mind, like an uncomfortable fear, and devoted himself to the war.

And indeed he enjoyed the war immensely. It brought a new interest into his life. In the morning he would wake with the consciousness that he was being tickled by some pleasant anticipation. And then the truth would flash through his mind—the war! It was true. There would be the newspaper brimming with pregnant news. While he had been sleeping, history had been busy. Great deeds were being performed. *Our* navy, *our* army, *our* economic system, *our* government were all in active operation. With a consciously proprietary air he lighted his first cigar and fidgeted with the morning's mail. He went into his library and wrote two or three letters, and then instructed the elderly butler to ring him up a taxi. He must hurry off to the club.

Once installed there he felt in some vague way that he was assisting at the making of epic events. A member named Greenaway had lost his son. It was terrible, terrible, very grievous indeed. He was intensely sympathetic. Well, the boy had died a noble death. We must be prepared to face these disasters.

As the weeks and the months went by, the war assumed more absorbing, more alarming proportions. It became

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apparent that "the Huns were terribly prepared." It was going to be a bitter war.

There were reverses, bitter disappointments, blunders, muddle, incompetence, inefficiency, and grim stories of horror upon horror. And James lay back in his chair, the great pendulous lines of his body rising and falling with his breathing, and his fat arms resting helplessly on the sides of the chair.

"Ah!" he would say. "I wish I were young again. I'd give anything to be able to go."

AND he would call the waiter, and order a whisky-and-soda for himself and his friend Clarke. And at the back of his mind was always rumbling a vague discontented feeling with regard to Lawrence. He was very fond of the boy. He did not feel that he was in any way suitable as a soldier. He did not want him to go. At the same time, ought not a man to sacrifice these personal feelings? Other men's sons and nephews were going. Other men were doing their duty, gladly giving up their offspring and dependents to the great Moloch. Men sometimes asked him about Lawrence, and he felt confused and ashamed. Several times he was on the point of writing to Lawrence and giving him his views, but he never got so far as dispatching a letter.

And then one day he had a joyful surprize. Lawrence turned up—in khaki! James glowed with pride.

"Why, my dear boy," he said. "I'm very glad you—Why didn't you write to me? Dear! Dear! I see you're a private. What regiment is this? If you'd let me know—I know Colonel Colum Irvine at The Junior Imperialist very well. I expect we could have arranged a commission."

And the boy was just as uncompromising and "newfangled" as ever. He stayed till eleven o'clock and talked "his wild nonsense" to James.

He said that the war had worried him to the extent that he could not sleep. He was not at all convinced of the righteousness of it. "The term—a righteous war," he said, "is in fact a paradox." The thing that worried him was that—whatever the fundamental cause might be—it had happened. It was going on.

"And," he added, "I can't get away from the fact that other chaps are fighting and dying for *me*. Whether I want it or not, they are doing it. One is bound to take sides. These ideas I have. I am only allowed to have them by virtue of the fact that these men are protecting me, If one ignores it all, one lets them in. One either helps or hinders. There's no avoiding it. I don't think I have any sentiment in it. I could be happy in any country. It's simply that, by living here, eating, drinking, and doing nothing, one is helping the enemy, helping the men I have rubbed shoulders with all my life to get killed."

James did not follow this line of argument very closely. He was very excited and agitated. It flashed through his mind that he would stroll into The Bath Oliver in the morning and say: "Oh, by the way, my nephew, who is in the —th regiment——"

He deplored the fact that the boy had not attempted to get a commission. He offered again to speak to Colonel Colum Irvine, but the nephew objected. He said he would prefer to be in the ranks.

"It will be very rough—very uncomfortable," James urged. He had not thought of this aspect of the case before. He was proud that the boy was going to be an honor to him, but he didn't want him to be uncomfortable, to suffer. Moreover, for the first time something of the actual danger and terror of the reality crept into his bones. To read about war in the paper was one thing. It was the inevitable outcome of history. There was about it something of glory, of splendor, of the grim development of national purpose. It had to be paid for in the loss of Austrian Railway shares, and—the loss of Greenaway's son was a deplorable episode, a moving incident in the great drama, something that quickened his sympathetic impulses. But when it came to Laurie—

He looked at the boy's clean-cut, sensitive face, and heard his gentle voice babbling of "individual responsibility." He cleared his throat and coughed, and uttered a sudden, desperate prayer within his heart that nothing would happen to him.

"The war will be over," he thought, "before the boy goes out."

Lawrence was sent up to Scotland, and James went into Fortnum & Mason's in Piccadilly, and gave a gargantuan order for hampers to be sent there weekly. He spent Sunday with the boy's mother and sisters, and spoke to them cheerfully. Lawrence would never get to France. He had it on very good authority that the war would be over in three months. He had been told privately at The Junior Imperialist by a man whose brother was a very important person. Meantime we must *all* do our best.

At the end of three months the war was not over, and Lawrence was transferred to the East Coast. It appeared more than probable that he would only be used for home defense. And James continued to enjoy the war.

He felt a glow of national pride when he read Mr. Garvin's articles in *The Observer*. "Very fine!" he muttered to Altchurch. "Written in the big manner, reminds one of—Macaulay."

And Altchurch, who was a teetotaller, and whose wife was a very wealthy woman and a noted philanthropist, answered: "Yes, but you see what it means. It means that this is to be a war to the bitter end."

"What is your idea of the bitter end?" asked James.

"Why, either that we are utterly defeated, or that the Germans are utterly defeated. Peace terms must be dictated either in London and Paris, or in Berlin. We must fight to the last man and the last shilling, and they mean to do the same."

The luncheon had been very good at the club that day, the cutlets done to a nicety and the *Beaune* of exactly the right temperature. James felt comfortable and confident. He said:

"Bah! They won't last out through the Summer. Why, we have hardly started yet."

And he told the waiter to bring a cigar-cutter.

A week later, he sold out a lot of his industrial shares, and bought heavily of War Loan. He felt a curious glow of pride, when his broker rang up and informed him that this patriotic action had been negotiated.

"We're not doing enough, you know," Larway growled one evening, as he sprawled with his legs widely separated in front of the fire. "I've heard that a lot of these people are keeping the young fellows back. I know a woman at Roehampton who has two gardeners of military age."

"Yes, yes, that's very true," interjected old Bennison, who owned several large cloth factories. "Well, I've given instructions for every man in my works under forty-one to be sacked, whether he's fit or not. They can all do something. There are just a few skilled hands that we can't manage without, but the rest have got to go."

And James, according to his lights, worked hard in the National Cause.

He read all the newspapers, subscribed his surplus dividends to various war charities, bought tickets for matinées, urged everybody else to do things, entertained wounded soldiers at teas, and on Flag Days rolled about the streets decorated like a prize ox at an agricultural show. And he suffered the many petty inconveniences caused by the war with a grim, determined expression, for, he said: "This is to be a war to the bitter end."

He received letters regularly from Lawrence. They were brief and strangely unilluminating, mostly thanking him for parcels, which seemed to be enjoyed by the whole regiment. It was something of a relief to James that the letters contained nothing of "this high-falutin, new-fangled stuff." The boy was evidently settling down. He had been made a lance-corporal.

When James had got over the disappointment of his nephew not trying for a commission, he felt a little proud of this. He discovered that there was nothing to be ashamed of in being in the ranks. Quite a lot of the best people were doing it.

He laughed comfortably, and his eyes shone as he said to Larway:

"These young fellows, you know— It's wonderful how keen they are. There's that nephew of mine—refused a commission! He's serving as a private in the —th division, been made a corporal! Well, well——"

He glowed at Larway, awaiting the congratulation which he knew would be forthcoming.

And then one day during the ensuing month, Lawrence was sent to France. The news affected James unreasonably. He tried to persuade himself that it made no difference, but he was very disturbed. He was becoming a little soured and disappointed about the war. It occurred to him that everybody was not doing what they ought to do. The war was becoming more bitter and the end was still not in sight. He became irritable and peevish, and occasionally drank more whisky in the evening than was good for him. He became peculiarly sensitive to flippancy and insincerity of expression. One evening there was a hatchet-faced writer in The Gulls talking preposterously. He was saying:

"Suppose we have a war to the bitter end, as you say. Let us assume we fight to the last man and the last shilling. What happens when you get down to the very last able-bodied Englishman and the very last able-bodied German? Would they fight it out in London or Berlin? And would the one who won take over the control of the other country?"

"They would probably meet in some inn in the Ardennes," said an actor, "and proceed to toss for the last shilling."

And the others laughed, and James said angrily:

"If you had a stake in the thing, you wouldn't talk in this flippant way."

And he floundered out of the room, and took a taxi to The Bath Oliver.

"We shall lose this war," he said to Stephen Clarke, when comfortably ensconced in front of the smoking-room fire there, "if these young fellows don't take it more seriously. They seem to think the whole thing is something to laugh and joke about. It's a very serious thing. If we go on as we are, we shall lose the colonies, lose everything——"

HE INSTRUCTED Matthews to put only a splash of soda in his whisky. He sighed heavily.

"I heard from my nephew to-day," he continued. "He is at some base. He is a queer boy, always queer boy. He tells me very little. He talks about a book he has been reading—one of the Russian things—a lot of rigmarole. He says nothing about the war, not a word. I don't know how he is being treated. He gets my parcels, thank God! tho I'm afraid he gets most of the things away. Is there any news to-night?"

That phrase became the cliché at The Bath Oliver, as at most other clubs throughout the ensuing years. It was always men's greeting:

"Well, is there any news?"

James would collect his favorite papers, and seat himself in his favorite chair. Some other member would be sitting near him immersed in *his* favorite paper. And James would say:

"Well—is there any news?"

And the other would reply:

"Oh, nothing much. I see the Germans have done so-and-so," or, "I see that we have done this, that, or the other."

And James would answer:

"Ah! I always contended that that was the right thing to do. I said to Bennison on Sunday——"

And the year went by, and the war was no longer the joy to James that it had been. His nephew had been in the fighting line. He had been in an attack. He had come through unscathed, but he still said nothing. His letters were dry and unilluminating. And James harbored a suspicion that he wrote more fully, on some way differently, to his mother and sisters. He became jealous of them. He visited them more frequently, but they did not show him the boy's letters. They, too, were silent and uncommunicative. The mother's eyesight had failed unaccountably, and her gray hair had turned a pure silver. The sisters were active in war work. They belonged to all sorts of committees, but even they seemed a little aloof. James felt himself shut out from an intimacy that he desired intensely. Did he not love the boy? Had he not been kind in every way, kind and tolerant, and lavishly generous with his hampers from Fortnum & Mason's?

When the economic pinch came, James was a pioneer of reform.

"We shall all have to economize," he said. "We must last the Germans out. It's going to be a test of endurance."

It was his invariable custom to have a grilled sole for his lunch, followed by cutlets and vegetables, and then an old Cheshire cheese for which the club was famous.

It gave him a peculiar glow of pleasure on the day when he foreswore the grilled sole. He contented himself with the cutlets, and an extra portion of potatoes to make up the bulk, and a little extra cheese.

"This will be a war to the bitter end," he said to Stephen Clarke over his coffee in the smoking-room. He gradually invested the bulk of his fortune in War Loan. He gave two old Dutch paintings, that he had never admired very much, to the Red Cross Sale. He reduced the staff at his house at Knightsbridge to a minimum, and he resigned his membership in The Gulls.

And then one day suddenly in the Summer Lawrence came home on ten days' leave. His mother and sisters were down in Devonshire, and he went straight down to them. He wrote to his uncle from there, and James followed him a few days later. Many of them in the club said that it would "do old Boltiver good to get away for a bit and to see his nephew. He hadn't been looking at all up to the mark lately. Worried, you know. The war is telling on him badly."

This opinion was universally shared, but it fell to the lot of Stephen Clarke to be the witness of Boltiver's return.

"'I Never Liked the Boy So Much Before—and Yet I Had a Kind of Unreasonable Jealousy of Him'"

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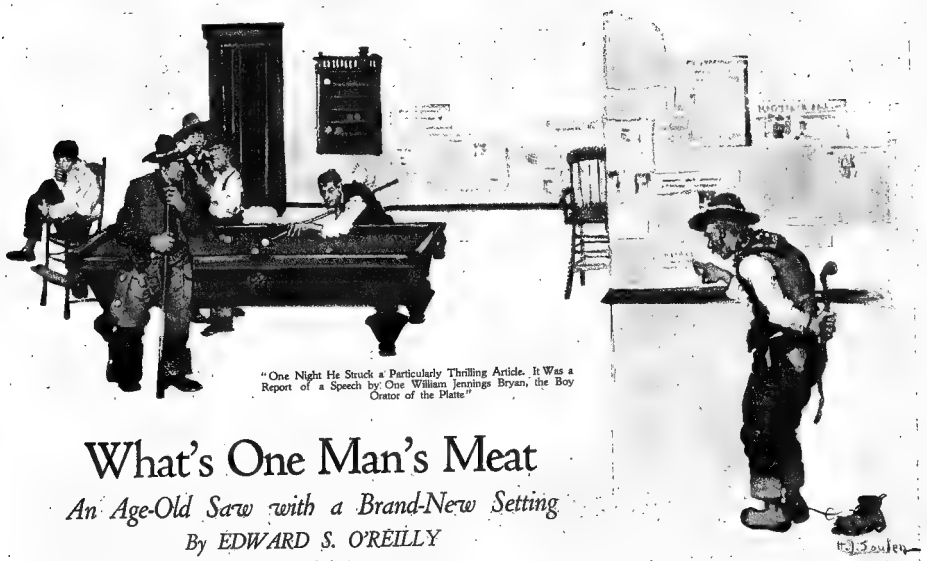

"One Night He Struck a Particularly Thrilling Article. It Was a Report of a Speech by One William Jennings Bryan, the Boy Orator of the Platte"

What's One Man's Meat

An Age-Old Saw with a Brand-New Setting

By EDWARD S. O'REILLY

ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. SOULEN

MOST men are divided into two classes—the creatures of habit, who live from Sunday until Saturday, and the idealists who aim their hopes far into the future. Ever the two schools of thought are at war. Both of them were represented in Tondo City. Old Tim Stark was the creature of habit, and Jeb Mills was the idealist. By force of circumstances and public opinion, they lived together in an adobe shack in the outskirts of town.

Tim's habit, or rather vice, was reading. He used to read by the pound. It mattered not to Tim what he read. Mail-order catalogs, magazines, newspapers, tracts, statistics, all were equally pleasing to his eye.

He did not read like other people, to get information or intelligence, but merely because he had an insatiable appetite for the printed word. Tim had learned to read late in life and was making up for lost time.

By day he waited on the horses in Bud's wagon-yard and livery-stable; by night he read. When he once put his nose in an old newspaper, or a nice dry congressional report, it took a fight to wake him up.

Jeb Mills, the idealist, had a great dream. He was a trapper specializing in skunks. His hope was that some day in the future skunk pelts would rise to their proper place on the fur market, and much wealth would accrue to him. For several years he had put his faith in polecats and none could shake him from his vision.

"I know they're down now," he would argue, "But just wait. Polecat fur is just naturally too pretty to stay down always. They bring only two bits apiece on the St. Louis market now, but some day they'll go to a dollar, and I aim to be ready for that day. Skunks will go up."

"Skunks will go up" became a by-word in Tondo City, denoting the zenith of nothing to hope for.

Any man who had an ambition to become a connoisseur in skunks could not have selected a better place to practise his art. West of the Pecos the polecats pervade the landscape as well as the atmosphere. Day by day Jeb hunted the little animals, hoarding his pile of pelts as a miser hoards his sugar.

Tondo City is a democratic town, but it had to draw the line somewhere. A man who spends most of his time skinning skunks can hardly expect to move in society. Nobody seemed to like his company. In fact, as Meeks, the town undertaker, put it, he was in bad odor in the community.

Thus it came about that Jeb made his home with old Tim Stark. Tim was too wrapped up in his reading to notice what was going on around him. They made a contented couple. Jeb scraping his skins by the fire, gloating over his growing pile of fur; old Tim reading hour by hour in absorbed silence.

Tim had another habit. He loved to scratch the sole of his left foot. In the evening with his reading matter on the table, his left forefinger tracing the lines, his right scratching his left foot, he was the picture of contentment. All habits can be carried to extremes.

No one in Tondo quite realized the grip this reading had on Tim until one night he broke into the express office and stole fourteen pounds of farm implements catalogs. Tondo thought it was a joke, but the express company didn't. They sent a foreign lawyer in and he had Tim arrested and tried for breaking a safeguard. That lawyer knew his business, and had Tim fined five hundred dollars.

As far as the old bookworm was concerned, five hundred dollars was a figure of speech. Lacking the money he had to go to jail. If any of you have ever been in the Tondo jail you know it is the custom to credit one day's servitude as one dollar of the fine. Therefore, poor Tim was condemned to five hundred days behind the bars.

His first demand, after he had been shown to his apartments by Tommy Dean, the boy sheriff, was for something to read.

"There ain't nothin' here, Tim, but a box of books I got stuck with by a slick agent," declared Tommy. "It's called the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. There don't seem to be any general theme to the thing. It jumps around too much to suit me. Anyway it must be a fake, because there ain't any man knows all that."

"Bring 'em on," demanded Tim. "I never saw anything yet I couldn't finish if I stuck to it long enough."

The days that followed were full of bliss for the old bibliophagist. The meals were good, there was a good bunk in the cell and the reading was both interesting and voluminous. To add to his happiness there was a nail in the wall at just the right elevation to provide a scratching place for his left foot.

About a week later Sheriff Tommy, sorely troubled, appealed to Meeks for advice.

"It's this way," explained the boy sheriff. "That old fossil is just naturally reading himself to death. Hasn't done a thing but lay on that bunk like a corpse and study them books. Have to pry him loose to sit up for his meals. If he don't get some exercise his joints are goin' to grow together."

"What could you expect from any man that would steal readin' material?" answered Meeks. "I claim that that's the uniquest crime in the category of literature. Now you say he's sufferin' from acute lack of mobility. Chase him out, that's what I say. Make him exercise. He won't run away. He could travel a week in any direction and then not be half-way to any place he could go to."

ACTING on Meeks's advice, the sheriff led the protesting student out of the jail the next afternoon, and kicked him into the highway.

"Exercise, you old hard-head, exercise," he shouted. "Remember this. This jail closes at nine o'clock. If you ain't back by then you get locked out and sleep in the streets."

Tim wandered down the street, protesting angrily at this enforced separation from his beloved encyclopedia, and the nail in the wall.

An hour later he was again happy. The proprietor of the Climax billiard hall had papered his walls with a bale of ancient newspapers. Tim discovered this treasure-trove. Pulling off his left shoe, he started near the front door and began reading toward the stove in the corner.

Some of the papers were pasted upside down, but this didn't disconcert Timothy. He learned to crook his neck and read like a Chinaman, from the bottom up. At nine o'clock he hastened back to the jail, lit his lamp, and began on the first volume of the C's. He had had his exercise and was entitled to his rest.

In such manner the happy days of his imprisonment marched from the future into the past. By day he eagerly read the encyclopedia, for two hours in the evening he sidestepped around the wall absorbing the news of the days gone by.

One night he struck a particularly thrilling article. It was a report of a speech by one William Jennings Bryan, the boy orator of the Platte, who in an eloquent attack on a Major McKinley, proved that gold money wasn't worth having. By the time he had digested the arguments the relentless hands of the clock had crawled past the hour of nine.

"Is that clock right?" he demanded, glaring accusingly at the offending timepiece.

"No, it's about a half-hour slow. Why?" replied Mister Peeler, who was busy whittling at a stick.

WITHOUT halting to reply, old man Stark leaped through the door, in his haste forgetting to put on his shoe. In a few minutes came the sound of repeated blows, as if a horse was trying to kick down a barn door. Still whittling, Mister Peeler strolled leisurely up the street to investigate. He found Sheriff Tommy standing before the jail. Anybody could tell that he had lost his temper.

"What's the matter?" queried Mister Peeler. "Are you folks housecleanin'?"

"That dad-blamed literary maniac has went and gone and busted in my new jail with a railroad-tie," wailed the excited officer. "He's up there on his bunk now, calm as you please, readin' about Darius the king of Greece, or some such foolishness. Danged near ruined my jail, that's what he done."

"I'd arrest him, by Gollad, that's what I'd do," proclaimed Mister Peeler.

"Arrest him. How can I when he's already arrested?" protested the sheriff. "Besides I ain't never goin' to arrest that man again. He's altogether too much arrested now to suit me. After this he'll have to take his exercise in the mornin'."

In order to save old Stark from further embarrassment because of his complete absence of mind, Jeb Mills volunteered to act as an alarm clock. He would come down in the evening and sit around talking about his hobby until time to wake Tim up and lead him back to jail.

"You may laugh, but some day skunks will occupy the place intended for them by nature," he would argue, whenever he could find any one to listen. "It's a long lane that gathers no moss, as the fellow says. Look at foxes. What happened four years ago? Why, from nothin' they jumped to three dollars. There was I caught without a skin to my name.

"But not so with skunks. When they go up I'll be there. Got about a thousand now. Did you ever stop to think that skunks are bein' born every minute? Now, if they go to a dollar that would be a thousand dollars right there. It would take any man a long time to spend a thousand dollars even if he went hog-wild on dissipation. Then if they'd go to a dollar and a quarter—"

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ON GUARD

From the Drawing by Laura Jones

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Maybe Your Boy Is in One of These Pictures

TAKEN BY AN AMERICAN ARTIST AT THE FRONT

THREE of our American boys are seen here returning to the trenches after a shopping trip among the little farms back of the lines near Seicheprey. Iron rations and bully beef pall on the boys after a while and a chicken or a couple of fried eggs certainly do taste good for a change.

YOU may think the conveyance shown in the picture above is a circus wagon, but it is not. It happens to be the home of the carrier-pigeon of the Signal Corps with a squad of five pigeon-trainers. The important part that these birds play in the war is remarkable. They carry messages from the front to headquarters behind the lines. The boys love them and give them infinite care, knowing that they save many a life.

THIS photograph was taken last February in a little town not very far back of the actual fighting lines, so small a town that we in America have seldom heard of it. It is called St. Aignan Noyer. Our soldiers had moved into it just a short time before the artist snapped his camera on a group of American boys strolling about the streets, seeing what very little there was to see. Our men are a never-ending source of curiosity to the few children who are left in these war-stricken towns. The American soldier boys always seem to have a few stray sous to give these underfed youngsters.

ABOVE is a machine-gun in action. This particular type is used in aerial defense. The enclosure is made of two walls of twigs with a layer of earth and stones about eighteen inches between. The man in the rear watches for aeroplanes through a very strong pair of binoculars. When he gives the signal the other boys fire the gun and try to down the flying Hun. Some of these twig-and-earth enclosures are most remarkable feats of engineering.

OLD Glory in the fields of France (at the left) flying over some of our bravest boys! This battalion, headed by Major Theodore Roosevelt, has served its time in the trenches, and is now marching to Parade grounds to witness the awarding of the Croix de Guerre to some of its members. There is hardly a man in this entire battalion who has not distinguished himself by extraordinary energy and courage.

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Intimate Glimpses of the American Soldier Boys in War-stricken France

A COURTYARD of an old château once used by the Kaiser as his headquarters but now occupied by the Americans.

THREE tired and war-weary American boys coming from the trenches at Seicheprey where they have been in the fight for days. They are on leave, bound for "somewhere in France" for a well-earned rest. The twigs at the right were put there to prevent the Germans, who are but a short distance away, from seeing through a gap in the wall. These walls, incidentally, have been built with bricks and stones from wrecked homes where families had lived in peace for years, before it became the fashion to murder women and innocent little children.

A GERMAN prisoner of war leaving headquarters, after having been questioned by our men. He happens to be a fairly good type of the fighting German, but remember this picture was taken last Winter, before food was as scarce as at the present moment. German prisoners are not so well fed nor so well clothed when captured now.

LOOKING in at the windows of this general store in Mailly Le Camp you will find men of several nationalities. Plenty of Frenchmen, two African negroes, an Englishman, and several of our boys. Every town in France that is not in ruins supports one or more of these shops, where enlisted men can buy anything from a post-card to a new traveling-case. All of them carry toys. The American boys buy a lot of these little playthings to give to the children.

OH, ACHING hearts of the little mothers at home, whose boys lie in this and other rows in the stricken fields of France, from somewhere may courage be sent to you to feel that these boys have died for the right. Just back of the lines taps are being sounded at a funeral of several of our boys, who gave their lives so bravely. The squad with guns in the middle distance has just fired the three farewell volleys.

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MATER DOLOROSA

From the Drawing by Lucien Jonas

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MAKING BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW

A Square Deal for the Women's Committee

AN EDITORIAL

IT IS highly important at this time, if not actually vital to the success of our arms, that the women of America be properly represented in our national councils. They are being called upon for every possible form of service, and yet, officially, they have had no representation. They have been empowered only to advise. There is no appropriation by Congress to cover the expense attached to the work of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense, altho every other department of work is so provided for. The actual and necessary expenses of this committee, which was charged by the Government with the great and important task of "co-ordinating the work of women in the prosecution of war," are provided by the Council of National Defense, and at best the whole organization is temporary. If peace should come, or if the disintegration of the Council of National Defense were to be completed, the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense would evaporate automatically, and the women of America would be left with no national representation. Even their supposed power to "advise" would be taken away from them.

PICTORIAL REVIEW reminds the women of America and the Government that it would be fatal to the future development of our nation should the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense discontinue its work either during the war or at its close. At present, it is merely a war emergency body, designed to serve at least no longer than the end of the war. It is the only approach we have ever had to a governmentally authorized body of women. It should never be allowed to go out of existence. It should be continued, but not on the present basis as an "advisory" committee only. It should be placed on a sound basis, properly constituted, with due authority to act and with congressional appropriation of money to cover its operating expenses. Its funds should be administered by the committee itself, and women should not be obliged to look for necessary expense money to a body of men, especially when that body is a temporary one, with doubtful authority.

The Woman's Committee was asked to make bricks without straw. It has made the bricks. It has laid the foundation for a great and an enduring structure for the protection of American women and their interests. It has co-ordinated the work of women in every State in the Union. It has accomplished every task set for it with admirable efficiency and dispatch. It has done these things only at the greatest personal sacrifice of its members. We hear a great deal in Washington of the "dollar-a-year" man, but nothing of the "dollar-a-year" woman. The women do not even receive the proverbial dollar.

It is a sad commentary on our Government that no appropriation was made for the work of the women of the country. It is not to our credit that the Woman's Committee, appointed by the Government, felt it necessary to accept a monthly check from a private source in recognition of which it extended a special privilege. Such an occurrence would doubtless have been beyond the range of possibility had the Government made ample provision for the work of the Woman's Committee.

AS AN example of what a committee of women can do, if properly organized, duly authorized, and adequately financed, we have only to look at the National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee. There was never any question of the authority of this Committee. It was appointed by Secretary McAdoo to *act*, not merely to "advise." It was furnished the franking privilege. It never lacked money with which to carry out its plans, for the resources of the United States Government were back of it. While Dr. Shaw's Committee in certain States was holding "rummage sales" to raise money to pay postage and traveling expenses for its workers, the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee in the same States was able to give "trench dinners" or to do anything else necessary to get results. One half of all the Liberty Bonds sold in America were sold by women; and one-third of all the Liberty Bonds bought in America were bought by women.

More than a year ago PICTORIAL REVIEW advocated editorially the establishment of a Woman's Bureau in the Department of Labor, and hundreds of letters of approval poured in. A number of these letters were printed in this magazine, and since that time there has been a growing conviction of the need of such a bureau. It is gratifying that at last a step in the right direction has been taken. In July, announcement was made of the establishment of a Section of Woman's Work in the Department of Labor. Miss Mary Van Kleeck, formerly of the Russel Sage Foundation, is chief of this bureau, and Miss Mary Anderson, of Chicago, is assistant chief. Miss Van Kleeck reports direct to the Secretary of Labor, and, therefore, for the first time in the history of America, women who work are directly represented in the Government.

PICTORIAL REVIEW was the first woman's magazine in America to advocate equal suffrage. The stand was taken when the movement was not popular, and when other magazines in the same field were opposing every measure looking to the establishment of the principle that "just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed." While the women of America were sacrificing their sons and their husbands to make the world safe for democracy, our National Congress delayed shamelessly in extending the principle of democracy to one-half of our own people.

IN ADDITION to the request for the establishment of a woman's bureau or division, resolutions were adopted by the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense to the following effect:

> To urge upon the President consideration of the idea of appointing women on all government boards and commissions that control the work of women or affect their interests.
>
> To urge upon the President the placing of women officials with adequate authority in charge of the working and living conditions of all great bodies of women employed in war work.
>
> To urge upon the President the appointment of women to positions of Assistant Federal Food Administrator, Assistant Director of Housing, Assistant Secretary of the Department of Labor, Member of the War Council of the Red Cross here, and Deputy Commissioner in the Red Cross work abroad.
>
> That immediate executive orders, or, if necessary, Congressional action, be taken to make it possible at once, to enlist women physicians and surgeons in the Medical Reserve Corps of the Army under the same conditions as men and to use such women to the utmost extent of their power to serve.

PICTORIAL REVIEW respectfully directs the attention of the Federal authorities to the above recommendations. It should be remembered that they come from the women of America, speaking through the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense. They must not be ignored.

Had America been a real democracy in which woman has the right to a formal expression of opinion by means of the ballot, no such resolutions as those passed at the National Conference of Women would have been necessary; woman would not have been forced into the attitude of pleading for a voice in the government of her own affairs, to the end that she could more quickly and more thoroughly accomplish the task that has been assigned to her in the prosecution of war.

The Woman's Committee should be continued, but on a sounder, safe basis. The Government of the United States should see to it that the women of America are empowered to render the maximum of service. And if the Government is not aroused to the seriousness of the situation, it is the duty of the one-half of its constituents concerned in these measures to see to it that the matter is brought forcibly to the attention of their representatives in Congress.

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The Marriage Game

Wherein the Queen of Hearts Is Often Joker and Man a Mere Discard

By a Society Reporter

IN MY boarding-school days I was a firm believer in the old saw that "Marriages are made in Heaven." A couple of years later, however, when I secured a position as society editor on one of the most powerful Western newspapers, I laid that illusion aside along with many of my other preconceived notions of life. For I soon discovered that the daily society column is more than merely a pale record of the social activities of a certain set.

My awakening to this fact came when a demure little débutante used my society page as a club to stun an unsuspecting young man and lead him to the altar. A delicately scented, anonymous note came with my mail one day, bearing the simple statement,

> Miss Mildred Sargent and Murray Maynard are engaged to be married. The announcement will be made public shortly.

It was a big engagement, the most important of the year. Mildred Sargent was an only daughter. Her father was prominent in banking and business circles, and her mother was a leader in society and charity work. Murray Maynard was a Harvard graduate who had not been overburdened long enough with his money to have lost his ideals. He had been brought rapidly into the social limelight, in fact, by the death of a distant relative, and a totally unexpected inheritance of a couple of million dollars. Consequently the news of their attachment for each other was a good society story, and I was only fearful lest similar gray messages had reached my rival sisters of the social pen. I rang up the Sargent residence and asked for Miss Sargent, giving the name of my paper. She came to the phone at once. When I stated my errand, there was a breathless pause, then,

"I would rather not discuss it over the wire," she said, "but since you have been considerate enough to ring up, I will stop in your office this afternoon—about four o'clock."

At the appointed hour I was summoned to the reception-room. Miss Sargent, her cheeks very flushed, was awaiting me nervously. She seemed extremely young, and had the biggest and most innocent blue eyes I had ever looked into.

"How did you ever suspect our engagement?" she questioned hurriedly. "We have tried to keep it secret. Even Mother does not know, so who could have told you?"

"Then it is true?" I eagerly rejoined.

"Oh, no, no," she exclaimed in a fluttered tone. "Please promise me you won't use it. I—I—you see, we have only been engaged three days, so I would not want Mr. Maynard to know I confirmed it for anything on earth. I can not possibly think who your informant can be. Some one who has seen us together, doubtless, and jumped at a conclusion."

"Rumors usually have some foundation," I assented, "and with that, and what you have admitted, I have all the story I need. I can print it as it is."

"If you do," she cried excitedly, "promise me one thing. Please give me your word of honor that you will never tell a soul, especially Mr. Maynard, that it came from me. You can do anything you want with it, use it to-morrow morning with our pictures and everything, if you will only promise me never to mention me as your source of information. Will you promise—solemnly?"

SHE was so worried and so unhappy, and I was so pleased at landing my story, that I consented readily, and elicited a return promise for its exclusive use. Next morning I had a scoop.

The first pause in my glee came when, in looking over the social diary I kept, a note on delicately scented gray paper fell out. The writing was identical with the note of yesterday. Hastily I peered inside. It was a notice of a meeting of the Associated Charities to be held at the home of Mrs. John Sargent, and was signed in her daughter's name, Mildred Sargent.

I was still puzzling over the sequence of events when the door literally flew open and a very perturbed young man rushed into the room.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said, "I just pushed my way in. For Heaven's sake are you the society editor? Well, I am Mr. Maynard, Murray Maynard, and I had to see you. Where did you get that crazy story you printed about me this morning—about me and Miss Sargent?"

A light was dawning on me.

"Sit down," I said, "and tell me why you ask?"

"Why there isn't a word of truth in it," he exclaimed, "and you have gotten me into an awful mess. The fact is I hardly know the girl. I have probably met her four times, and danced with her once, at her own coming-out party. Excepting that time I never was in her house until to-day. Her mother just rang me up and asked me to go up, said it was a wretched story, and she wished I'd see about denying it myself, as Mr. Sargent is East. Every sheet in town is writing it up now with lurid accounts of both families back to prehistoric days."

"I know," I murmured sympathetically.

That note in my voice reached him. "Tell me who told you that story," he said.

"That I can not do. I am sorry. I printed the story in good faith after having it confirmed by a reliable source."

"But for Heaven's sake," he said, "it is some fool mischief maker who ought to be shown up. Why, you should see that poor kid. She is crying her eyes out over the notoriety of the story, and makes me feel like an awful cad. I don't know what it is up to me to do."

"It isn't up to you to do a thing," I said hotly. "It is my mistake and I will rectify it. I will deny the whole thing to-morrow."

Well, I denied it next day with a crestfallen air, and after a while the matter slipped my mind. Six months later I got an invitation to their wedding and Mr. Maynard dropped into my office for a second visit.

"We kept it dark, you see, until the invitations were out," he said, offering his hand. "Your previous story really started things. I had such a guilty feeling about that youngster crying herself sick over that report that I sent her flowers, and did what I could to make up, and here I am. Now will you tell me where you originally got the story?"

"That I can not yet do," I said, "and I am again sorry. But after all it doesn't matter now, does it?"

The day of the wedding I received a costly present from the bride. It was a beautiful affair of pearls and emeralds. With it was her card and the two words, "Thank you." No other society editor in the city had been so honored. I have the bit of jewelry still and wear it on occasions. I never look at it, however, without a qualm of conscience.

THEN there was the case of the widow who married for spite. She was a Mrs. Leslie, was young and still pretty, and before the conventional period of mourning for her husband was over, had announced her engagement to a prominent New York club-man. It was spoken of, among her intimates, as quite a love-match. Then a story reached the paper that she had been jilted before a roomful of people because of her gambling at bridge.

I was sent to her home on the matter. Twice I was refused admittance, but the third time she received me, and I found her embroidering on some exquisite filmy fabric, and looking extremely charming, even if there was a something hard and almost reckless in the expression of her clear gray eyes.

When I told her we had heard she had broken her engagement, she held out her sewing.

"This is for my trousseau," she answered, "so pray where did you get your information?"

"Some one who was present at the Poett's Friday night has supplied us with the details," I said. The shot told, for she grew pale.

"What details?"

As she listened, she did some rapid thinking.

"Of course," she said, "that is all nonsense. Our engagement has been terminated without any such unpleasantness, as I am to marry some one else within a few weeks. I will give you the story shortly. That is the truth back of the news that has reached you, altho I admit I play cards for money, as every one else does nowadays."

I went back with her account of the affair, and the higher-ups decided to await developments. Within a week a note came from her.

"This is just to tell you of my engagement as I promised. I am to be married on the eighteenth to Mr. Talbot Clinton, who has recently settled here. He is the son of the late Acton Clinton of Weir, England. I am sending under separate cover my photograph, which you may use, if you choose. I believe it is the first any newspaper has ever had of me, and perhaps you had better mention that my engagement to Mr. Blanding was recently broken."

I could not place the name Talbot Clinton. Indeed none of her friends could, and great was the speculation in consequence about the alliance she contemplated. The wedding took place so swiftly that, in spite of persistent rumors to the effect that Mr. Blanding tried to re-instate himself in the lady's good graces, he scarcely had time to make headway, did he desire it.

At the church ceremony, the groom was the center of attention, much more so than his pretty bride in her lace gown and big picture hat. Few of those present had ever seen him before, and in a purely physical way he was a striking type—tall, broad-shouldered, and really handsome. Somehow, tho, as I watched her come down the aisle with that same hard, proud, bright, reckless look in her eyes I thought of the old saying of the woman scorned, but it was some weeks before I found out it might, in truth, apply to her.

Then I learned it by accident. I had gone to school with the Reverend Follis's daughter Mabel. One afternoon, hot and excited, she came into my office.

"WILL you print a mean, catty story if I tell it to you?" she asked. "It is the only way I can relieve my feelings. It is about that hateful Mrs. Clinton. I am engaged to her brother Tom, and she heartily disapproves and wants him to marry one of the Lewis twins. Ten weeks ago that freak woman came to Father and told him she wanted to marry again, that Mr. Blanding was so impossible she had broken her engagement, but that single blessedness was too lonely a life. She asked Father if he did not know of any one who would run the risk of marrying a stranger right away, if she would settle a monthly allowance on him and put the matter on a satisfactory business basis.

"Mr. Clinton was visiting us from England. He is nice enough, but is lazy—you know the kind. Well, Father had a plain talk with him and he laughed a lot and told me snatches of the conversation. The next night we had Mrs. Leslie to dinner, and two days later—just two days—you had their engagement in your society news. I know positively that the marriage was her idea and he is well paid for his position. And everybody is crazy about him, thinks he has all kinds of money and does not blame her a bit for breaking the Blanding attachment. Will you please boldly announce my coming wedding to-morrow and help me get even with her?"

I do know that I have never been sorry for an elopement to which I lent my aid that same Winter. The girl was one of the sweetest girls I had ever met, and was being sacrificed on the altar of her mother's ambition. There had been a scandal in Mrs. Ralph de Long's youth. For years she had tried to live it down, and through all Harriett's first bitter social season she was snubbed and ignored for her mother's long-dead past.

They were wealthy people, and Mrs. de Long was unusually clever. She had educated her four daughters in Europe, and at the end of Harriett's first season an impecunious young English nobleman was invited out for a visit. I saw how the trip was to end even before I was given the news of the engagement, and because I liked the girl and felt sorry for her, when I wrote my six hundred words on the story, I felt a malicious triumph inside, that society, with all its hauteur, would bow a humble knee when it learned of the alliance.

Just as I turned in the story, Miss de Long's card was brought to me. She was waiting in a limousine outside with two army officers.

"I want you to meet my real fiancé," she said, "Lieutenant Emery Winfield, and our best man, Captain Cloman. We want to be married to-night, and I stopped to tell you so you would not print the other news. I just could not give in to Mother in this one matter, and I wondered if you would help us out by witnessing our wedding and writing it up?"

As soon as I stopped the former story from going to press, I joined the bridal party. In the rain, at ten o'clock at night, we went first to the license clerk's abode and roused him from slumber, and afterward to a minister's house, where the ceremony was performed. After I turned in my second story, we had a belated wedding supper in a down-town café, and I went home filled with righteous glee.

The first that Mrs. de Long knew of the marriage was when she read of it in my paper. What she thought or did or said I have never found out.

Is it any wonder that social editors are inclined to grow cynical about love-matches among the wealthier classes, or to question if the matrimonial cards are squarely dealt, and if the marriage game itself is even fairly played?

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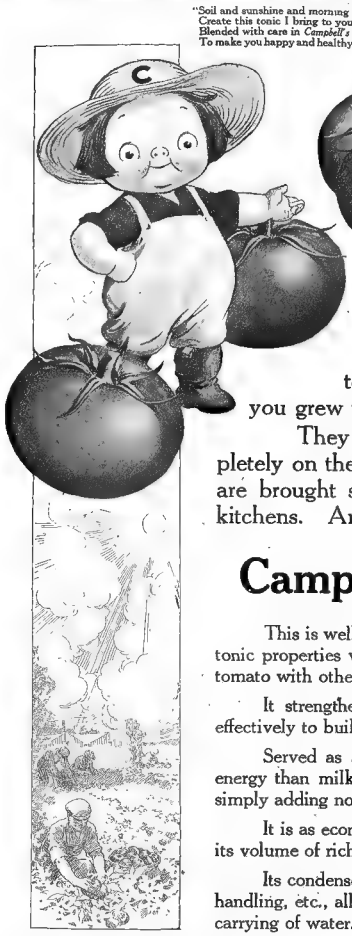
"Soil and sunshine and morning dew
Create this tonic I bring to you—
Blended with care in *Campbell's* fare,
To make you happy and healthy, too."

"You can't beat these!"

You could have no finer and fresher tomatoes than those we use. Not even if you grew them and picked them yourself.

They are selected varieties which mature completely on the vines—sound, red-ripe and juicy. They are brought straight from the farms to the Campbell kitchens. And the same day we make them into

Campbell's Tomato Soup

This is well called the "King of Soups." It combines the rare tonic properties which nature has stored in the perfect vine-ripened tomato with other choice ingredients both nutritious and appetizing.

It strengthens digestion, regulates the body processes, helps effectively to build up health and vigor.

Served as a Cream of Tomato, it yields 50 per cent more energy than milk. And you can make it as hearty as you like by simply adding noodles or boiled rice.

It is as economical as it is delicious. Each can gives you twice its volume of rich satisfying soup.

Its condensed form makes a saving on freight charges, packing, handling, etc., all to your benefit. You do not pay for water, nor the carrying of water. You have no cooking cost, no waste.

Good health means good work and good courage. This is what you need and what the Nation needs today. Order this health-promoting soup by the dozen and enjoy it often.

21 kinds

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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Burson's Victory Is Yours Too!

After years of hard work, experimenting, and many disappointments finally came victory for Mr. Burson. He succeeded in inventing the most wonderful of all knitting machines—the human-like fingers of steel that are daily knitting thousands and thousands of pairs of

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

You may enjoy the fruits of his labor—stockings that are knit-to-shape without seams. The luxury of comfort, the smooth fit of seamed hosiery without uncomfortable seams and the satisfaction of style are yours without any additional cost.

A Burson store is near you—buy a pair or a box—you'll know then what genuine hosiery satisfaction means.

Booklet sent free upon request

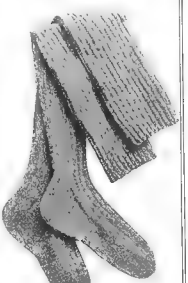
Burson Hose are made in Cotton, Lisle, Mercerized and Silk twisted with fibre

BURSON KNITTING CO.
810 Pike St. Rockford, Ill.

"Buy Thrift Stamps"

Knitted Comforts for the Woman Going Abroad to Do War Work

No. 546—Practical Knitted Bed-socks that are attractive as well



No. 547—Ladies' Knitted Stockings

No. 544—A light-weight Knitted Sleeveless Sweater that will be a boon to the woman engaged in war work Over There

Any of the articles illustrated on this page would make the best possible sort of Christmas gift for friends who may be going abroad for patriotic service.

No. 548—A Silk Tie that may be knitted or crocheted

No. 549—Knitted Mittens are a great comfort in cold weather

IT IS very essential that those going abroad to do their bit in this great world struggle should pack the greatest amount of comfort into the limited space allowed them. None of the garments are superfluous and all were designed for this purpose.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 544 A sleeveless sweater made of Shetland Floss, ribbed up to the waist-line, with the remainder in plain garter stitch. For working directions send 10 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop to the Embroidery Department.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 546—The bed-socks shown at the upper left-hand corner of the page were made of knitting yarn and worked on two needles.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 547—These well-fitting stockings will be valuable to the woman engaged in out-of-door work. Those shown above were made from a Scotch mixture knitting yarn. Send 10 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop for working directions of Nos. 546 and 547.

No. 545—A Knitted Sweater with set in sleeves

PICTORIAL REVIEW Knitting Directions No. 548—This is of silk and may be knitted or crocheted. When knitted it is worked in the plain stitch on four No. 15 needles. For the crocheted tie, which is entirely in single crochet, a coarse steel hook will give the best result.

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 549—Mittens like these will provide comfort on many occasions as they can be worn alone or over gloves. They are very simply made as both are alike and can be worn on either hand. Upon receipt of 10 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop, full working directions for Nos. 548 and 549 will be sent.

Pictorial Review Directions No. 545—Made of knitting yarn this sweater is much heavier in weight than the sleeveless one shown above it and is designed so that the greatest warmth is obtained with the smallest possible bulk. Working directions No. 545, 10 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop.

No. 512—A useful Knitted Cap

PICTORIAL REVIEW Knitting Directions No. 512—This cap will be found especially comfortable on the steamship as it pulls down over the ears. Working directions No. 512, which include knitted stockings for men and boys, 10 cents, and stamped self-addressed envelop. Address all communications to The Embroidery Department, Pictorial Review, 214-220 West 39th street, New York City.

No. 512—Pulls down over the ears

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The charm of a Skin you Love to Touch

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE THE CHARM of a skin that is soft, clear, radiant—"a skin you love to touch." Everyone admires it. Every girl longs for it.

To have your skin as lovely as it ought to be—soft, clear, colorful—all that you need to do is to begin at once to give it the proper care for its needs.

No matter how much you may have neglected your skin, you can begin at once to take care of the new skin that is forming every day. For your skin is itself being renewed daily. Every day old skin dies, and new forms to take its place. If you give this new skin the right care *every day*, you can keep it fresh and radiant.

How to make your skin lovely

Such things as blackheads, blemishes and unsightly spots, no skin need have. Even conspicuous nose pores, the bugbear of so many girls, are only the result of neglect. You can, with the proper treatment, correct them.

Begin today to give your skin the right treatment for its particular needs. You will find the proper treatments for all the commoner skin troubles in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. This soap and the booklet of famous skin treatments are the result of a specialist's years of study of the skin and its needs. They have helped thousands of others.

Get your cake of Woodbury's today, and begin at once to gain for your skin the charm it can have. You will find that a cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment as well as for general cleansing use for that time. It sells for 25c at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

This beautiful picture in colors for framing
Send for your copy today!

Picture with sample cake of soap, booklet of treatments and samples of Facial Cream and Facial Powder for 15c

This picture is Walter Biggs' interpretation of "A Skin You Love to Touch." It has been reproduced from the original oil painting, in full colors and on fine quality paper, expressly for framing. No printed matter on it. Size 15 x 19 inches.

For 15c we will send you one of these beautiful reproductions with a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—large enough for a week's treatment—also the booklet of treatments "A Skin You Love to Touch," and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Thousands will want this picture. Send for your copy at once. Write today to The Andrew Jergens Co., 310 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 310 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario

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Betty Wales Dresses

Designed for War-Time Needs

IN these days, crowded with serious war-time activities, only the more practical type of dresses receive attention.

BETTY WALES recognizes this, so each new BETTY WALES model is made with the definite idea of filling some real need.

The most popular of the season's materials in all the best colors are presented; and many novel and pleasing trimming-effects give a touch of individuality and distinction.

The school-girl, the business-woman, and the home-maker can all be tastefully gowned in BETTY WALES DRESSES at a price that suits a war-time purse.

No matter what your dress needs may be, you will find a BETTY WALES DRESS to suit you.

Visit the BETTY WALES Department in your town at once and see the delightful Fall models for yourself. If you do not know who your local dealer is, write us today and we will gladly send you his name.

"Betty Wales, Business Woman"—an inspiring little book for today. Send 25 cents in stamps for your copy.

Betty Wales Dressmakers

610 WALDORF BUILDING NEW YORK

Betty Wales Dresses

TRADE MARK REG.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

Your Boy and Mine

CONDUCTED BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

EDITORIAL NOTE—Developments on the battlefields of Europe, and consequent expansion of our own national war plans, bring quick changes, but Mrs. Clarke is in close touch with war activities at Washington and will be glad to continue to answer questions that may be of interest to the families of our enlisted men. Address, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelop: Mrs. Ida Clyde Clarke, Pictorial Review, Washington Bureau, 707 20th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

For Men on Furlough

Director General McAdoo, realizing that the payment of the full railroad fare means a serious hardship to our soldiers and sailors who desire to visit their homes before going overseas, has ordered that, as soon as necessary details can be completed, soldiers and sailors of the United States forces, when furloughed and traveling at their own expense, will be granted a rate of approximately one cent per mile. This fare will be available on delivery to ticket agents of certificates signed by commanding officers. Certificates of standard form will be prepared and distributed with the utmost promptness. Representative Mott, of New York, has introduced a bill in Congress providing for free transportation for enlisted men.

A Well-Fed Army

The average gain in weight throughout our army is nine pounds per soldier. There is a meat allowance of one and three-quarters pounds per man in the American Army, which is higher than the allowance in the British, French, and Italian armies. The reserve ration consists of hardtack or bread, bacon, sugar, coffee, salt, and pepper. The travel ration consists of soft or hard bread, canned corned beef or corned beef hash, baked beans, canned tomatoes, jam, coffee, evaporated milk, and sugar. Ours are the best fed soldiers in the world.

Radio Operators Wanted

The Signal Corps needs radio and buzzer operators, and has established training schools in many cities where men of draft age can be trained. The average man can complete the course in 200 hours' schooling outside his regular work; when he is called in the draft he can be shifted to the radio section. The corps also needs electrical engineers, repairmen, wiremen, and mechanics. A call has been issued for 24,674 men with grammar-school education, and these will be given special technical training.

Opportunity for promotion is excellent. Apply *Signal Corps, Land Division, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.*

Where Need Is Greatest

The pressing need in the War Department is for specialists. There is a list of 137 occupations where the demand constantly exceeds the supply. Clerks for general work are plentiful, and 6,000 more linguists have applied than are needed. The mule expert is in great demand for the mule trains of engineers. Blacksmiths are very scarce, and there is a constant demand for butchers and cooks. Men familiar with automobiles are always needed. There is a surplus of dentists and pharmacists.

United States Guards

Work of organizing the first 15,000 of the authorized 25,000 men for the United States Guards of the National Army is progressing. In accordance with the orders directing the organization of the guards, they will serve in this country. They receive the same pay and allowances as are prescribed for officers and enlisted men of corresponding grades of the regular army. Physical requirements have been modified so that men who have minor physical defects, or who, on account of age, may not be considered fit for foreign service, may be accepted. It is the policy to take men below or over the draft age and those not physically qualified for foreign service. When the guards reach the required strength of 15,000, they will relieve some twelve regiments of the regular army protecting war and other industries, bridges, etc., in this country.

Can You Qualify?

At least 20,000 additional workers in the civilian branches of the Army and Navy are needed. Thousands of inspectors are wanted to pass upon the quality of everything conceivable in the way of ordnance, ammunition, and other munitions. For office work the Ordnance Department is calling for large numbers of statisticians, accountants, typists, and assistants in business administration, and clerks trained in certain lines. The Quartermasters' Corps is in need of several thousand examiners and inspectors of everything that enters into the personal equipment of the soldier. The Navy has an unlimited number of places for draftsmen of various kinds and for a long list of technical workers. Practically all branches of the service are in need of typists, stenographers, bookkeepers, statistical clerks, multigraph operators, etc. Information and application blanks may be had from the *United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.*, or from branches in post-offices in large cities.

Rules Governing Claims

Here are the rules for collecting Government insurance taken out by American soldiers.

The official address of the *Bureau of War Risk Insurance is Washington, D. C.* The papers to be filed by the claimants are as follows:

1. Affidavit of beneficiary, Form 574, requiring data as to the relationship of the beneficiary, as well as the names and ages of all other relatives within the permitted class. This affidavit must be sworn to by the claimant, and signed by two witnesses who know the person making the claim for insurance

2. The claim for compensation for death is made on Form 27 and requires information concerning the deceased, including the following: height, complexion, color of eyes, color of hair. Identifying scars or marks, place of birth, full name of deceased's mother, and her financial condition.

3. A certified copy of the church record is required to show the marriage of the deceased

4. The ages of the children must be shown by certified copies of published records of births or certified copies of church records of baptisms.

5. Affidavits of two persons must be filed showing that the children of the widow described in the claim are living, and that the widow has not re-married.

Compensation for Injury

Every civil employee of the United States is entitled to compensation pay, if injured while in the performance of duty. If more than three days are lost from work because of such injury the employe is entitled to compensation for the time lost in excess of three days, the amount of compensation equaling two-thirds of his salary, but in no case more than $66.67 monthly. For information, address *United States Employees' Compensation Commission, Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C.*

The Greatest Mother on Earth

There is no reason for acute suffering in the family of any enlisted man for the want of money necessary to meet immediate needs. The Red Cross will help, through its Civilian Relief Department. Cash is provided where it will help to maintain the family solidarity, to restore and preserve health; and under certain other conditions. Money is dispensed in three classes, as loans, grants, and allowances, the latter being paid at regular intervals. Grants may be made necessary by sickness, by danger of foreclosure of a mortgage, or the lapse of an insurance policy, by funerals, by provision for special training, etc. Often food and shelter are provided temporarily.

If in need of help, write to the *Civilian Relief Department, American Red Cross, in your nearest City.*

For High School Boys

If high-school graduates of 1918 follow the advice of Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, they will "enlist and go to college." The War Department has announced that, beginning in September, 1918, military instruction under officers and non-commissioned officers of the Army will be provided in every institution of college grade which enrolls one hundred or more able-bodied students over eighteen years old. The necessary equipment will be provided by the Government. Enlistment is voluntary, the student becoming a member of the United States Army, liable to active duty at the call of the President. The new policy aims to accomplish a two-fold object: first, to develop as a great military asset the large body of young men in the colleges; second, to prevent unnecessary and wasteful depletion of the colleges through indiscriminate volunteering, by offering the students a definite and immediate military status.

Mail for Soldiers

Postmasters have been instructed to withhold from dispatch all ordinary, insured, or C.O.D. parcels addressed to members of the Regular Army, the National Army, or the National Guard, which are not specifically addressed to company and regiment or other military unit. By order of General Pershing, a military postal express has been established for the United States soldiers in France. This is a move to increase the efficiency of our overseas mail service. Mail intended for members of the United States Aviation squadrons at Camp Morrison, located in the vicinity of Morrison, Virginia, should be sent direct to Newport News, Virginia, labeled "Aviation Branch." The name of the post-office, Morrison, Virginia, should not be included.

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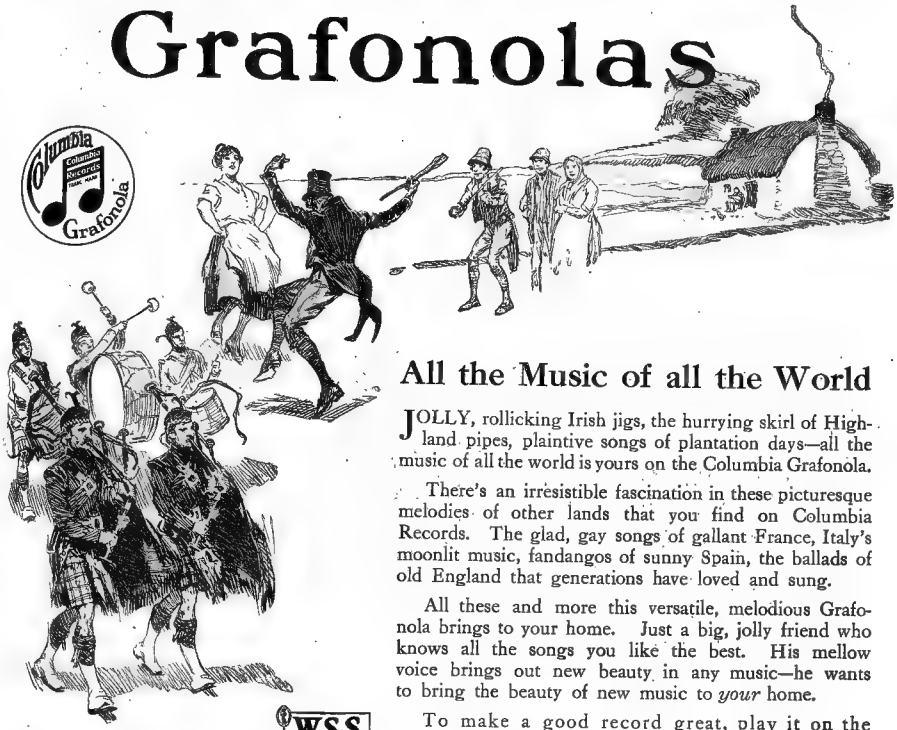
Columbia Grafonolas



All the Music of all the World

JOLLY, rollicking Irish jigs, the hurrying skirl of Highland pipes, plaintive songs of plantation days—all the music of all the world is yours on the Columbia Grafonola.

There's an irresistible fascination in these picturesque melodies of other lands that you find on Columbia Records. The glad, gay songs of gallant France, Italy's moonlit music, fandangos of sunny Spain, the ballads of old England that generations have loved and sung.

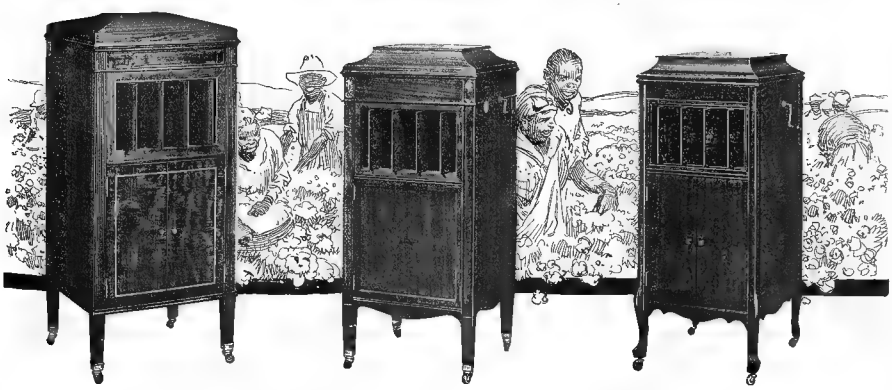
All these and more this versatile, melodious Grafonola brings to your home. Just a big, jolly friend who knows all the songs you like the best. His mellow voice brings out new beauty in any music—he wants to bring the beauty of new music to *your* home.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola.

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Columbia Grafonolas, Standard models up to $300
Period models up to $2100

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK



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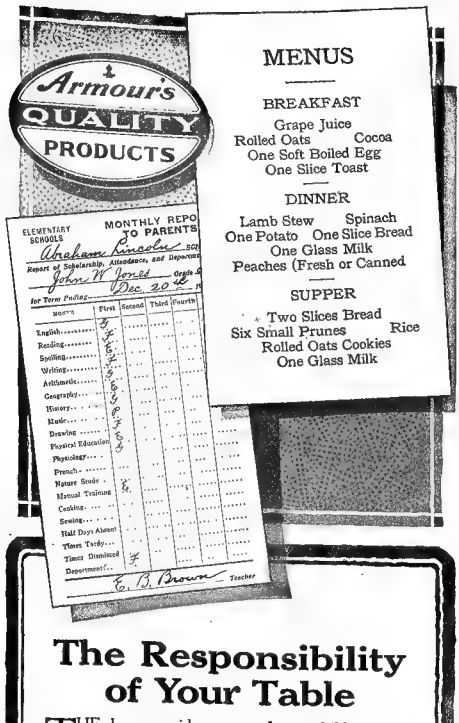


The Responsibility of Your Table

THE slow or rapid progress of your child in school may be directly traceable to the kind of food you serve on your table. Active brains require ample nourishment—and nourishment depends more upon quality and variety than upon quantity.

To be sure your children are receiving the proper food for both brain and body, rely upon

Armour's Package Foods

Under the Oval Label—Armour's mark of highest quality—you will find Meats, Fruits, Fish, Vegetables, Condiments, etc., in packages of various sizes. And variety is so great that you may carry out the requests of the Food Administration without hardship or embarrassment. A great many of them are real conservation foods. All of them are time-conservers, for we have carried preparation as far forward as possible.

Your dealer can get any of these products for you upon request. He very probably has them in stock now.

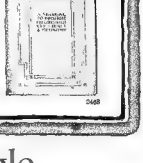
Stockinet Star Ham
Star Bacon
Veribest "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard
Vegetole (Shortening)
Cloverbloom Butter

Veribest Eggs
Veribest Frankfurt Sausage
Veribest Oleomargarine
Grape Juice
Jams and Jellies

Veribest Package Foods—including Meats, Fish, Soups, Fruits, Vegetables, Pork and Beans, Condiments, Seasonings, Extracts, Peanut Butter, Evaporated Milk, Rice, Hominy, Coffee, etc.

This Book Lightens Kitchen Labor —Get It Free

"The Business of Being a Housewife" tells how to serve satisfying meals without waste of time; how to manage your household with the least effort. This book will be sent to you free on request if you will mention your dealer's name and state if he handles Armour's Products. Address Domestic Science Department, Division 68P, Armour and Company, Chicago.



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Runaway Fathers

Get Acquainted with Your Children and Be a Real Parent

By DR. WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH
President of the Child Institute

A LITTLE girl was asked once which she loved more, her father or her mother. She responded: "Why, of course I love Mama most. You see, we belong to her by bornation, but Father just married into our family."

This story seems almost like a commentary on the first two lines of that ode in the Apocrypha, "Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us," the implication being that to beget finished the function of fatherhood.

The actual position of men in their own households differs. In some homes they are the domestic orator, in others the family bugbear, in others a sort of honorary uncle, and in still others they are really the oldest child. In all these cases they are consultants, rather than practitioners, and they are outsiders.

In these days of the extraordinary expansion of woman it is fair to ask if the shrinkage of fatherhood is bound to continue. Woman has become a creature who is giving her husband a richer mind and heart than ever before and is bestowing a larger motherhood not only upon her own children but upon society. Is man in the home always to be only a domesticated Santa Claus or a court of last resort?

The writer, in his capacity as counsellor to several thousand households, received the other day a letter from a boy of thirteen. He wrote

"DEAR MR. FORBUSH:

What can I do to get my father interested in baseball? There doesn't seem *to* be anything that we can talk about when we are at home, and naturally we are not very good friends.

Yours truly,
EDWARD M —"

I turned to our record of this family and noted that he was one of six children of a well-to-do lumber dealer. The mother had already written me that "anything we could do for her children would have to be done through her." Here was the picture: a wholesome lad entering the most difficult years of his life, practically a half-orphan.

Many other such instances have come to the writer's attention, particularly of reputable men who are fulfilling every duty in life except the principal one; who are so energetic about what they call their business that they have no time for *the* business.

Father's Excuses for Side-Stepping

LET us grant to the full all the excuses that are made for a negligent male parenthood

"I am too tired." This remark has real force. It can not be denied that the average business man to-day is forced to meet his children under circumstances that put him at a considerable disadvantage. He gets home at night—tired out and having had all the excitement he wants for the day—soon after Tom and Louise come in, bounding with the reaction from the confinement of school and just in the mood for fun. No wonder he feels that his children's welfare and his own comfort suggest that they should get their amusement elsewhere, and that they need absent treatment. The answer is, that there is always time for what is worth while. The man himself has learned from his business to make non-essentials stand aside. The future of one's children is such a primary consideration that harassed men have been known to change their occupations in order to give themselves a better chance at their growing up. So drastic a step is not often necessary. The problem is rather one of conscientious personal adjustment. The bigger a man of affairs he is, the shorter he works and the fast he hurries. Some such thing is true of a great father.

"I have no aptitude with children. I leave all that to my wife She seems to have the instinct for such things" This is no doubt true. There is a mother-instinct, but there is no father-instinct, any more than there is the instinct to be a great-aunt. But a father can learn. He never ventured this excuse when he was a young apprentice or clerk. The literature of parent-study is as copious and as available as that in any other field of scientific management. But while a man may not have an instinct for parenthood, he does have a singular aptitude for it. There are certain things that he can manage so much better than his wife. For instance, the average man is better fitted than the average woman to carry through with his children determinedly a pungent regimen of daily baths and exercise. He has less indulgence for shirking He sees more clearly than the average woman the important fact that a boy has more essential uses for his hands than to keep them clean. He knows better than his wife does the moral dangers to the young of the community in which he lives.

One of the Uses for Fathers

HERE is one of the important functions that fathers can fill. They can play with their children.

The purpose of such play, we may hazard, is to endeavor to bridge the gap between the two generations. It is not so easy as it sounds. A man can not become perfectly contemporaneous with his children unless he becomes childish, and the older children grow, the more conscious they are that we do not belong with their chums. But something can be done. We can at least get within hailing distance.

This getting-together involves companionship, and since the child can not climb up into company with our business, we have to go down into company with his play, which is his business This does not mean using the child as a plaything until he is tired, and then spanking him because his fatigue has made him cross. It means mutual play. The capacity for play differs with the individual, and men are perhaps fully as likely to possess it as women Indeed one often sees a most conscientious mother who perfectly cares for her child in every physical fashion, but who leaves him intellectually starved because she never plays with him.

The ability to play seems to belong to unfinished persons. All children, of course, have it, and those adults retain it who have not allowed a crust to form over the whole of their natures. And people differ as to the sort of play of which they are capable. Some can always indulge in children's plays.

Robert Louis Stevenson took the liveliest interest in playing soldiers as long as he lived. Others are capable only of the plays and games that are common to adults.

It does not seem to make very much difference to the child whether we join in his play or invite him to join in ours, whether we build castles with him in the sand or invite him to go hunting in the woods There is also a difference as to the age of children with whom adults play successfully.

The Story of a Successful Citizen

I KNOW a father, who probably never heard of Montessori and G. Stanley Hall, who nevertheless developed extraordinary initiative and resourcefulness and moral vigor in his children simply through the homely devices for play with which he equipped them and the pleasant uses he made of them. He seems to have practised almost everything that the advanced students of childhood have been preaching When his youngsters were very small he brought home from time to time from his store a miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends of ribbons, different sizes of spools, and nests of boxes, and thus furnished them with all the essentials for sense training that go with a "House of Childhood." A little later he had a carpenter unload at his back door a pile of various-shaped wooden bricks of white pine, well planed and containing few slivers and splinters. At about the same time he spread three or four loads of fine builders' sand within a timber enclosure in the yard.

As soon as a child displayed a desire for tools he passed by those attractive boxes, marked "$1.69," containing saws made of lead and hammers that dent themselves every time they pound, in favor of one or two well-made tools that would work. When early school-days came, some sound instinct suggested his buying a second-hand typewriter, so that his children might learn to spell, write, and compose at the same time, and he attributes the fact that they generally won a "double promotion" to this and the exercises in arithmetic that stores from becoming junior partners with him in a chicken enterprise.

He did not go into the outdoor sleeping-porch fad, but he bought a tent and slept in it with his boys in the back yard, and not having time to camp out with them as much as he would like, he showed them how to get camp breakfasts under the apple tree, without bothering mother. He had a way of making some sort of game out of such disagreeable tasks as sifting ashes and putting on the screen doors, and whenever he had any disciplining to do he managed to get it done through a good story, often a funny one.

When his boys were of the restless age he redoubled his endeavors to make home interesting. He bought a second-hand billiard table and knocked a hole in the attic to make room for it. He got up a fathers' ball nine and challenged his son's team to play—and beat them, too.

When his girls began to have lovers, he was most actively interested. He made them compete by being the girl's first lover himself, and he was so amusing that it was a long time before any young man came along who was so bright that his daughters would not rather have Father for a companion.

But when the young men became really attentive, then Father insisted on having them at the house, and while they didn't have many solitary hours in the parlor with Jennie, they did get taken into the family and developed a great liking for the old man.

In the meantime the old man was looking them up quietly in their places of employment and pleasure. This man died at length, leaving only a small fortune, but a great inheritance, and the local newspaper at the time happened to be enlightened enough to remark that, in view of the splendid family he had given to the town, he was to be numbered among its most successful citizens. And all this because he stayed on his job and played with his children.

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What Everybody Should Know About Fire Insurance

By C. EDWARD ZIP

DANGER from fire is an ever present menace to the home, yet the adequate protection of the house and its furnishings by fire insurance is too often a casual matter. It pays the householder, just as it pays the business man, to see that the home "plant" is properly protected against loss by fire. To this end a knowledge of first principles in buying fire insurance is essential.

Mr. and Mrs. Average Householder do not, as a rule, shop around much for their fire insurance. They may have gotten together rare rugs and tapestries, and have put much thought and many dollars into making home what they want it to be, but, ten chances to one, when they take out policies to protect this property they will drop into the nearest agency and buy them as mechanically as they buy a strip of car-tickets. That is because they do not know how to buy fire insurance. The Average Householders are honest folk—they don't expect to have a fire—and, to their notion, one fire insurance policy is about as good as another.

There are several important points that the wise policyholder knows about the policy which protects him. What do *you* know about *yours*? Has it been written by a reliable agent in a strong company? Does it cover just the property you want it to cover? Is it correctly drawn? Do you know just what sort of settlement the company which is taking your premiums will give you in case of loss? All these—together with what action you should take when your property has been damaged by fire—are points you ought to know.

The first thing you have to consider is the reliability of the company which insures you. Your policy should be taken out with the agent in your neighborhood who has the best business reputation. In case of loss, the responsibility of your agent will have a lot to do with the adjustment of your claim. A satisfactory settlement is the best asset a local agent can have and he always works hard to get it.

YOUR policy should be written by one of the big fire insurance companies. They always settle an honest loss promptly and to the satisfaction of the assured. Of course the final test of the reliability of even a big company is a conflagration like the Chicago, Baltimore, or the San Francisco fire. Under the strain of those fires even some of the long-established companies settled their claims at from forty to seventy per cent. of the face value of the policies, while the policies of many of the smaller companies proved utterly worthless. Your agent has a record of the actions of all of the fire insurance companies under these conditions. Ask him to let you see it.

When you take out a new policy it is always advisable to insure with the same agent. All well regulated agencies will look after your business with zealous care, and will see that all written portions of your policies covering the same property read alike. Neither will they allow a policy to expire without sending you a new one in its place.

The amount of your insurance may have puzzled you. Never overinsure, as overinsurance is almost certain to lead to dispute in settling claims. The ideal plan is to insure property for its full value and keep the amount of your insurance up to date. A policy covering specific amounts under separate items is best for the assured. Avoid what is known as a blanket policy, that is, a policy covering two or more properties under one item. When you have a large library, it is well to have your books insured under a separate item, specifically stating their value and mentioning the works and the number of volumes. The same rule applies to valuable paintings; in this case, the names of both artist and painting should be given. If a house has cost you $5,000, take out a policy for that amount, and see that it covers foundation and yard fixtures. Failure to do this has caused many people grief.

The eighty per cent. clause confuses many policyholders. This does not mean, as many people seem to think, that in case of loss only eighty per cent. of the amount of the policy will be paid the assured.

This clause does not apply at all to total loss. What it does mean is that in order to collect the full *pro rata* amount of your damage in case of partial loss, the amount of your policy must be at least eighty per cent. of the total value of the property.

If at any time you are a partial loser for which settlement is made by the company, remember that the face value of your policy is automatically reduced that much. It will be necessary for you to increase it to its original amount immediately.

TO BE amply protected in case of fire, it is not only important that your insurance be taken out with a reliable company for the right amount, but the location indicated in the policy must be accurate. Insurance companies have sometimes paid losses on household furniture which has been removed to another location without notice to the agent or company—or when an incorrect address has been given. But companies have been known to refuse such payment of loss. After all, it is the duty of the assured to see that his policies have been properly drawn.

Various permits and clauses must be attached to your policy, if you expect the insurance company to be responsible in case of loss. Be sure that it carries all the necessary permits and clauses, such as the "lightning clause," "privilege to use kerosene oil or gas for lighting, heating, and cooking purposes," and an "electricity permit." The use of the "electricity permit" requires that you have a certificate of the proper wiring and setting of lighting fixtures. This should be obtained from the electrician before final payment for his work is made. If you have any changes made in your electrical equipment, you should have these approved also.

Do not keep an automobile in a barn or any other building, without having the privilege to do so endorsed on the policy covering that property. The storing of an automobile naturally increases the fire-hazard, and there is usually a small charge for the privilege.

If you expect to leave your property vacant for any considerable length of time, ask your agent for a "vacancy permit." If you contemplate building an addition to your house or making any extraordinary repairs, secure permission before you begin. Any act upon your part which increases the fire-hazard should not be undertaken until you have first acquainted your agent with the facts.

If you have familiarized yourself with the terms of your policy, have the amount right, and have seen to it that all of the necessary endorsements have been appended from time to time, you need have no fears as to the outcome of your settlement in case of loss. Your policy is a personal contract with the insurance company, and you'll find them ready to live up to its terms, provided your claims are fair.

The first move to make, when you have suffered from a fire—even if it be a small one—is to notify your agent. He will make every effort to help you to a satisfactory settlement and, if you have insured through a good agent in a good company, you'll find him of better service than the public adjuster. Also, there will be no charge for the agent's services, whereas public adjusters usually charge ten per cent. of the amount of collection, and invariably delay settlements.

Having reported your loss, the next thing to do is to work out an estimate of the cost of the property damaged. Make out a list of all articles destroyed or damaged, be prompt in giving notice of your loss, reasonable and accurate in your claims, and, if you have insured your insurance wisely, you may be sure of a prompt and fair settlement.

To Avoid Cashing-In on Your Fire Insurance Policy

KEEP matches well out of reach of the children.

Use safety matches and be sure that the flame is out before you discard the match.

Do not leave matches in clothing that is to be put away in a closet or a trunk.

Do not allow bonfires to be built on your premises. Wooden fences and wooden roofs are easily ignited by sparks.

Do not put ashes in wooden boxes or barrels, nor on wooden floors.

Watch your stovepipes and chimneys for breaks where sparks might escape and start fires.

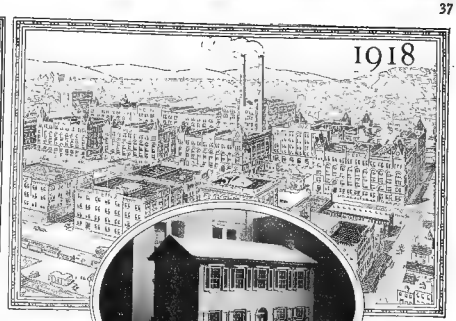
Do not leave dampers in stovepipes open when you go to bed or out of the house. Many a fire has been started from an overheated stovepipe.

Never clean with gasoline inside your buildings or near an open fire of any kind.

Do not leave hot irons standing on anything that will burn.

Be sure that curtains and other easily inflammable articles are kept away from exposed lights, stoves, hot irons, etc.

Do not allow incandescent electric lights to remain in contact with curtains, woodwork, or other inflammable material.



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stand for good things to eat

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They all have just the right flavor, that perfect taste which makes them so likable, the result of careful cooking and preparation, the work of men and women who have spent their lives in the work of making food taste as good as it should.

Heinz has many plants, preserving kitchens, salting stations, warehouses, all over the world, and thousands of happy, enthusiastic, loyal work people to keep the promise that wherever you find a product bearing the name "Heinz" on the label, that product is good to eat.

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ENTERTAINMENT

War-time Entertaining

PLANNED BY OUR READERS

TEARS and long faces are not the spirit of America in war time, for even tho our hearts are heavy we must "send them away with a smile." And for those left at home, there must be enough light-hearted and simple gaiety to cheer the lonely ones whose boys have gone to camp or to the field of battle. Here are a group of parties, planned by readers, which have their inspiration in the new times and customs that war has brought us.

Garden parties, who have been busy this Spring and Summer with their hoe and spade will be glad to rest from their labors and gather at this amusing party.

A Garden Party

By Margaret Conn Rhoads

Wearing a sunbonnet, armed with a rake,
Come to our indoor garden fête.
Or overalls and carry a spade,
A seedy array for man and for maid.

THUS were the guests summoned to an indoor garden party. The house was gaily decorated with garden flowers, greens, and with cut-outs of bright-colored pictures of flowers and vegetables, hung about the walls. These were procured from seed catalogs and from canned-goods wrappers.

The guests stacked arms (rakes and spades) at the front door and were then quickly drafted into garden service. Each woman guest was put through a rigid test. She was called upon to answer such questions as, "How many eyes should there be on the potato you plant?" "How often do you cultivate corn a season?" or "How do you harvest your navy beans?" The men were obliged to pass high on such quizzes as, "How often do you pick your sweet-peas?" "How many flowers on a ten-foot row of cosmos?" or "Describe a hollyhock seed." The woman scoring the highest grade was made commander-in-hoehet of the forces. The man with the poorest score was put on police duty (washing the vegetables).

One of the guests was then asked to start a rambler sprout—that is, a sentence containing the name of a flower or vegetable. Each other player in turn was obliged to add a phrase, also containing the name of a flower or vegetable. For instance, the rambler may start thus: "Standing on a hillside one day, I watched three flocks (phlox) of birds pass over my head." The next player repeats the line and adds, with more rapidity than elegance perhaps, "and one flew against the telegraph pole and hit his bean." A third player repeats both the rambler and the sentence of the second player and adds, "and in the field nearby stood a dandy lion." The player repeating the story most accurately with all its additions received a garden bouquet.

Each guest was next given a seed packet, with the name of some plant printed on it, and asked to write a description of its culture and to draw a picture of it. Some of the guests who first rinsed instructions improved more entertaining than practical but caused much merriment.

"Produce Exchange Corn" was the next game. All the guests were provided with spoons of different sizes and told to use them to carry corn from one basket to another. As each spoonful arrived its contents were credited to the carrier; the one who got his produce to market the quickest was given a child's garden set.

WHEN the guests entered the dining-room, they were delighted at the novelty of the table decorations, for a complete little garden was flourishing in the center of the table. A tin pinned sack was used to keep the plants fresh. At each place was a flower-bed of red geraniums with a border of sweet alyssum. These were planted in coffee-can lids, which were completely concealed. The menu consisted of a vegetable salad, sandwiches, dill pickles, and coffee. The ice-cream was served in tiny flower-pots with a chocolate coating that looked like earth and a tiny pink rose growing in each one.

A "Camp Somewhere" Party

By Edith Lochridge Reed

We bid you come next Tuesday eve
Before our soldier boys take leave
And play in Camp Somewhere.
Please bring some pennies and some dimes.
To help these lads to merry times,
When they get "Over There."

THESE were the invitations which the committee sent out when our little evening club entertained for four boys who had enlisted.

Across the entrance hall of the residence where the party was held, was stretched a banner, labeled "Camp Somewhere," and within were an abundance of flags and pennants. At the right, as the guests entered, an "officer" was seated at a desk. We were requested to write our names and occupations, the only stipulation being that our occupation commence with the initials of our names. For instance, since mine were "E. L." and because I did not have much time to ponder, I put down "Eating Lobster." These names were written in a small note-book which was presented in duplicate to the four guests of honor as a memento of the occasion and of their past association with us.

From this desk we were passed on to the medical officer. His inspection was chiefly for nervousness. All sorts of ridiculous questions were asked before the whole audience, and if the victim even smiled he was supposed to be seriously afflicted with some malady, and was sent to quarantine. This was a room on the third floor, dimly lighted with a candle.

Release from quarantine was accomplished in this way. The individual had to illustrate by charade his "occupation." For instance, as I have said, my occupation was "eating lobster." Consequently I had to go through the motions of that delectable occupation until some one guessed what I was trying to do. Then I was released. One fellow whose initials were "C. W." entertained us by "cracking walnuts." Miss M. C. was busy "making candy." This created much merriment, and started just the kind of joy-making ding-dong.

After the quarantine was ended we were handed the following program:

DON'T MISS ANY OF THE FEATURES OF "CAMP SOMEWHERE"

The New Barracks, price, 5 cents.
Daily Drill, price, 3 cents.
Dress Parade, price, 7 cents.
Batteries in Action, price, 5 cents.
Hostess House, price, 10 cents.
Attend the Great Movie "Over the Top," price, 11 cents.
Tickets Now on Sale for the Military Ball, price, 25 cents.

No one was allowed into any of these shows until every one had bought tickets. Each show was in a booth at one end of the living-room. The booth was very tiny and formed by hanging curtains on sheets. They were furnished as follows.

The New Barracks: A new ax, with "bear" written on the handle to indicate the brand.

Daily Drill: An ordinary mixing bowl.

Dress Parade: Three French dolls in elaborate costumes.

Batteries in Action: Flashlights burning brightly.

Hostess House: A kodak picture of the house where the party was being held.

"Over the Top": A rolled-skate being passed back and forth over a child's toy tep.

And the Military Ball was a pop-eyed cannonball rocking unsteadily by itself on a stand. But this was really followed by an hour of dancing before the company were conducted to the next tent, which in this case was the dining-room.

Here refreshments were served: hero buns, camouflage salad, submarines (doughnuts, in boarding-house parlance "sinkers"), and coffee.

A Progressive Party for the Red Cross

By Claire M. Wallis

ENTERTAINMENTS of all sorts are being given in our town to raise money for Red Cross work, but I do not think anything has been so successful financially or socially than the progressive novelty party that some of us girls gave in the Red Cross workrooms.

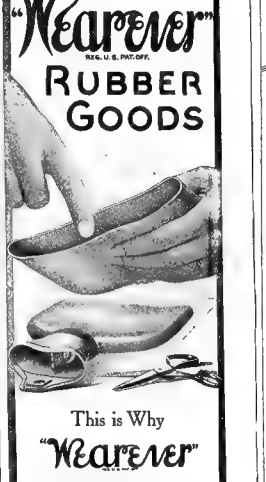
We wanted to get away from bridge and five hundred and euchre and give those people who did not play cards a chance. So we arranged the rooms party with ten tables, at each of which a different game or contest was played. The winner of each contest was awarded one point and at the end of the evening those holding the greatest number of points won the prizes just as in a progressive party. Ten minutes was allowed for each contest; then a bell was rung and all players at one table proceeded to the next in number. A girl wearing a Red Cross apron and cap was appointed as judge to preside over each table. Likewise Red Cross workers pasted on the tally-cards of the winner; these tallies were of white cardboard cut in the shape of a cross.

The ten contests which we arranged were as follows.

1. A knitting contest. (Point awarded to the one knitting the most rows in ten minutes.)
2. A bandage-folding bee. (Point to the neatest and swiftest bandage-roller.)
3. Filling a small red pincushion with pins in the outline of a cross. (Point to one making the neatest cross in the shortest time.)
4. Guessing the flags of the allied nations. (Point to one with the most complete list. The flags were small silk ones numbered, the pictures would do.)
5. Drawing a caricature of the Kaiser. (Judge decided on the cleverest.)
6. Writing a clever telegram in ten words announcing peace. (Point for cleverest.)
7. Writing a list of guns used in the war. (Point for most accurate.)
8. Putting together jigsaw puzzles of patriotic pictures cut from magazines and pasted on cardboard. (Point to one completing the puzzle first.)
9. Guessing national hymns, played by some one at the piano. (Point to most complete list.)
10. Target practice by Guess Guards and their own darts with a short quill, cork, and needle and shot them into a red, white, and blue target. (Point to the swiftest and most accurate.)

We had four at each table and as many prizes as there were tables, so that one-fourth of the guests received prizes. They were all donated and were most appropriate —knitting-needles, guards, bags, etc., being conspicuous. We charged fifty cents apiece admission. Refreshments of war cake and mint lemonade were fifteen cents extra.

FAULTLESS "Wearever" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. RUBBER GOODS



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You will be pleased with a "WEAREVER" No. 40. It is our most popular style for general home use. No. 40 has a smooth, sanitary surface, is Maroon color and comes in four sizes: Nos. 00, 0, 2 and 3. If you need a new hot water bottle, get a "WEAREVER" No. 40.

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Green Umbrellas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

The criss-crosses between the eyes deepened painfully—and Big Penniman looked down at Little Penn. Then he wheeled about to Mrs. Torrey in a silent, curious appeal.

Little Penn wandered out to the steps and across the grass.

"I guess p'raps—she is!" he meditated with a hushed face. "Mrs. Torrey said so—to! She said so last night. She said p'raps she'd come—pretty soon."

He sat down, looking all alert once more, upon his little platform, his eyes fixed brightly upon the Long Street. Why, there was a car *now!* He could see it perfectly! It had come from the station—he knew that, because he and his father had come on it. And then they had walked up hand in hand to the house. His mother would come the same way. Perhaps *she was there right now!* There were *people getting off!* He could see them very plainly! He dropped back and relaxed once more. No—she wasn't there. They were—just men.

IT GAVE him the wilted look for a little. But then he remembered—that there *would be another car.* Of course. There would be *another one*—before very long! And he felt pretty sure that she would be on *that* one—anyway!

The wilted look was rather gaining on him, tho, because he had sat there so much that it was not quite natural to sit up very straight. In fact it was almost three o'clock in the next afternoon when Mrs. Torrey stepped forth with firm purpose on her face.

"Out there ev'ry chance he can get!" she complained bitterly to Big Penniman who smoked and opened up the paper just below her. "Just look at him—sitting there so patiently like a little, limp rag! He's looking for his *mother*—Mr. Poore! He sits there and waits and watches—till it would make you *cry*—if you had any heart 'tall!"

He had dropped the paper and was looking at Mrs. Torrey with a white face.

"Oh, I know it's none of my business," she went on, smoldering danger deep behind her eyes, "and I don't pretend to know why things are like this, either! But it ain't right, Mr. Poore—it ain't right!"

She was on the grass now, but she looked back.

"I hope you're happy in it!" she challenged, a note of trembling misery haunting all her words. "I certainly hope you're happy—to have turned her out like so much baggage—because she was too good for any poor lumbering man of earth that ever walked! And I hope you're happy—in trying to rear up that frightened baby over there—into just another like yourself! Oh—you're doing a fine job of it! You've taken away his mother—to make it pretty sure—among other things—that you take away the name of God! I know! I know what she was! And you cleaned up things pretty well—when you took *her* away—and left a lost child to plow out its little way alone—reaching out its lonely hands for her at every turn—and finding nothing! Just take a look at that forsaken little face there! Do you think it's going to *work*—just because you said so? You may find yourself face to face with Something Bigger than yourself one of these days. Did you think of that? It *isn't working,* Mr. Poore. And I wrote to your wife yesterday telling her a few things that she ought to know, myself!"

He stood looking after her with a white face, but she didn't care about that. Her hand was reaching down to the limp little figure sitting there with its feet in the grass. He looked up and smiled appreciatively.

"It's most time—for another car!" he explained, with a faint, tired catch in his throat. "I guess—p'raps Mother'll—be on the *next* one, anyway—don't you?"

She brushed furtively at her damp eyes and reached down both her arms.

"Come—" she whispered brokenly. "Come—we'll have a nice long nap—and then we'll do something lovely!" She led him across the grass, his weary little feet dragging slowly, and his head still turning instinctively toward the Long Street.

"Going—to have a nap, Penn?" asked his father, his voice a shade uncertain, but attempting unconcern.

"Yes—he's going to have a nap," assured Mrs. Torrey in a warm undertone.

HE STILL smoked, as he wandered up and down before the house. Indeed the sun was almost an hour lower and sunk deep from sight in a copper sky when she came back again, clicking a front blind into place —as he paced back and forth before her.

"Going to get a storm!" she whispered, her eyes resting on the wandering, haunted-looking figure with something like an unexpected pity. "Oh, poor feller, poor feller!" she surrendered feebly. "He's *all* mixed up! He don't *half* know what he's doing! He'd give all he owns to have things the way they used to be!"

He hovered over the path, poking with his cane at some brown, crumpled leaves below. And she looked at him with straight, unembarrassed eyes.

"Green umbrellas," she said gently. "Green umbrellas—so I left 'em. I promised Penn I'd leave 'em. Oh, I ain't wand'ring in my mind or anything," she smiled. "Penny put 'em up there to *protect the ant-folks*—from us elephants above!"

He poked silently at the little crumpled leaves.

"Still full of business, ain't they?"

He continued to poke silently, unresentfully—as she hovered near him, a discouraged sort of thoughtfulness settling on his face.

"And we a-see-sawing up here like a shadow! Liable to swoop down on 'em any minute! *They can't get away from it—we can't get away from it!*" She raised a slow, prophetic finger, pointing upward.

"You look as if you were seeing things, Mrs. Torrey!" he broke out with a forced laugh of carelessness.

"No—but there's a first-class storm a-coming—" she went on in queer, far-away tones. "We can't—get away from it—it's a-coming right along—it's after us—Mr. Poore!"

He raised his head and looked up. A lurid stillness had dropped around them like a soundless warning—and his eyes traveled to the West which was charged, like some primal supply-station, with sinister, mounting clouds fraught with unknowable intent.

"It's—all there—" she droned. "It's coming—sure as fate. We can hide. We can get under cover. *We can sneak under green umbrellas.* But 'tain't no use." Her unblinking eyes rose higher, and the man beside her took in a deep, trembling breath.

"Gorgeous!" he broke out, his big voice hushed. "The way those mountains of night and fire roll up out of the West! Stupendous—isn't it?"

"Yes—we must get in—" she assented.

"Get in? Why, I wouldn't be hired to go in, Mrs. Torrey! You can't see anything like that once in ten years. Where's Mr. Torrey?"

"I don't know—he went up to the pasture. I should think 'twould be a good thing for him to be here looking after things."

"If he's in the East Pasture, I don't blame him for staying. Think I'll move round a little, myself." He wandered away from her, his eyes on the near, green hill which mounted gradually before him. He was half-way up the rising slope of the East Pasture when he turned round to find her following.

"You suppose Matthew Torrey's over the other side there?" she demanded.

"Haven't seen him yet. We'll see."

SHE clambered on against the rising wind, and he followed her to the top with long, easy strides.

"Matthew don't seem to be half responsible," she complained. She scanned the hill on its other side—did them they both turned, looking back across the long, green lap which spread out beneath them —to the smoking banks of clouds which seethed up from the western sky.

"Do you see it?" she challenged in a sort of triumph.

He stood like a silhouette upon the crest of the hill, his hat in his hand, his head thrown back to the high, rushing wind.

"Can I help you?" he suggested, as his companion struck off toward the trees at the north, her blown skirts clinging close about her as he trailed behind her.

"Twould be about like Matthew to have the new car up here for the afternoon," she explained, peering into the green recesses there before her. "No it don't seem to be about." Her glance shot down to the house below, standing out very clearly on the smooth, green lap. "What's *becomes* of that man, anyway!" she recoiled.

The leaping piles of black fire still swept from somewhere—out of an eternal West—and she bent forward.

"*Listen*—will you? No—that ain't thunder. This is—just—more *wind*—Mr. Poore!"

He bent forward, himself, reaching out an arm to her, and jamming his hat away down low upon his head.

"You'd better—get back!" he agreed.

"There's Penny—for one thing! Might think—I was in a responsible person!"

"Sound asleep—isn't he? *He's*—all right!" His eyes narrowed upon the house.

"See—his window curtain—blow?" he demanded, starting down the hill with hurrying steps.

"Yes, I see it." He glanced up at the middle sky. Great, galloping armies were there now, sweeping steadily down on them.

"Look out there, Mrs. Torrey!" he warned, his hand clutching at her arm.

She was on her knees, but she sprang to her feet again with a look of curious appeal. "Nothing—but all of a sudden!" she explained faintly—"with the—shadow—still above 'em! See 'em go—poor critters!" She threw up a futile gesture toward the down-dropping sky, her lips moving. "Green—umbrellas—don't—save—us—" she was whispering. But it was lost under a shivering crash of thunder.

"Come on, Mrs. Torrey!" His arm was reaching out again. "It's the rain! We must—get along!"

They lurched ahead once more down the green slope, that still beating about them, and the rain pouring on them from some unloosened, saltless sea.

"What'd I ever come—here for—anyway!" she challenged. And there was another crack—like ammunition—with the lightning. The rain-washed hill seemed to have turned over beneath their feet. But they were somehow going on again without talking about it, their eyes straining down upon the house below.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

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Green Umbrellas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

"*Look!*" she screamed. He felt her clutch of terror as her cry came again. "Oh—*look!*" she implored.

"What—*is* it?" he panted, as she pulled him on with a new, almost savage, strength. His frightened eyes were following hers as they might have in a nightmare. And in a nightmare he clearly saw the little curling flame creep higher—and wave brightly at them from a curtained window down below—while his feet slipped and lingered like dull weights in the wet and clinging grass.

"*I—know it!*" she accused wildly. "Oh, Penny! Oh—how could I—" it trailed off hopelessly. "*Run!*" she beseeched.

She heard his low breath as he pushed ahead of her—and with a clenched, white face she struggled after him.

Would it never end—this slipping, stumbling, nightmarish flight across the long lap of wet grass still stretching out before them? Was it a lap designed only to trap them—and to hold them there forever in its slippery, green embrace?

"Oh—Penny!" she was repeating in little whispering moans. "Oh—Penny!" She reached out to the man ahead of her. She was close upon him. "We're—coming!" she soothed faintly. She was still close upon him. The East Pasture rose up behind them. "Coming—oh—how could I?" A lap of green pools was flickering away behind them. The barn was there—behind them, too. And the watering-trough. "Oh—Penny—" came the little sounds. And they were in the north yard. She was very close upon him—now. She was almost at his side as he leaped across the ruts path—and her breast rose with a new-given, conscious strength. She was there with him—to help him. Whatever the unknown need might be—she was there.

"Oh, *God!*" he swore, pulling savagely at the firmly-hooked screen-door. "What's the *matter*—with it? *Penn!*"

It gave way under his straining hand—and he was leaping on up—over the stairs—he was inside there in the smoky hall-bearing down upon a closed, white door. Pink smoke was drifting out around it—and her hand came to him as he pushed through to the burning room.

"*Where are you—Tommy!*" he screamed fighting his way past every undistinguishable thing of flame to the flaming bed. "*Where—is—he? Penn!*"

It was a helpless, savage sound, a last cry of misery and broken down defeat. "Mrs.—Torrey—" he sobbed.

HER arm was hard around him as she dragged him back to the door. "Come!" she was repeating. "Come. No. You can't *stay* here. Not here. No—you're going with me. With me. Just as—I say." Her voice had sunk to an almost soundless call—but she led him on with the sure, still arm, and he followed with childish, whimpering cries—not looking back.

She had paused only for a moment under the black pines. As they stretched up like hushed sentinels above her, and she caught another quivering breath, her ceaselessly vigilant eyes were everywhere. With haunted swiftness they swept from the blackened house to the crowds of neighbors still moving there—beneath it, and mumbling to each other of the deluge which had kept it whole; they swept on to Matthew, with liner of anguish upon his gaunt, white face; they rose in dumb appeal to a broken window just above, and yet always they returned to the wide-eyed, never-resting man beside her. Wherever he had wandered she had been there, too, her arm always resting upon him—mastering his. And now their trembling feet hovered together, beneath the pines, while she tried to plan, to hit upon something—some final spot of rest where she might lead him. The same plan and purpose was reaching toward them from the timid, yearning faces shimmering to and fro before them; the same plan and purpose reached out with a helpless, dull longing from Matthew, as he shuffled nearer.

But she felt the clutch of the man beside her. His hand was on her skirt like a ghost-child's hand, and her own came down very firmly and held it close.

"What? What did you say?" she asked him gently, and again there came the threatening whisper that she had heard before. But he felt her grip upon his shoulder, and once more her eyes had his.

"No—you—will—not," she told him. "You—will—not. You will face it. You will go through it. To the end. You will have the strength. Because—there *is* God—whether you know it or not!"

His face was on hers like a white flame. "God! You—say that—*to me*! *Do you dare!*"

His trembling fist rose above her. "*God!* And—you *dare!*"

She met him with a white, unshrinking face.

"*God!*", he challenged her—"Let Him—*Show Himself*—then! Let Him come out and *Be* Somebody—just for once! He's got the finest chance—He ever had handed to Him! Come on! *Come out!* Just *Show Yourself*—for a change—and help a little!" He laughed with sneering, coarse sounds.

"Where's — my wife? I — want — my wife! I want—my wife! Where's—my child? My wife—my child—my wife—my child—my—my wife—my——"

Her eyes had left him. She was looking past him, past them all—to a straight, damp road which led away to Long Street. She caught at the air for a breath—and her hand rose to her throat. Her eyes were frightened when they came back to him.

"Oh—God—", she prayed—"make us strong—enough—to bear it!"

SHE saw him turn. "Hush! Look—at me! No—*wait!* Not there! *Wait!* Not—*yet!* Not—there—" she shrank back and he raised his head. She felt him quiver as her arm reached out. Then he stood quite still. Quite still, with a staring face which pierced ahead through soundless spaces. For out of some immensurable distance they were coming on with still feet—straight on toward him, and the waiting pines. They were, not frightened. The color was flashing in her cheeks, just as it used to do—and up there in her arms—high up there in her arms—a little, nightgowned, beaming boy flashed down his joy-lit eyes on all the world.

There was no breath on the air. They moved on steadily—past all the others—toward the frightened man beneath the trees. And still the color flashed in her cheeks—and still the little boy beamed down with his arms tight about her neck.

The frightened man had stirred. It was her voice. Her old, low voice. And it came naturally—perfectly naturally—just as it used to do.

"He was—*watching*—for me—" it said. "*Watching*—up there—from the window."

She came on still nearer. It was her old, low laugh.

"Of course—he *ought* to have been asleep. But instead of that—I could see his little face up there—peering out—between the curtains. I saw it—quite far away. And he saw me."

She moved her hand before her eyes.

"And he—of course—he didn't *stay* there—then. And he didn't *walk out* to meet me—either!" It was the old, low laugh again. "He—flew out! Why, I think I never saw anything—fly *quite* so fast!" Her hand brushed at her eyes. "I—I think it was—time I came. He seemed—to be—almost—in *real need*—of his mother!" She dropped a surreptitious kiss upon the small cheek next her own—and her feet paused.

"Of course you know—the storm—caught us. And we have been waiting ever since—in a tobacco-barn—I think!"

"We might be in a tobacco-barn!" the ring sang about. And her laugh was on the face of the beaming boy.

But her hand reached out. It trembled just perceptibly, and the man before her shrank pitifully as his own hands groped before him.

"*Don't go!*" he cried.

"Why, no—" soothed the old, low voice. "But don't look so frightened! We're not a dream! Not a dream—dear heart! We're here beside you—right beside you!"

She touched him—and he shivered back into a deep, aching world of reality.

"Oh, God!" he implored, his face straining up—up above here—to the clearing sky. "*God!*"

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The Luck of Geraldine Laird

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

know who I could *do*," Geraldine, anxious not to seem disobliging, resumed presently.

"There's always Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore," her mother suggested.

"Oh but Mother, every one must be sick of those—I've done them for years!" the younger woman protested. "I do 'Peg o' My Heart' pretty well," she admitted dubiously.

"Why don't you offer just to fill in if they need you, Jerry?" Mrs. Fitzpatrick asked eagerly.

But Geraldine's face suddenly darkened, as the heavy question of Dean and Dean's happiness arose again in her mind.

"No," she said lifelessly, "I somehow don't feel as much like that sort of thing as I used to."

Her bright mood of the afternoon was gone, she felt weary and dispirited as she went down-stairs. A fresh, unpleasant odor of boiling mutton soup was in the hall, the Spring night was heavy and warm. With the strong, sweet scent of lilac, coming in the hall doorway, came also the stale heat of the street and the sound of children's voices noisy in the twilight.

THEY were at dinner when Dean came in; he had to go out immediately after it. His voice, he said, was at last considering the possibility of a New York office. This, Geraldine knew, had long been a favorite dream of his, and she said to herself to-night that it explained his apathy toward the Hyde Park Wood plan that had been amusing her all afternoon.

"It would be very unwise of us to consider any move now," he assured her, vaguely.

"You mean that your uncle may send you—send us—to New York?" she asked, puzzled by his indefinite yet excited hints.

"You see I could work for two hours every morning," he said, half to himself, "breakfast at eleven, and spend the afternoon as I do here, you know."

"But he wouldn't pay you your full salary for that?" Geraldine asked, after turning the matter over in her mind for a few minutes.

"Oh, no—I suggested a very substantial reduction!" Dean said.

They were up-stairs, Geraldine straightening the tumbled room while he changed his collar and brushed his hair before going out again. She looked at him with a puzzled brow.

"But how could we manage that?" she asked, simply. "We never seem to be a penny ahead of the game now!"

"I should be writing," he said, stiffly.

"But would that pay—for a long while?" she asked, honestly puzzled.

Dean, struggling with his collar, answered only with a look of annoyance, and there was a silence.

"How did you mean to arrange that, Dean?" she asked patiently.

"I really don't know!" he answered briefly.

His wife, after a moment's puzzled look, shrugged her shoulders, and went out of the room. She knew that, where his work was concerned, all details of a practical nature were irksome to him; he shrank away from them as from something painful and humiliating. So she let him go to-night, indulgent, feeling a little angry at him, but more pitying—poor Dean, who longed so for the picturesque and beautiful in life—and she welcomed an unexpected call from Louis Redding, later in the evening, with a genuine sense of relief.

"Louis, you angel!" she exclaimed, drawing him into the old sitting-room. "I'm so glad to see you. Every one else is out; we can talk!"

"Not angry with me?" the painter asked, holding her hands.

"Angry? Why should I be?"

"I've quarreled with Dean, you know," he said, sitting down beside her on the old horsehair sofa.

"Quarreled!"

"Yes. Didn't he tell you?" Louis gave a concerned look about. "He came home?" he asked quickly.

"To-night, yes. He's gone off to see his uncle again. There's some talk of a New York agency," Geraldine said, made vaguely uneasy by the other's manner.

"Well, this morning I told him that he couldn't stay any longer," Louis said, his ruddy face flushing a deeper red, and his voice constrained. "I told him it wouldn't do."

"DID he tell you what made him so furious?" Geraldine asked, after a moment's thought.

"Gave me some idea of it, yes. It was George," the painter answered.

"It always is some member of my unfortunate family," Geraldine confessed.

"But I've made up my mind, Louis," she added. "Things can't go on this way. Right or wrong, Dean is my husband, you know, and I can't stand this. It comes at a particularly awkward time, and I dare say it will make my mother wild, but I'm going to take one of those houses up at Hyde Park Wood. I'll have to! He mustn't think that he can walk out of the house—every time he gets angry—"

"Oh, you're very wise, Jerry! I'm awfully glad you've decided to do that!" Louis Redding exclaimed approvingly. "It made me very frightful to have him come to me, and yet I didn't like to tell him that he couldn't—and I didn't like to telephone you, and get mixed into it—"

"I knew where he was," she said smiling. "I suppose I ought to be terribly angry about it—at him, not at you! But the truth is, I feel sorry for Dean," Geraldine went on. "It's hard for him, being mixed in with the family here, and that's what makes him so irritable. I've come to realize it, somehow, just lately. Mother leta hills run. George has his yelling, smoking friends all over the place—it's very different from the dignified, beautiful living Dean would like."

Louis patted her hand in brotherly fashion. "I think I would humor him a little for a while," he advised. "Let the rest go, and coax him back into good-nature!"

"I will," she promised seriously, walking with him to the door. "I really will! I'll take him out to see a house I like in Hyde Park Wood, and I'll tell Mother and George that they'll have to get along here without me—that's all."

"I'll help you get settled, and enthuse——" he assured her. Geraldine laid her hand on his coat collar, as he stood a step below her, with his rosy handsome face smiling up at her. She had never felt so close to Louis before.

"Ah, you'll always be the best friend we ever had!" she said affectionately. And she went back into the empty house a little stirred and touched because of Louis's ardent, almost confused look, and at the impulsive fashion in which he had lifted her linked hands to his lips. It was almost—thought Geraldine—as if there had been a hint of moisture in his eyes—

SHE did not see Louis again until the second night of the Bazaar, when he threaded his interrupted way to her stall. Geraldine, always good natured, had offered to relieve two weary young women at the pillow-counter, and was surrounded with wares. She gave him a comfortable seat beside her, and they watched the streaming throngs, drank in the atmosphere of pop-corn and perfume, and listened to the unceasing murmur of voices and shuffling of feet, and the intermittent noise of the orchestra.

"Dean home?" Louis asked, with a sudden keen look.

Geraldine's color rose, and she dropped her eyes. All the brightness left her face.

"Not last night!" she said, in a suddenly thickened voice.

"He wasn't with me last night," Louis said. "And he wasn't in his office to-day."

"Walking it off, maybe; he was very cross yesterday morning, I don't know about what," Geraldine murmured. "I rather think I'm going to cry," she added, smiling up at him. "Here are the girls back," she added, rising. "Take me off somewhere—I'm almost crazy with thinking and worrying!"

He watched her with concern while she transferred money and a pencilled note to two refreshed and grateful younger women, who established themselves joyfully at their stall again. But when they walked away he saw that that Geraldine's moment of weakness was over.

"I'm all right again," she assured him. "But I get worrying—he's so unlike himself, these days. Well, it's just one of the times—"

"You know there's talk of a New York agency," Louis said. "His heart seems set on it. I advise you if his uncle sends him there, and he wants you to go too, to make very light of the change!"

"But Louis—everything is here!" she protested. "Mother and all my friends——" She looked at him steadily, and interrupted herself. "Yes, you're right; I'll have to pretend I want to go!" she said.

"You might leave the little girls here, until you got settled," Louis suggested.

"Oh, no!" she said, stopping short in her slow walk across the gaily crowded hall. "Why should I?" But again she answered herself. "Yes, I see," she said slowly. "Perhaps so! I'll consider again."

"Exactly!" he approved. "Many a divorce would be avoided by a second honeymoon!"

A faint frown came between her eyes.

"Fortunately," she answered, "that consideration doesn't enter into our calculations!"

He did not answer, and after a moment's silence she looked at him in surprise, and a little consternation.

"Does it?" she asked.

Louis Redding shrugged. He realized, with satisfaction, that she was making her uneasy at last. She had been too sure of herself, and too sure of Dean, for many months. Meanwhile, to women like Geraldine, he mused, was the one immovable fixture in life

"It's George," she told him, after a few seconds' frowning thought. "It always is George—or some member of my family, somehow! I wish he could understand how Dean feels about things, or that Dean could understand him. But of course George is only a kid!"

Again Louis Redding, who was finding this little glimpse of her soul oddly interesting and absorbing, glanced at the troubled face of the woman beside him, and did not answer. Like all men, he found great charm in the incorrigibly idle and amiable George, and being a lonely man,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

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The Luck of Geraldine Laird

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

a rich man, and one who had never known the exigencies of life in a large family, he read the Fitzpatricks like a fascinating book. Their quarrels, their shiftlessness, their warm-hearted loyalty and love, their laughter and tears were a new world to him.

He had never been to a Bazaar of this nature before, and the atmosphere that was so entirely familiar to Geraldine, was new to him. The drooping bunting and wilted flowers, the decorated booths that were apparently so idle, and that were yet piling up profits at an amazing rate, the skating and giggling children, the gossiping women, the pushing and laughing groups, were like a different world.

THEY walked to the congested and riotous region where Mrs. Fitzpatrick, surrounded by a bevy of flushed and thrilling girls, was superintending the ice-cream tables.

"Here, let me do that, Mama!" Geraldine protested, taking charge of a tobacco box that was being used as a cash-box, and settling herself at a table. "How's business?"

"It's all right now," her mother admitted. "But it was something terrible this afternoon."

Geraldine, straightening quarters and dimes into orderly piles, laughed lightheartedly. Louis sat down beside her, and studied the flying girls with their plates of ice-cream, the stuffing, serious children, with blue eyes and freckles, the proud parents, the sticky coins, and the general bustle and hurry.

"Listen, dear," said a stout, pretty matron, stopping at their table, half an hour later, and fixing bright, interested eyes on Louis, while she murmured confidentially to Geraldine. "Listen, dear, we're having a terrible time with our talent—but I'm interrupting you?" she broke off, prettily.

Geraldine introduced Louis, with whom the matron had a bright exchange of words before she went on.

"Listen, dear, the Hall is full of people, and Tilly Flynn isn't here—and His Grace is here, and all, and you heard them clapping? They're all getting crazy for the regular program to begin. Now, Geraldine—"

"Frank Veats is here, make him sing," Geraldine said hastily.

"Well, he's going to, later. But you see Joe Cochran just sang, and altho Joe's voice isn't a patch on Frank's, Joe is a regular cut-up, and every one was yelling at him — and anyway, you promised you would, Geraldine, you certainly did! Come on, now—"

"Mama promised for me," Geraldine amended, resisting that tugging hand. "I haven't a costume, anyway!"

"Oh, you need a costume—I don't think!" the other young woman protested gaily. A dozen girls and women, grouped about, added an eager chorus of "Aw, come on, Geraldine—what do you care—aw, do, Jerry—you said you would—come on."

"Go ahead!" Louis said, joining them. Geraldine, trying not to be dislodged from her chair, gave him a half-laughing, half-significant glance.

"I don't *feel* like it——" she murmured. "Oh, you don't *feel* like it!" They would have none of that, and in the end she got to her feet, gave her purse to Louis, and slowly walked toward the stage, surrounded by vociferous and enthusiastic admirers.

"I feel like such a fool, I'm too old for this sort of thing!" he heard her protest mildly The answer was a general laugh.

There was a pleasant stir on the crowded floor as she threaded her way through; a general welcome and scattered clapping, and Louis heard a hundred voices murmuring together:

"There goes Geraldine—oh, goor! That's Geraldine Laird, she's a perfect boy terror! She's going to sing, I guess —there she goes now—they've got Geraldine Laird!"

When she walked, very simply, and smiling wistfully, back to the piano a moment later, there was an instant cessation of the shuffling feet, and sudden applause. She had brought no music, but by the simple expedient of turning up her skirt and pinning it in sweeping folds about her hips, knotting a big colored handkerchief about her throat, and a white one over her dark hair, she had quite metamorphosed herself, and looked mischievous and gipsyish and, Louis thought, entirely charming.

She's prettier in that rig, and smarter, than she ever is in anything else!", he reflected.

With a nod to Mary Kenney at the piano, Geraldine began to sing. She sang "Lesbia," all the three verses, every exquisite word perfect, and, Louis saw several of the older men and women wiping their eyes. Then she said that with their kind permission she would try a few imitations. At this there was a joyous uproar in the house; Geraldine, who had done something of this sort in his studio years before, had told Louis that without the applause she was absolutely unable to go on with the performance. Louis remembered to-night that her reception in the studio had been somewhat uncertain, and her performance consequently not at all at its best.

But to-night she was met with actual roars of approving laughter, and he laughed himself at the absurdity of her languishing Bernhardt, the throaty sweetness of her Barrymore, and the solemn, aged dignity of her Queen Victoria. Then she said that by request she would give a monolog, "The Lady in the Flat Over the Saloon," and this garrulous, ungrammatical, complaining impersonation astonished even Louis with its brilliance, and made the audience cry with pure joy.

"I suppose they will have me going through that absurd business until I am sixty!" Geraldine, sobered and thoughtful again, said to Louis a little later, when the heat and noise of the hall were left behind them, and they were walking home through the Spring night. It was not ten o'clock, but the quiet little back streets that they followed were dark and still. Geraldine had promised to free Lizzie for a few hours of dancing at the Bazaar, and had left her mother and brothers at the Hall.

"Well, by George, you are immense at it, Jerry," Louis said. "I've seen plenty of professionals not half so good! You know, you're such a kid that you really enjoy dressing up and playing a part more than sober home life!" he decided.

"With my heart like lead!" He caught a flashing look at her bright eyes in the starlight. "I've always heard that people could get through a thing, no matter what they were privately enduring," she mused, walking rapidly at his side, "and now I believe it! I've been worried before, of course. But to-night it seems as if I simply couldn't see any way out."

"Think of the first thing to do, and do it, and then the next—and so on," Louis advised. "Don't try to do too much at once."

She was silent, until they reached her own garden, and had mounted the porch steps. Then she gave him a friendly look, straight into his eyes, with her good night.

"And thank you, Louis. You're a good friend to us both!" she said.

"Good night," he answered, with that odd sense of being stirred again by this woman whom he had known intimately for six or seven years without a thrill. Perhaps it was the lingering excitement of her success at the Hall, perhaps this new trouble of hers, perhaps the new charm of her confidential relationship to him, and dependence on him.

"Dean is a fool!" he thought, walking home. "A woman like that could make anything of a man!"

Geraldine went up-stairs, and noiselessly lighted the gas in her own room. Both little girls were asleep in her big bed, their dark hair scattered about their small faces, which wore the angelic look of unconscious childhood. When she was undressed, and in a trailing, faded wrapper, she knelt beside them, and gathered two soft little hands against her cheek, while she said her prayers. Then she gently, and with the murmured words of babyhood, carried the younger child into the adjoining room.

SHE had already satisfied herself that Dean was not home; the big bed was empty. Geraldine tucked the child in warmly, stood looking about her with a mother's eye for possible drafts and chills, and finally went slowly back to her own room.

"Why——" she said, half-aloud. "Has this been here all this time?"

For there was a letter standing on her bureau

"Lizzie must have put that there, and forgotten to mention it," Geraldine mused. She took it in her hand, and a spasm of fear and distaste seized her. For it was addressed in Dean's hand.

Dean writing her? Sending her a letter, when she could have been summoned so easily to the telephone? It was strange, and she knew it was ominous, as well. She stood holding the letter in her hands, unwilling to open it, and yet feeling that, even unopened, its effect upon her life was to be incalculable.

"It *can't* be as bad as I think it is!" she said to herself, after a while. Better any reality than the vague and painful fears that were possessing her. She tore it open.

Immediately, throughout her whole body as well as soul, she felt the shock. It was not only worse than she had feared; it was the end. Youth died in her, as she began to read; joy and hope died. Geraldine felt that she herself might die in the sinking weakness and chill that swept over her.

She read it through twice, and began it a third time. Then she suddenly interrupted herself, and crushed the pages in her hand with a spasmodic gesture, and crushed the hand against her heart. She walked to the window, and looked out at the familiar, shabby garden, lighted now by a full moon, and into the dim street. The quiet neighborhood seemed to leer at her like a beloved face suddenly crazed and sneering.

"Dean!" Geraldine whispered, turning back into the room again. "Dean, my dear!"

She walked irresolutely to the door, came back, dropped into her own old chair, and re-opened the crumpled pages. Flattening them with one hand, and with the other propping her tired forehead, she once more went through his letter, from the first page to the last; sometimes looking wearily away into space for a while, with her eyes narrowed as if she were puzzled,

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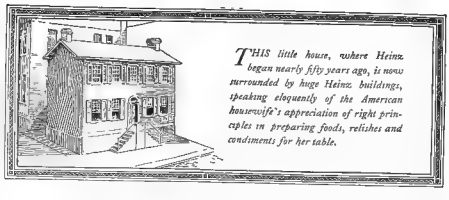

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The Luck of Geraldine Laird

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

and her full lower lip caught with her teeth, and once letting her head fall back against the chair, and pressing her fingers tightly against her eyes.

This was the letter:

"My Dear Geraldine I have been thinking this matter over for several days, and have come to the conclusion that it is time to end it. I have promised my uncle to take a New York agency for the firm, and will be there when you read this. I am to work for half a day only, and be paid $25 a week, and a small commission on such orders as I can get in the afternoons. In the mornings I shall write. Of course I am well aware that you have no sympathy with my ambition in this direction, but I believe that the time has come to decide between dragging my life out here, in an environment and among people I despise, or having the courage to develop my life in my own way.

"I am tired of the struggle to make a success of our marriage, tired of everything in connection with it. This is not a loud thing to say, perhaps, but it is better to be honest now, and have it all over at once. I have been unhappy and discontented for years. In a word, I am sick of the whole business; it has never been a success, and it never could be. You and I do not think alike about anything in life.

"While you accept my decision on this subject, I will see that you receive a check for twenty-five dollars every week. It is not a large sum according to your brothers' ideas of finance, but it will enable you to pay your mother a fair board, and to feel independent. But I do this only on condition that you agree not to attempt to follow or see me, and that you consider our marriage *as over*. Should you follow me to New York, I shall simply go away from there, and from every other city to which you trace me. I do not wish to see you, or to see the children, and any notoriety that is given the matter will proceed entirely from you. I have meditated this step for several weeks, and feel sure that you must eventually respect my honesty in telling you that I am tired of the arrangement, and that it is, in any case, my only chance to lead the life for which I am fitted. Give your family to understand as much or as little as you like, of this letter, but remember that I shall immediately resist any steps toward a reconciliation by making a move that will put it out of the question. You can easily secure my address, and easily follow me, of course; but I advise you to consider well the inevitable result of such a step."

That was all, except the full signature of Warren Dean Laird. The letter was hand-written, in his beautiful, square penmanship, on club paper. Geraldine had a vision of him there, in the club's quiet writing-room, at this long afternoon, while she was wondering about him, filling page after page with the ugly, bitter words.

She felt ill. Her throat was dry, her hands icy, and actual pangs of pain ran through her whole body. It was as if the contents of the envelop had poisoned her, and the insidious drug were slowly wrapping her in its grip. Moments went by, hours went by, and still she sat there, staring dully ahead of her, shivering as the Spring night wore on, brooding, brooding, brooding.

The impudence of it!—she thought, in one mood. The audacity of the married man, father of beautiful children, husband of a devoted and virtuous woman, to dare —to *dare* to send her such a letter!

"But you can't do that, Dean!" she said, aloud. "No, indeed, you can't! Marriage would be a very different affair if every time a man got angry he could go to his club and write a letter like this! No, you can't do it—"

Her voice fell, and she sat vaguely staring into space. The letter was horribly definite. Suppose he meant all this, and Dean usually meant what he said; suppose he meant that he really was going to evade her, and continue to evade her, in that cold, quiet way that was characteristic of him in certain moods? Then experiences of a humiliating and painful nature were before her.

And unless she accepted the distasteful terms of this hideous letter, he might make their trouble public, and the good old name—and her own life—and, worst of all, the little girls' innocent lives, would be blasted forever!

Take his money, under these circumstances?—her thought flamed on— Never! That at least would be spared her. She would live along here with Mother and the girls, in quiet and dignity, until he came to his senses. When that hour came, he should be punished! And meanwhile, no one must know. She must bear it in silence and in secrecy. She must face it—

"Why, but I can't face it!" she broke off, speaking aloud again. "It's too awful; it's too monstrous! Dean, my own husband—he can't mean it!"

She read the letter again, and sat thinking, in a great dullness and coldness of spirit. It was monstrous, it was unbelievable. But it was the simple fact.

"I've heard of it all my life," Geraldine whispered, tears starting to her burning eyes at last. "I never realized what it meant, before. I guess I'm—deserted."

To be continued in Pictorial Review for November; will end in the January issue.

Giving a Dolly Dingle Hallowe'en Party

See Cut-out on Page 48

YOU can give a splendid witch party on Hallowe'en with the help of Dolly Dingle and Billy Bumps. Set your table for four, using the magic caldron, the black cat, the big green-eyed Jack-o'-lantern, and the three little "Jacks" sitting on a cucumber, pasted on plain white cards, for your place-cards.

The three-cornered designs shown on the Cut-out page are to be made into four witches' caps, for favors for your guests. Lap the colored edges of the caps over the white edges and use the circles (Thimble, Black Boy, Gold, and Wedding Ring) as bottoms. You can see these caps in the photograph above, at the left of each plate. Don't forget to put the black masks on Dolly Dingle and Billy Bumps and to give Billy his yellow cap for the party.

The paper napkins have a Hallowe'en design and there are late Autumn flowers in the center of the table.

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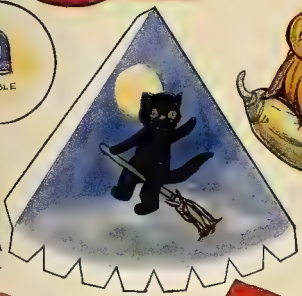
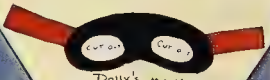
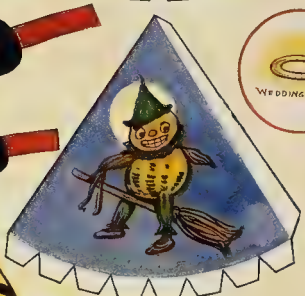
DOLLY DINGLE CELEBRATES HALLOWE'EN

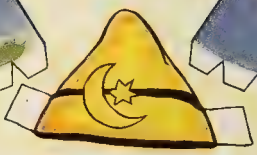
By GRACE G. DRAYTON

See Instructions on Opposite Page









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Dining-Room Linens Trimmed with Fruit Design Filet Crochet

By ANNE ORR

No. 92—A dainty serving-napkin

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 92. Quite new is this serving-napkin shown just above. It is a double square of linen joined all round except at one corner, which is left open so that the maid's hand may be inserted. At this corner a triangular crochet motif replaces one layer of the linen which is cut away. The entire napkin, which is seven inches square, is finished with a simple crochet edging. The corner motif is turned back

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No 93. Baskets of fruit and trailing grape-vines form the design of this charming pattern, shown above

No. 93—A buffet-cover that will appeal to all with its appropriate fruit design. It measures eighteen inches wide by twenty-four inches long

See the Embroidery Catalog No 19, for many novelties in luncheon sets, tea cloths, and other household embroideries. 20 cents a copy by mail, 25 cents

No. 92—A picot edge finishes this napkin

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions Nos. 94 and 95. Carrying out the motifs of baskets of fruit and grape-vine used in the other pieces of this dining-room set, the result is this handsome luncheon-cloth. Two versions of it are shown here. The one at the left of the page is quite attractive, tho less elaborate than the one to the right, which has a center motif of crochet, sixteen inches square. This center motif can also be used as a tray-cloth or separate doily. Napkins like those belonging to the bridge set could be quite appropriately used with this cloth which is forty-five inches square

No. 94—A luncheon-cloth measuring forty-five inches square

Nos. 94 and 95—A center medallion added to this luncheon-cloth

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions Nos. 96, 97, and 98. Unusually charming are the three baskets of fruit of which the designs for this bridge set are composed. The napkins shown here have different designs, but if preferred the same one can be used for all the napkins. The cloth and each napkin has a square insert of filet crochet in one corner as illustrated here and is surrounded with a few rows of open mesh filet finished with the same pretty edging that is used on the serving-napkins. A narrow hem finished with a row of double hemstitching finishes the linen of the cloth whereas the napkins have the crochet joined to the linen with a roll hem which makes a more simple finish for the smaller articles. Two napkins may be worked in each design. They measure twelve inches square and the cloth measures thirty-two inches square. For working directions and charts of Nos. 93, 96, 97, and 98, send 10 cents and a stamped self-addressed envelop to the Embroidery Department, Pictorial Review, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

Nos. 96, 97, and 98—A dainty bridge set. Two napkins may be made of each design

No. 99—A sideboard cover illustrated below; that measures twenty by forty-four inches

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 99. At the bottom of the page is the sideboard cover which completes this set. On three sides is an attractive border varying in width an a most pleasing manner giving the linen center a most effective shape. In accord with the other pieces the linen is finished with a narrow double hemstitched hem. An embroidered monogram placed in the center of the long side would add a touch of individuality to this sideboard cover. The two motifs in this design, the grape-vine corner and the larger basket of fruit, might be adapted to many purposes, being used either separately or together. If the square were completed the result would be an exceptionally handsome luncheon-cloth. To the ingenious woman many attractive uses will occur which are suited to her own purposes. Upon receipt of 10 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop working charts and directions of Nos. 92, 94, 95, and 99 will be sent by the Embroidery Department, Pictorial Review, 214-226 W. 39th Street, New York City

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Embroideries Add Charm to Household Linens

No. 12075—Coronation braid and mercerized cotton are combined in this charming scarf design

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12075, blue, 15 cents. Illustrated above is a very attractive side-board or serving-table scarf, 18 by 52 inches, to be embroidered in coronation braid and mercerized cotton.

No. 12075—Design stamped on white "Part Linen" material, $1.30; white coronation braid, and embroidery cotton in yellow and brown, 90 cents.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12019, blue, 10 cents. Charming embroidery designs for two 15-inch towel ends are provided in this pattern, illustrated below. Two- or three-letter monogram, 2¼ to 3 inches high, 40 cents.

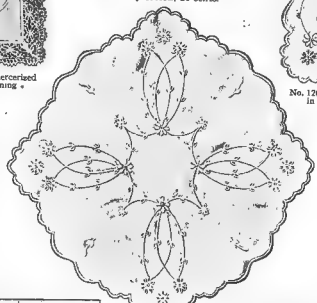
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12281, blue, 15 cents. The dainty embroidery of this buffet scarf may be worked in eyelet and raised satin stitch with the edges buttonholed.

No. 12281 — Design for buffet scarf stamped on white "Part Linen" material, $1.10; white embroidery cotton, 30 cents.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12092, blue, 15 cents. This centerpiece is quite novel in design, and is embroidered in eyelet, raised satin, and stem stitches. The four flowers that are at the center of the design may be embroidered in raised satin stitch, while the groups at each of the four corners may be worked in eyelet stitch. The centerpiece which is 18 inches in diameter is illustrated below, while at the upper part of the page (right) a scarf is illustrated, No. 12074, which matches the centerpiece.

No. 12092—Design for centerpiece stamped on white "Part Linen" material, 65 cents; white embroidery cotton, 20 cents.

No. 12074—This table-runner or scarf matches in design the centerpiece just below at the left



No. 12092 — A novel centerpiece

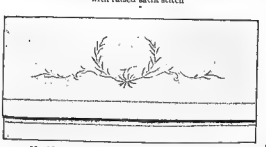
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12074, blue, 15 cents. Here is a table-runner or side-board scarf which matches the centerpiece No. 12092 illustrated at the left at the center of the page. The scarf is 18 by 52 inches. The leaves and some of the daisies are in eyelet stitch, the stems in outline, and the other flowers are in raised satin stitch. Quite a novelty is shown in the scalloped edge, the scallops in varied sizes.

No. 12074—Design for table-runner or scarf stamped on white "Part Linen" material, $1.35; embroidery cotton, 30 cents.

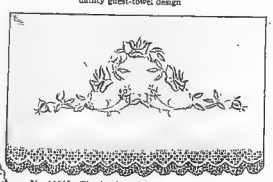
No. 12019—The always effective eyelets are combined with raised satin stitch

Be sure to get the latest Pictorial Review Book of Crocheting and Knitting (No. 2) which gives 52 of the newest designs with complete working charts and detailed descriptions. Price 25 cents; by mail 30 cents.

No. 12018—The pattern provides two transfers of this dainty guest-towel design



No. 12020—Dainty embroidery for a guest-towel

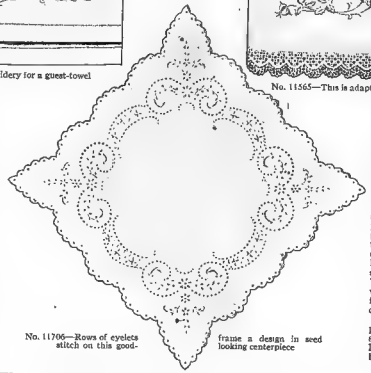


No. 11565—This is adapted for towels and pillow-cases

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12020, blue, 10 cents. Just above is illustrated a 15-inch guest-towel embroidered in raised satin stitch. The pattern contains three transfers of this embroidery motif.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11706, blue, 15 cents. A gracefully embroidered centerpiece like this adds much to the attractiveness of the table. The design is worked in eyelet stitch with two double rows of seed stitch in each corner. The centerpiece is 23 inches square.

No. 11706—Design stamped on white "Part Linen" material, 80 cents; white embroidery cotton for working the design, 40 cents. The finished piece well repays all the time and trouble expended. *Ideal* for Christmas or the Hope Chest.

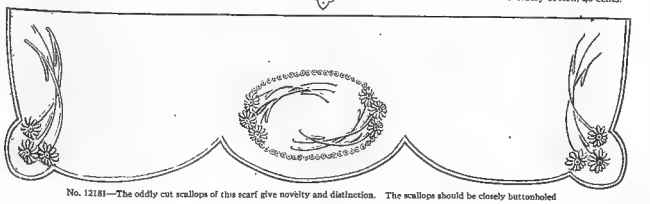


No. 11706—Rows of eyelets stitch on this good-frame a design in seed looking centerpiece

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12018, blue, 15 cents. A dainty guest-towel to be worked in eyelet, raised satin, stem, and buttonhole stitches. The pattern provides two transfers of the design.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11565, blue, 15 cents. This design is suitable for towel ends or pillow-cases, and the pattern provides transfers for two towels or one pair of pillow-cases. The design is embroidered in seed, raised satin, and outline stitches. The edge may be finished with filet crochet lace made from No. 70 or 80 white crochet cotton.

No. 11565 — Design for pair of pillow-cases 36 by 45 stamped on white "Part Linen" material, $3.40; embroidery cotton, 40 cents.



No. 12181—The oddly cut scallops of this scarf give novelty and distinction. The scallops should be closely buttonholed

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Pictorial Review Mother Club

Send in the Registration Blank and Become a Member

Conducted by ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

AUTHOR OF "KEEPING BABY WELL." "THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER'S OWN BOOK." ETC.

OFTEN an unexpected introduction leaves you aglow with the feeling that you have clasped hands with an exceptionally fine character. You may know nothing of the life, work, or interests of this new acquaintance, you may realize that you have small chance of meeting her again, yet, after parting, you will say, "How glad I am that I met her. She is so worth while."

To any one as experienced in reading letters as I am, a message in pen and ink may leave exactly the same spiritual glow. Often I hand it to my secretary or some member of my family with the comment, "A letter like this makes me feel that living and working are both worth while."

Mothers I Am Glad to Know

SOMETIMES the message comes from a woman who has conquered difficulties or grief, until her serenity shines between the lines of her letter. Sometimes she has risen above a desperate situation. And in this day of national stress we need the services of just such women in the home and in the community. So I want you to know them, too.

Permit me to introduce Mrs. W. A. W., of Illinois.

"In reading the Mother Club Page, I notice that most of our members have little to do except take care of their babies, and have plenty of room, and helps to work with. Mine is a message to mothers who must do the best they can with next to nothing.

"All my married life, I have lived in two little rooms, have done all my own work, including washing and ironing. I raise a garden, and last year put up seventy-five gallons of fruit. We have to carry all the water we use, and as my husband's work takes him away from the house nearly all day, I carry my share. When I want milk for my baby, I can not go to the refrigerator, nor do I depend on a milkman.' Every morning and evening, before or after feeding-time, I walk a quarter of a mile to milk. And all this I am glad to do because we want to own our home.

"We live six miles from the doctor, and I have no telephone, so I must depend upon prevention of illness, not on cure, in caring for my baby. To date, I have never had to send for the doctor, but I have been greatly helped by the little book written by the editor of our Club Page, Mrs. Richardson. Friends and relatives first laughed at my magazine methods of baby-raising, but I have done the best I could in my circumstances, and now they say I have the best baby they ever saw.

"This is the schedule I have followed since Baby was three months old:

7.00 A. M. Breast-feeding. Change when finished, but I never unrose nor dress baby until.
9.30 A. M. When she is put on chair, bathed and dressed.
10.00 A. M. Breast-feeding, finished with bottle-feeding. Sleeps until 1 P. M., then breast-feeding, finished with bottle, change, and play until 2.
2 to 4 P. M. Sleep.
4.00 P. M. Breast-feeding, followed by bottle. Plays until sleepy, usually about 5.30.
7.00 P. M. Breast-feeding followed by bottle. She sleeps alone and is never rocked to sleep.

"Until my baby was three months old, I fed her every two hours, because I knew no better. At four months I had to start the mixed feedings. At six months she weighs nearly nineteen pounds and is as good as gold.

"Mothers who have trouble raising babies by schedule, with their bathrooms, running water, laundries, and even maids, please notice that we have taken on do it without the conveniences, and in spite of all our work."

Mrs W —is right. No mother can *buy* system and efficiency. We achieve it by personal effort and sacrifice

HAVE you ever taught school?

"I have—and I know it is nerve-racking work which is poor preparation for motherhood. So I take special pleasure in introducing Mrs. E. E. L., of Ohio.

"I was married at the age of twenty-nine, after nine years of teaching. Of athletic physique, but nervous temperament, the indoor life and mental strain of college work and teaching had undermined my constitution until I had become a nervous dyspeptic. As a grand finale, neuritis put me at the mercy of doctors and nurses. Upon recovering from this attack, I married and entered upon the life of a farmer's wife. I wanted little ones very much, but was afraid my general health would not give a child a fair start in life.

"After two years of farm life my health was greatly improved, and I entered upon the months of waiting for motherhood with confidence that, with the proper care of myself, I could have a healthy baby. I observed carefully a few simple rules, discarded corsets entirely, and lived about my usual duties. I studiously avoided such things as I had learned might aggravate nervousness—late hours, sewing and fancy work, etc. I found much help in PICTORIAL REVIEW and also in the Government bulletin on 'Prenatal Care.'

"Up to the day before our little son's arrival, I did the greater part of the housework, and cared for the pigs and cows, between 6 30 A. M. and 6 30 P. M., while my husband was in the city at his office. Some women might think *this* last an unnecessary task, but I felt that it took me out-of-doors at regular hours and gave me wholesome exercise.

"My confinement was perfectly normal—so easy as to be uninteresting, my nurse and doctor declared. The baby weighed eight and a half pounds, and was a tall, solid little fellow. Fearing that I might not be able to provide for him sufficiently, the nurse fed me upon such a tempting and nourishing diet that soon the supply far exceeded the demand. I followed the development of little Junior with great interest, for he was just a little older than my own baby, and I profited each month from some helpful suggestion in his records. Our little son, now a year old, is twenty-seven inches tall and weighs twenty-two pounds. He has eight teeth, which came with almost no trouble. He has walked alone since he was eleven months old. He has never had an illness, and is almost weaned. I attribute his good health, since taking the breast-milk from him, to a careful observance of your advice on infants' diet.

"Let other worn-out school teachers take courage from my experience. I am sure motherhood may be to them the joy it has been to me, if they, too, give Nature a chance."

Mothers, please notice that Mrs. E. E. L. did not bear a child until her health was in condition to give her baby a fair start in the world. When we have voluntary motherhood or birth control, we will have stronger children, because their mothers will be fit and willing to bear them.

NEXT, meet Mrs. B. M. M., of Florida. Her letter will give courage to every mother whose baby is, or has been, seriously ill.

"At four months, my baby weighed six pounds; result, a long siege of cholera infantum. His right shoulder, arm, and hand were paralyzed, and three doctors held out only a faint hope of his living or recovering the use of his arm. His life depended upon his food and my care.

"His bowels were washed out twice a day with salt water (one teaspoonful to the pint). Barley water with malt sugar was his only food for three weeks. Gradually skimmed milk (boiled five minutes) was added, until the formula was six parts milk and two parts barley water. For six months the milk was boiled and skimmed, then the boiling discontinued, unless there was looseness of the bowels. Cream was added very gradually, increasing one-half teaspoonful a week. At one year he now drinks whole milk. The barley gruel was changed to oatmeal, which he eats as porridge. The whites of two raw eggs, together with all the dry toast he wants, make up his daily ration. Occasionally he has beef-juice or orange-juice.

"During these months only one other thing in our home compared in importance with the feeding of our baby, and that was the treatment I was giving his arm. My friends all said it was useless, even the doctors were not encouraging, but as I could not see my boy grow up different from other boys, I carried him to a local hospital. An X-Ray was made of the shoulder, arm, and hand. Then the doctor taught me the position, action, and suitable massage of the various muscles. Two hours a day I spent massaging my baby with olive-oil and cocoa-butter. The little fingers, arm, hand, and shoulder were rubbed, twisted, moved, and worked in any possible movement that the other limb did naturally. For weeks there was no improvement; then one day he moved one finger. God only knows the feeling that passed through my whole being, as I watched that tiny movement. The doctor who had showed me the massage strokes exclaimed, 'It is wonderful! Keep on!' And I have kept on, until now there is no need. He plays with both hands and arms, holds heavy things, and pulls his wagon around with one arm as well as the other. One hand is a fraction smaller and the affected arm about half an inch shorter; otherwise there is no difference. He is a year old, walks, and weighs thirty pounds."

Can any mother of normal children appreciate the courage and persistency of Mrs. B. M. M., I wonder!

MRS. A. P. W —, of Washington, has something to say especially to those prospective mothers who inquire how to keep down the weight of babies before birth.

"My schedule in raising my two children has conformed as closely to Mrs. Richardson's program as possible for a farmer's wife who must take boarders, do garden work, and write, to help out in the finance department.

"In addition to the usual ideas of modern motherhood, I evolved one which I believe saved at least one life, when the second baby was born. After seeing neighbors sit and embroider and read and eat, exclusive of any other enjoyments, for several months previous to the birth of their abnormally fat, pasty looking children, I went as far to the opposite extreme as was reasonable, I deliberately alighted housework to stay out-of-doors, where I worked—with occasional rests, but steadily, for a woman—weeding, caring for hotbeds and cold-frames, transplanting, cultivating with a wheel-hoe, sitting down, many days, only for meals. The climate in the Pacific Northwest helped, of course. When the baby was born, with a fraction of the suffering customary to the women I knew, he weighed eight and one-half pounds, and I will confess he was pretty much skin and bone—but at the end of the first week, instead of having lost, he weighed eleven pounds. I thoroughly believe that, if all women would temper their 'sit-on-a-cushion-and-sew-a-fine-seam' system with a reasonable amount of outdoor work—not loafing, but work—there would be less suffering and more healthy babies.

"Of course I made mistakes—my worst was a stupid one. While I was nursing this second baby, only a few weeks old, he suffered from what appeared to be most serious digestive trouble, and it was over a week before it flashed upon me that the quantity of cottage cheese I was eating, as a substitute for meat, was resulting in too much casein for the baby.

"One labor-saver I could not do without —a large box on casters, which was bed and playhouse for both babies. This, on a screened porch, gave me freedom, and the babies their fresh air all day and on warm nights. I could never have found time to take them for a daily airing, and this 'bed-box' gave them twenty-four hours of it, except in the worst weather."

Drawing by Karl Sarah

© Ruth Bone

Colic and Its Cure

SO MANY mothers appeal for information concerning colic and its treatment that I have had a leaflet compiled by an eminent baby specialist. If *your* baby has colic, study this leaflet. It will tell you the cause and how to relieve the trouble. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelop when you write.

One of our members said, regarding a certain letter printed on this page, "That single letter was worth the price of an entire year's subscription to PICTORIAL REVIEW." If I were an expectant mother I should feel the same way after reading this message from Mrs. W——, of Washington.

I WANT you to know Mrs. E. R——, of Illinois, because the simple, uncomplaining spirit of her letter will make some of us feel that our burdens are not so grievous after all!

"I was very ill when my boy was born, and never knew a well hour till Sister came fourteen months later. Those nine months my husband started drinking. I worried and cried till my boy began to fail.

"My girl weighed nine pounds at birth. My milk was tested—almost perfect. She gained a pound in two weeks. Then I got up and took charge of things. Baby never slept till midnight, often it was later. My sickly little boy woke at five A. M. My husband was obliged to go to work to help me. I did all I could to save my milk, but my lack of sleep and worry were starving my baby. I tried many foods, strictly according to direction, and at regular hours, but she vomited everything. The skin lay loose in lengthwise folds on her little legs and arms. Then at six months she had inflammation of the bowels and I took her to a sanitarium for babies and left her there.

"For twenty-four hours they gave her thin barley water at regular intervals. The next twenty-four hours they gave an ounce or so of cow's milk in the barley water.

"She kept on losing, but when she was the thinnest, they told me to go home and follow directions. You may be sure, I did, tho I had given up hope of raising her. For four months, at 6, 10, 2, 6, and 10, she had a bottle containing two ounces of barley water and two ounces of whole milk. I got milk from a farmer, who had a modern tested cows in his herd. I prepared bottles for twenty-four hours at a time and put them on ice.

"Until she was ten months old I could not increase either the quantity or the quality of her food, but she had gained over six pounds. From then on I increased the formula according to her weight and comfort.

"She is three years old now, physically perfect—and of exceptionally sweet disposition. Daddy turned over a new leaf when we all got well again, too.

"I hope this has done some poor, worried mother as other mothers' letters have helped me."

Terms of Mother-Letter Contest

Letters must not be longer than five hundred words. Actual experience in infant care and feeding or child-raising must be described. Letters must be written in ink or typewritten on one side of the paper only and must be folded, not rolled. Postage must be prepaid. No letters will be acknowledged or returned. Address your letter to PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB, 214-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB
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For all cooking
SNOWDRIFT
TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE
Pure vegetable shortening
CHICAGO
PURE GUARANTEED PURE AND WHOLESOME AND FREE FROM ADULTERATION

SNOWDRIFT

In full weight packages
—airtight, so that Snowdrift is sure to be
pure and sweet and fresh

vegetable shortening

SNOWDRIFT was named Snowdrift on account of the first of the many good things you will notice about it—its extreme whiteness.

Snowdrift is pure. Its whiteness doesn't make it pure, but its whiteness is a symbol of its purity. It *is* just as pure and clean as it looks.

Snowdrift is vegetable—pure, rich, vegetable fat and nothing else.

If you have never cooked with a vegetable shortening before, the Food Administration has done you great service in suggesting that you try it now. Even if you already know how much nicer vegetable fat is, *fresh* Snowdrift will still prove a delightful surprise.

Snowdrift *is* fresh and sweet. Many good cooks never realize until they use Snowdrift, how sweet and fresh shortening *can* be, and how much better shortening *is* when it is really fresh.

This pure, white, fresh vegetable fat is a very practical and convenient shortening. It doesn't get too hard in winter nor too soft in summer to handle conveniently. Use it in all your cooking. Don't fail to try it in cake. Use it for frying as well as baking. For sauteing as well as for deep frying. It is equally good in all these uses. You have one fat for all purposes, delicate enough for your most delicate cake, inexpensive enough for all your frying.

Use it in the same way you always use shortening, only when you use it in place of butter, use about a quarter less (Snowdrift is all shortening) and add a little salt (Snowdrift contains no salt). In deep frying use it over and over. It does not retain the odor or taste—not even of fish or onions.

Snowdrift will make everything you cook a little better and everything cost a little less.

Snowdrift packages are *full weight*, in quantities convenient for different households—2, 4 and 8 pounds—2, 4 and 8 pounds *of shortening*.

You may begin to use Snowdrift because the Food Administration suggests cooking with vegetable fat, or because your neighbor has found Snowdrift so good. Whatever the reason that makes you try Snowdrift the first time, you will continue to use it for all your cooking, as your only shortening, because Snowdrift is so nice and white and fresh and good.

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120 Broadway, New York

for shortening, for frying, for all cooking

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Adds a pearly clearness
Stays on unusually long

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His eyes followed one, lingering on the smooth velvet of her cheek, the warm color, his senses delighting in the elusive fragrance that floated near. The other was forgotten, yet she, too, was young.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find two dimes for which send me your special powder offer. No member of my family has accepted this offer
Name
Address
City State
Flesh shade will be sent unless white or brunette is requested.

THE VILLAGE CUT-UP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

then he would grapple with his problem more desperately than ever.

It wouldn't do to tell you all the wonderful schemes that came to his mind—such as his boarding-house trust, for instance—or his idea of a powerful stereopticon to be used for advertising on the clouds at night. No; it wouldn't do to tell you all those grand ideas that Wally had, because if you haven't had them yourself yet, the chances are that some day you will, and why should I spoil good sport? But along toward the end of the Summer Wally's mind was suddenly turned into a more practical channel, and this is how it happened

EVERY Fall, when thirst declined and the thermometer fell, it was the custom of the Chilton-Channing people to lay off most of their soda-clerks, retaining only an irreducible minimum and not very keen about those. In the preceding Winters Wally had been retained, because of such things as his sprightly way with the lemons and the killing remarks he made to the stenographers about having their ice-cream sweet or sour. But that Summer Wally's manner had been so depressed that the manager of the Hudson-Fulton Branch had privately marked him for the annual Fall slaughter. The day after Labor Day, suddenly looking up and catching a lethal glint in the manager's eye, Wally had a premonition of just what was going to happen.

"Fifty a week—ebt!" he thought in something like a panic. "More like the G. B. for mine!"

In the increasing panic which Wally felt as he saw himself losing Mary for good and all, he found himself thinking, "If there was only some way of keeping the soda-clerks as busy in the Winter as they are in the Summer, then none of us would get the G. B."

And then, indeed, it was that Opportunity came along with her felt slippers and her velvet-covered knuckles and lightly tapped on Wally's door.

"By jingo, yes!" he muttered, all ears to hear, all mind to sense. "If I could only get up a brand-new line of Winter Drinks—I'll bet I wouldn't get the G. B then!"

The next moment he had started on his List.

"Hot chocolate and a spoonful of ice-cream in it," he thought. "Looks better than whipped cream and wouldn't cost any more. Something new, too. Hot coffee and ice-cream: that's another. Clam bouillon and a toasted cracker. Beef tea and one of those shiny little rolls like a lady-finger, the same as they have at Roe-sham-bo's. Chicken broth—with a big display in the window of everything that goes in it—nice plump chickens, and bunches of celery and all the rest of the things. And right in the center a cup of chicken broth on a classy little tray and napkin. And one of those electric toasters under the tray to keep the thing steaming. And a classy little banner pasted on the window 'Chicken Broth—Ten Cents—'"

All the rest of that day and far into the night, and all the rest of the week, Wally continued to elaborate his List of Winter Drinks—meaning by that everything that could be served in a glass, a mug, or a bouillon-cup— He was still Wally the Cut-up, you understand; but at last he was cutting-up to a purpose, planning a practical joke against Old Man Failure and putting the skids under that terrible demon of evil, the G. B.

Is it any wonder then that his List of Winter Drinks grew every hour? Is it any wonder that he continued to think of stunts both in the way of window-dressing and advertising that were simply bound to line a Winter-bitten public up against the soda-counters of the Chilton-Channing stores?

Suppose you were fond of tomatoes, for instance, and hadn't seen one for months. And then suppose, on a bitter cold day in Winter, you went past a Chilton-Channing store and saw in the window a fancy basket of beautiful, ripe, red tomatoes, the basket tilted over, the tomatoes half tumbling out— And suppose there was a sign over the tomatoes: "Hot Tomato Bouillon. From the Real Things. Five Cents" Can't you hear yourself saying "Lllppp!" with a happy, liquid inhalation of the breath, and running into that store just as quick as your feet would carry you? At least I know that I would!

Thus all that week Wally worked away at his List, collecting the menus of some of the largest hotels, artfully cross-examining his colleagues, holding midnight conferences with the chef of the Roe-sham-bo. And when the Chilton-Channing directors held their weekly meeting the following Monday afternoon, the secretary presently read the following communication:

"Gentlemen: I have been in your employ four years. Your soda fountains lose money every Winter. I can show you how to turn this loss into a profit of anywhere from two thousand dollars a week up, provided you will adopt my List of Winter Drinks and Refreshments at each of your hundred stores. I am waiting outside and can prove what I say in a few minutes."

It didn't take them long to call him in, and, if you had been there to see him, you would have wondered at the change which had taken place in Wally since the day he left Hoxie His lips were no longer slack, but were firmly held. His hair-trigger grin had flown with the birds of last year's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

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THE VILLAGE CUT-UP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

nests. His chin had stopped retreating and had begun to advance, and looked as tho it had the grit to keep on advancing along those lines, if it took all Winter.

Wally was nervous at first and his voice trembled a little, but he had the goods and he knew it—knowledge which soon warmed his feet and gave such eloquence to his tones that before long he was going it like a young Demosthenes and a young Napier and a young Stewart rolled into one, combining oratory and figures and business to such good purpose that before the Board of Directors adjourned that day, they made the following three agreements with Wally:

He was to have a chef to help him, and everything he wanted in the way of window display. With these aids to appetite he was to try out his ideas at the Herald Square Branch for the next three months.

As soon as the weekly profits netted over fifty dollars, Wally's List would be adopted by all the Chilton-Channing branches.

And as soon as the branches totaled a net profit of two thousand dollars a week on Wally's List, he was to be appointed manager of the Chilton-Channing Refreshment Department (this to include the Summer Drinks as well) at a salary of fifty dollars a week and one per cent. on any excess of net profits over the preceding year's business.

When Wally went to see Mary that night, he didn't walk on the sidewalks. He used the stars as stepping stones. And soon he began speaking to her with such a masterful clipping of his words that Mary gave him a particularly old-fashioned look and went very quiet indeed.

"Why so silent?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "That boy at the library has been worrying me a lot lately. You remember him?—the one who was such a little story-teller? What do you suppose he told me the other day? He said he had an uncle out West who once killed fifty Indians in a week!"

"Well, p-perhaps the kid did—I mean he has—" stammered Wally.

"And perhaps he hasn't," said Mary dryly enough. Again she gave him that old-fashioned look. "If he'd only 'fess up that they were stories, I'd forgive him in a minute," she said, burying her face in the flowers that Wally had brought her, "but he always pretends that his tales are true."

Going home, Wally thought these things over, no longer using the stars as stepping-stones, but keeping as close to the ground as any worm

"Great Scot!" he thought once, and the perspiration came right out on him, the same as it did that time in church. "I—I wonder if she does—!"

PERHAPS you would like to hear, with the precision of detail, the story of Wally's adventures with his Win-Her-List—how he met with failure in the residential sections, how he made an unlooked-for success in the business and shopping districts, how he dressed his windows, how he secured a consulting board of the three most famous chefs in New York, how he advertised them, how they advertised him, and finally how his net daily profits for December went grandly rising up and up until they averaged a little less than five hundred dollars a day.

But such a recital would fall more properly within the scope of a business article, whereas this is simply a story of motive and inspiration, of youth and love, of a village cut-up who came to New York and prospered because of his good points and sweated because of his sins, as most young men have prospered and sweated since this old world began to wag.

On the second of January, Wally received a letter from Major Chilton, congratulating him on his success and formally appointing him manager of the Refreshment Department at the salary and commission previously agreed upon.

"And the commission ought to bring me in another fifty a week," said Wally to Mary after he had showed her the letter. Yet he didn't seem as proud as he might have been. On the contrary he was nervous and his pompadour looked more like a dejected willow plume than the oriflame of a successful young man.

"Say—Mary," he said at last, swallowing with difficulty between the two words. "You—you remember the first time we met—and I told you I was making fifty a week—?"

And having got that far, it didn't take him long to make a clean breast of it.

"Oh, Wally, Wally!" said Mary, half laughing, half crying. "I'm so glad you told me—because you see—I knew it all the time!"

"All the time?" demanded Wally, staring.

"Of course I did! When Miss McCarthy came home that very first night, she told me what you did, and what you got. So the second time you called, I thought I'd tease you—do somethow, you acted so nice— And when I saw how it worried you—and how hard you were trying to make good—oh, Wally, I simply knew how much I've hoped—and prayed—"

Poor Wally had fallen to his knees, his arms around her, and if you had seen him a few minutes later, a chastened, earnest young man, trying a slip of paper around Mary's finger, it would have done you good to see the look of him. In the great court of life he was no longer playing the jester's part. He was Wally the King—and was measuring the Queen for her crown.

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Get it today. You can probably count a dozen needs you have for it tonight. And nearly every day brings new ones. Have an extra spool to carry when you go away from home.

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(913)

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Nutrition costs in Quaker Oats less than 5c per 1000 calories.

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Buying Quaker Oats at 13c or 32c per package is like buying steak at 4½c per pound.

Or eggs at 4 1-5c per dozen.

Quaker Oats is twice as nutritious as round steak.

One-fourth cupful yields as many food units as an egg.

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Use other foods for variety. But Quaker Oats in these times should be the basic food.

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Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or two tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Muffins

½ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

(1980)

COOKING

PETER PIPER'S PICKLES

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

PICKLES in themselves contain little or no nutriment, but as they stimulate the flow of saliva and the gastric juices, they are an aid to digestion, in addition to which they serve as a spicy flavoring for some of the less distinctive foods. Here are a number of tested recipes not difficult or expensive to make

Chopped Raw Pickle

2 Qts. Tomatoes
⅔ Cupful Grated Horseradish
2 Onions
2 Heads Celery
2 Red Peppers
1 Cupful Sugar
⅔ Cupful Salt
½ Cupful Mustard-seeds
½ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Teaspoonful Cloves
½ Teaspoonful Ginger
½ Teaspoonful Mace
1 Qt. Vinegar

PREPARE the vegetables in the usual way, then chop all of these and set in a colander or strainer to drain off any excess liquid. Place in a jar, add the spices tied in cheese-cloth, also the sugar, salt, and vinegar. Cover closely.

Oil Pickles

100 Small Cucumbers
3 Medium-sized Onions
2 Qts. Vinegar
⅔ Cupful Mustard-seeds
Salt
1 Tablespoonful Celery-seeds
1 Tablespoonful Freshly Ground Pepper
1 Cupful Olive or Any Good Vegetable Oil

SLICE the cucumbers and onions finely, sprinkle thickly with salt and set aside overnight. In the morning rinse off the salt and drain the cucumbers and onions thoroughly. Place in a jar, add the spices, oil, and vinegar, let the mixture stand for two days, then pack into small jars and seal.

Spiced Grapes

8 Lbs. Grapes
4 Lbs. Sugar
3 Cupfuls Vinegar
4 Sticks Cinnamon
1 Oz. Whole Cloves
2 Blades Mace

REMOVE and set aside the skins of the grapes; cook the pulp in the vinegar with the spices tied in cheese-cloth, till the grapes are soft. Pass as much as possible through a fine sieve, keeping back the seeds. Add the skins and return to the fire; when boiling, put in the sugar and bag of spices. Cook till thick and then put into glasses and seal.

Beet Relish

2 Doz. Small Beets
⅓ Cupful Grated Horseradish
2 Blades of Mace
1 Level Tablespoonful of Ground Ginger
6 Cloves
1 Qt. Vinegar

BOIL, peel, and finely chop the beets; add to them the grated horseradish. Put the ginger, cloves, and mace into a small cheese-cloth bag, place them in a saucepan, add the vinegar, bring to boiling-point and pour while still scalding hot over the beets. Seal closely and keep for a week or two before using.

Chow-Chow

1 Medium-sized Cabbage
1 Medium-sized Cauliflower
1 Qt. String-beans
1 Qt. Green Tomatoes
1 Qt. Pickling Onions
1 Qt. Small Pickling Cucumbers
Red 6 Green Peppers
2 Cupfuls Salt
2 Qts. Vinegar
1 Tablespoonful Celery-seed
1 Tablespoonful Mustard-seed
½ Teaspoonful Ground Mace

CUT out the hard core from the cabbage and shave the cabbage finely; break the cauliflower into flowerettes; remove the seeds from the peppers and cut the peppers and cucumbers into thin slices. Peel the onions and cut the beans and tomatoes into small pieces. Place all in a large open vessel, sprinkle with the salt and let stand overnight. In the morning, rinse with cold water and drain. Add the spices, scald the vinegar and pour it over the vegetables. Let stand 24 hours, then scald the vinegar and do it again on the third day. Pack in glasses or jars and seal closely until needed.

Pepper Hash

12 Red Peppers
12 Green Peppers
12 Onions the Size of a Small Egg
3 Pts. Vinegar
2 Cupfuls Sugar
3 Level Tablespoonfuls Salt

REMOVE the white fiber and the seeds from the peppers and the onions; chop all finely, then pour boiling water over them. Let stand 5 minutes and drain. Cook together the vinegar, sugar, and salt, add the peppers and onions, boil up once, turn into sterilized jars, and seal closely.

Mustard Pickle

24 Small Cucumbers
1 Qt. Small Onions
2 Cauliflowers
2 Qts. Green Tomatoes
6 Green Peppers
½ Lb. Mustard
½ Oz. Turmeric Powder
¾ Cupful Flour
1 Cupful Sugar
3½ Qts. Vinegar
Brine

CUT the vegetables into small pieces, and let them stand overnight in brine strong enough to float an egg. In the morning scald all together and drain thoroughly. Mix the mustard, turmeric powder, flour, and sugar to a smooth paste with 1 pint of the vinegar; add this mixture to the remaining vinegar which has been brought to the boiling-point. Cook 20 minutes, add the vegetables and, when cold, place in jars and seal

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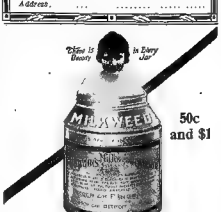

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WHAT'S ONE MAN'S MEAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

And he'd rave on with one eye on the clock and the other on his audience.

Some famous poet back East once said that all things come to him who waits. While Jeb was building bungalows in Spain on a green hide foundation and Tim was ploughing through the H's, a group of fur magnets met in far-away New York and sat down to discuss fur fashions for the coming Winter.

There was no manner of doubt that foxes were growing a bit stale. There was only one great undeveloped field of cheap hides in sight and that was the "Americanus simplus horribilous," or common hen-coop skunk.

After grave deliberation, it was decided that the skunk was in ill repute because of his habits and the great American joke which has persisted several hundred years. Therefore it was decreed that the skunk should shed his name in the fur lofts of the East side and bloom forth in nominal camouflage. What was the precious Kolinsky but a Siberian skunk? Unlike the rose, a skunk is better appreciated by another name.

Therefore the long despised polecat became a civet-cat, Patagonian ocelot, Kamchatka wildcat, or some other futuristic varmint after it graduated from the hands of the sartorial sharks who commit these crimes in the name of fashion. At last skunks had come into their own.

It took some time for the glad tidings to percolate down to Tondo City. When it finally reached Jeb, polecat pelts had reached the dizzy height of forty cents.

"Whoop," he yelled. "Skunks has come into their own. I told you so. It isn't the money I'm wantin' but just the glory of provin' that I was right. Where do you wise Indians get off now? Not a danged skunk hide in the house."

IN THE week that followed Jeb was in a fever of excitement. He subscribed to a daily paper which printed the fur market quotations. Daily the prices climbed. At last skunks were a dollar, but still Jeb held on. A dozen times a day he started for the telegraph office to ship his pelts, but savagely he conquered his weakness and refrained. At last he could stand the strain no longer. His hoard of skins were shipped and in due time the check arrived.

That afternoon he came loping into the jail towing Sheriff Tommy by the arm.

"Wah-hoo, Tim, you old hybernatin' rattlesnake, listen to the news," he yelled "By Golland, skunks has gone up. Reached a dollar and a half and I had eleven hundred of them. I put my faith in skunks and skunks has stood by me."

"Right glad to hear it, Jeb," murmured old man Stark, not lifting his eyes from his book. "Please close the door as you go out."

"But don't you savvy," shouted Jeb, "don't you suppose I appreciate what you did for me? You're free, man. The first thing I did when I got my money was to pay the rest of your fine. Come on back to the shack, old hoss. It's real ham and eggs for us to-night."

"You did what?" gasped Tim, dropping his book.

"Paid your fine," answered Jeb. "You don't have to stay in this jail no more."

"You dad-blamed meddlin' old monomaniac," roared Tim. "Who in Sam Hill told you to horn into my affairs? Here I am with three hundred days ahead and I ain't half through with the M's. Then you come nearin' in with your old skunk money and spoil the only vacation I ever had. Now I'll have to go to work wastin' my time with a bunch of ruminatin' horses, Tommy, ain't there some way of forcin' him to take his money back?"

"Not on your immortal vocabulary, there isn't," declared the sheriff, with conviction. "I'm glad to get you out before you petrify on my hands. You're the most unsatisfactory prisoner I ever had. Come on. Put on your shoe and get out."

Tim glared at his astonished friend Jeb, then looked mournfully at his encyclopedia.

"Well, anyway," he said, "I've only got down to the cue rack on the left-hand wall of the pool-ball. An' there ain't no nine o'clock closin' law in that joint."

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How Do You Spend Your Money?

What the Experts Have to Tell Us on the All-Important Subject of Apportioning an Income

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

WHEN I first sent in this article to the Editor he returned it to me with the comment that it "sounded too hard for any one to do." The wise spending of one's income has always appealed to me as the most difficult of any task—except the wise raising of a child—and so I took the article back to try to make it "easy." No doubt among my readers there are better managers of household finances than I am, and those better qualified to give advice—I hope so. If, then, you are criticizing as you read, and you feel certain than I am wrong and that you know better, I shall take it kindly if you will write in to me and let me put your knowledge at the service of the PICTORIAL REVIEW family. With prices on the jump and incomes lagging behind, there isn't a single one of us who will not be grateful for any bit of help that can be given.

I think no one will quarrel with me when I say that, from every standpoint, the most important item of family expenditure today is food. In families living on $2,000 a year or less, it is also the largest item. The rise in the price of food has been far in advance of the rise in price of any other family necessity. From March, 1917, to March, 1918, food prices rose 16 per cent., and since March, 1918, they have continued to jump, altho the percentage has not yet been estimated. As compared with prices in 1913, food in the early part of 1918 cost 59 per cent. more.

This means that, unless the family income has increased proportionately since 1913, one of two things must happen. Either the family must spend a good deal more of its income for food than it ought to spend—that is, it will not have enough money for other necessities—or it must learn to eat differently. Of course the family that is just above the poverty line can not eat differently because it is already down to its limit in the way of food allowance. But the family that has a margin, that has money left for magazines and books and some travel and recreation after the necessities of life itself are provided for, has almost invariably learned to eat differently during the past year. My sister, who has just returned from a visit among a number of friends whose incomes range from $3,000 to $6,000 a year tells me that in no family was meat served more than three times a week, a statement that certainly was not true a year ago. Often I overhear the statement that Mr. Hoover may be saving food for the country but that he is not saving money for the individual, but from my personal experience I can not believe this. Eating much less of meats and fats and sugar and of crackers and cakes, and far more of fruits and vegetables, has kept my table expenditures almost the same as in pre-war time. Even my husband hardly believes this, so I had better tell how I manage it. We used to eat meat twice a day. It cost me about 50 cents a day in those days. We now eat meat four times a week and it costs me about $3.00 a week, the same amount I formerly spent in seven days. We have cut down a pound of butter a week, which more than makes up for the increase in price. We used to use crackers without count, had a half-dozen packages on the pantry shelf. Now we use crackers by careful calculation. I have them when a meal is short of bread, or when we have soup as a main dish, and I add sweet cakes only when we are having a "slim" meal. I do half a dozen other things that many housekeepers have learned to do and I am not worrying about the rise in food prices—except that I strongly object to the food profiteering that is apparently still being carried on. Of course, if prices continue to rise, this reduction can not go on forever, as there will come a time when the cost of food can not be further reduced without impairing the family health.

HOW much ought we to spend on food? It was on this delicate question that the Editor and I disagreed. It is pretty hard for me to answer that question, as my family varies from four to six or seven and we have a garden and I can a great deal. Budgets, which are made out on the experiences of thousands of housekeepers state that one-half of the family income should be spent for food for a family of five until the income is $2,000, after which the proportion gradually lessens until it reaches one-fourth for an income of $50.00 weekly. The National War Savings Committee states that with no garden $10.00 a week is about the least a family of five can spend for food and it admits it will take some management to keep them well fed on that sum.

Of course, the test of good management in the spending of money for food is a healthy, well-fed family. To secure this the War Savings Committee has made out a table which is frankly a war-time division of a dollar, which, it seems to me, shows clearly how to spend money for food so that the right amount will be spent and the family well nourished at the same time. See upper panel.

It is worth while to look over this little table with care. The thing that seems to me unusual is the size of the milk item. It is as large as any item except the grain food item, and it equals the meat item. Do you know of any household where this is true, or even nearly true? I know of just one, and that is my own. Even we have not reached the equal amount, but we do consume a quart of milk a day per person and more when we can get the milk. And being virtuous in this respect I am going to preach a little sermon in great earnestness. If this table were followed, there would be no such milk and dairy problem as confronts this country to-day. There would be no such rise in milk prices as there has been and is going to be—for we are far from being through with our rise in milk prices, however, farmer and consumer may get together. Because we as a nation do not understand the food value of milk, because hardly a family is spending enough for milk, we are in danger of a milk famine. If every family will make the meat bill and the milk bill the same, the farmers will be able to produce milk. This little digression is justified, because the need for milk in France as well as in this country is crucial. Housewives who are patriots, and who value the health of your families, adjust your meat and milk bills!

National War Savings Committee's Division of the Dollar

	Of Every $1.00	Of $10.00
Grain foods, breads, cereals, meals, spaghetti, rice, etc.	$0.25	$2.50
Meat, fish, and eggs	.20	2.00
Milk	.20	2.00
Fruits and vegetables	.20	2.00
Sundries, fats, butter, oil, lard, sugar, drinks	.15	1.50

"IDEAL BUDGET" FOR INCOMES OF $2,000 TO $4,000

(This Is a Pre-War Budget)

Food, 25%	$500	to $1,000
Rent, 20%	400	800
Upkeep, 15%	300	600
Clothing, 15%	300	600
Church, 5%	100	200
Education, 5%	100	200
Recreation, 5%	100	200
Personals, 5%	100	200
Investment, 5%	100	200

How Do You Spend Your Money?

HOW are you meeting the rising prices and adjusting your needs to them? The Editor of this page wants to know. PICTORIAL REVIEW will pay for all letters which will be a real help when published. If you are a good manager help the rest of us by lending us the benefit of your experience.

The Editor and I had a serious discussion on the matter of rents. From the National War Savings Committee and the household economists who make budgets I had learned that a family making $20.00 a week should spend $4.00 a week or less on rent, the family on $30.00 a week, $6.00 or less, and the family on $50.00 a week or over 20 per cent. (one fifth) of the income or less.

Rents vary so widely that it is very hard to get an accurate estimate, but from my own experience I should think that these amounts were about correct, altho I shall be glad to have my readers contradict me. A house with modern conveniences, which represents the American standard of living for a family of five, is not often obtained under $25.00 a month, altho there are even large cities, like Philadelphia, where nice houses can be obtained for $18.00 or $20.00. In villages it is often possible to get a good house on a good street with no modern conveniences for $15.00, and as few of the neighbors have modern conveniences this lack brings with it no reflection upon the family living there. On the other hand, rents in localities where munitions are manufactured or where some war industry has brought a sudden increase in population, as in the city of Washington, have jumped in a manner that is entirely unjustifiable and which no budget can ever hope to cover. Until some one convinces me to the contrary I think the old figures will have to stand.

IF YOU own your own home, do not forget this rent item when you are finding out how you spend your money. You are paying rent. To figure out how much rent you are actually paying on an owned house, take the selling value of the house and figure the interest on that sum at 6 per cent. Add to this the taxes, the average sum spent on repairs, and any other items which you would not have to pay as a tenant, and then add to this total an allowance of from 2 to 4 per cent., according as the house is frame or brick, for depreciation on your property. This total, divided by the twelve months of the year, will give you your monthly rent.

Next to food and rent comes the "upkeep" expense of a house. This odd title is a cover-all for so many little things that it is very hard to keep track of and many households suffer financial bankruptcy because it is not watched. It includes everything bought for the house which is not food or personal—soap and starch and clotheslines and irons and fuel and ice, bed-linen, carpets, and furniture. It includes moving expense, carpet cleaning, servants, and all the odds and ends of keeping house. For all this the National War Savings Committee suggests that one dime be spent out of every dollar, but the Ideal Budget allows 15 per cent. for families making from $2,000 to $4,000 a year. I do not see myself how a family which has as its income $20.00 a week ever manages an upkeep item of only $2.00 a week without any other source of supply, for fuel, for instance—but I can understand how the family on $50.00 a week can get along on $7.50, the 15 per cent. allowed.

This elastic item is more difficult since the war, with the increased price of fuel, ice, electricity, and almost everything that comes in the item. The price of house service, too, has risen, and this is a part of the "upkeep" item. Some time ago a young woman wrote to me and asked for some economical recipes. Her family, she said, consisted of herself, her husband, her two small children, her husband's mother, and a maid. They could not get ahead, were running into debt, and she thought that the table cost them too much. Her husband's salary was $25.00 a week and, as she stated no other source of income, I had to assume that this was the whole. Had she figured an upkeep item of 15 per cent. she would have seen at once that she could not afford to keep a maid. But she had no standard by which to figure and was steering her ship straight to bankruptcy.

THAT, to me, is the value of a budget made up of thousands of other folk's experience. I may not follow it closely; I may not agree with all the items, *but I can not fail to see if I am going to be far enough away from the ideal to be a financial bankrupt.* If, for some reason or other, I or any one else wants a maid before the upkeep item is large enough to justify it, and we choose to save from any other item to meet the need, there is no reason why we should not, and keep afloat just as long as we know what we are doing and do *save on the other item.* A family where the mother is ill might very well sacrifice almost anything to pay a maid until she has recovered, but such a family can not be considered a normal one, or as working on a financial basis which is permanently sound, altho it surely is as a temporary matter, the mother's health being really worth a temporary sacrifice of standards.

For clothing the allowance is the same as for upkeep, 15 per cent., except when the income is below $2,000 a year, when it sinks to 10 per cent. The $20.00-a-week family has $2.00 a week to spend for clothes, the $30.00-a-week family has $3.00 a week, and the $50.00-a-week family has $7.50. These proportions are always figured on the basis of a family of five, remember—if you number less you can save from this amount.

To dress five people on $104.00 a year is to reduce them to the level of common decency and even then it is a hard problem on present prices. But when the income rises to $1,500 and the clothing allowance varies from $150.00 to $200.00, it should be divided so that one-third of the amount is spent on the father's clothes, one-fifth on the mother's, and one-sixth on every boy child and one-eighth on every girl child.

When the income reaches $2,000 the mother's clothing should cost more than the father's. Why? Just because that is our American standard. The father must always be presentable at work, so the amount spent on his clothes does not vary much. But the mother, as soon as she gets above the level of stern necessity, is expected to set the family standard by the clothes she wears. We expect her to be well-dressed, to decorate herself up to a certain point. It is her business to appear in certain clothes. This is a national tendency and is so well known that even the scientific budgets make a place for it!

The last item of the family budget is another elastic one. It covers everything else the family can need or want. It used to be known as the "cultural" item, but since that term has come to have associations no American wants, it is now termed the "personal" item. It includes doctors and dentists and tooth-paste and powder and barbers and note-paper and ink, life insurance and car-fares, books and magazines, all travel and permanent savings. It is such a mixed-up item that it can better be reduced into three smaller items of personals, education and recreation, and permanent savings. A family of from $2,000 to $4,000 a year used to be able to use one-fourth of their income for this item. I do not know whether they can manage it on the smaller sum at the present time. The poor $20.00-a-week

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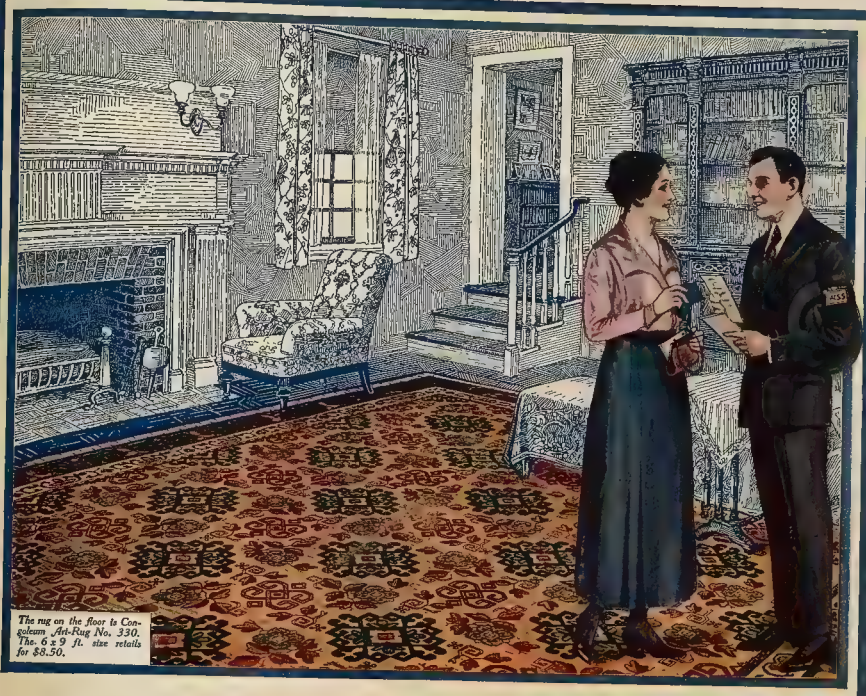

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¾ cup yellow corn meal
¾ cup rye flour
½ cup sugar
1 cup milk
1 egg well beaten
1 rounding tablespoon shortening
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

Cream the peanut butter and shortening, add sugar, milk and egg. Add meal, flour, salt, baking powder sifted together. Stir, beat well and turn into well-greased shallow pan. Bake about 30 minutes in moderate oven. (Sugar may be omitted if desired.)

Try this new recipe today. Call up the grocer and tell him to send you a jar of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. Be sure it's *Beech-Nut* brand, because only then are you assured the full deliciousness of flavor which this recipe can give.

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What To Use For Meat

Substitute Dishes that Look Good, Taste Good, and Appease the Family's Hunger

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

ENDORSED LECTURER, UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION

HAVE you ever served a meat-substitute for dinner—only to have the family complain immediately afterward that they were still hungry? To which you have probably glibly replied that a medium-sized cube of cheese is equal in food value to a slice of meat, or that a handful of nut-meats is just as nourishing as a chop. But the family stomach can not be filled with statements about food values. Tho cheese, eggs, dried beans and peas, nuts, and fish are all equivalent in food value to meat, they will not take its place in the menu unless they are combined with other foods which contain the equivalent of meat in bulk.

When a nut-roast is served in place of roast beef, the vegetables chosen to accompany it should be bulky, as spinach, corn, or creamed cabbage. The meal should be started with a plain soup, as a vegetable bouillon; should contain a simple salad, or a relish, as celery; and should be finished with a substantial dessert, such as a steamed corn-flour pudding, baked Indian tapioca, or baked barley apple dumplings. If the meal is put together in this wise and if two more important points are observed—proper seasoning, and avoidance of mixtures that are so mysterious in their composition that they are liable to arouse suspicion—there should be no aftermath of complaints. Nobody likes to eat foods which do not, at least upon second glance, reveal their source of being.

In many households it seems too much trouble to introduce meat-substitutes. It is true that their preparation takes time and that many of them are almost as expensive as meat. But it is also true that meats do not conserve themselves, and that the time spent by any housewife in her kitchen, whether she be rich or poor, in helping to save meat and at the same time to use up the dairy and other perishable products, can not be more patriotically employed. Committee meetings, clothes, social affairs all have their place, but first comes food. And so, Mrs. Uncle Sam, when you work out a successful meat-substitute dish, you are getting behind the whole train of war machinery. And when you talk about this food at your Ladies' Aid, or the Women's Club, or in the Red Cross workroom, and give out the recipe which you find your family likes, you are re-enforcing the food fighting strength of your neighborhood. Pass it along.

It is frequently said that cereals and fresh vegetables are meat-substitutes. This is not true, and these foods have a place as meat-substitutes *only* when used in combination with whole milk, cheese, either dairy or cottage, dried peas or dried beans, eggs, nuts, or fish. The only time when bread becomes a meat-substitute is when it is made up of at least fifty per cent. of soy-bean meal, peanut flour, or cotton-seed flour, all of which are largely protein, or the muscle-making element that is present in meat. If muffins, or griddle-cakes of this type are served at breakfast, luncheon, or supper, and if a generous serving, at least, is allowed for each person, the rest of the meal may be made up of other food elements.

Soy-Bean Meal Pancakes

½ Cupful Soy-bean Meal
½ Cupful Rice Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1¼ Teaspoonful Baking-powder
1 Teaspoonful Butter-substitute, Melted
1 Cupful and 2 Tablespoonfuls Milk

COMBINE the ingredients in the order given, using an egg-beater. Cook as usual on an unoiled aluminum or soapstone griddle, or on a slightly oiled griddle.

Peanut Flour Muffins

1 Egg, Well Beaten
1¼ Cupful Milk
1½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Rice Flour
1 Cupful Peanut Flour
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Tablespoonful Butter-substitute, Melted

MIX the egg and milk; sift the dry ingredients through a coarse sieve, and beat them into the milk with an egg-beater. Stir in the butter-substitute, transfer to well-oiled muffin-pans and bake from 30 to 35 minutes in an oven at 375 degrees Fahrenheit.

Cottonseed Corn Muffins

⅔ Cupful Cottonseed Flour
1½ Cupful Corn-meal
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Egg, Well Beaten
2 Tablespoonfuls Corn-sirup
1 Tablespoonful Butter-substitute
2 Cupfuls Milk

COMBINE the ingredients in the order given, beat, transfer to well-oiled muffin-pans and bake 25 minutes in an oven at 375 degrees Fahrenheit.

Try Nuts for Meat

NUTS, in combination with vegetables, cereals, and sometimes with cheese, may be made into excellent meat-substitutes. Black walnuts, hickory nuts, and English walnuts may be used interchangeably, but the amount of fat may be reduced when black walnuts are used, as they are particularly rich in it. If nuts are to appear often, it pays to buy only the nut-meats and in fairly large quantities, if they can be stored in a cool, dry place. But if they have to be kept longer than a month, they should be purchased in smaller amounts, or in the shell. Almonds and pecans are good meat-substitutes, but they are very expensive unless locally grown. Our own American chestnuts may also be used as an essential food instead of as a luxury or an accessory.

Peanuts are the cheapest form of nut protein, particularly if purchased in large quantities and roasted at home. If peanuts are to be used particularly as a meat-substitute, the raw nuts may be shelled, scalded with boiling water, the hulls removed, the nuts dried overnight on papers, and then roasted in large dripping-pans containing two or three tablespoonfuls of vegetable oil each. A very little salt should be sprinkled over the nuts, but not so much as for salted peanuts. If this is done, the meat-substitutes will have a particularly appetizing flavor.

Creamed Potatoes with Peanuts

PREPARE a white sauce as follows: Melt 2 tablespoonfuls of butter-substitute in a saucepan. Add 2 finely minced onions, and a minced green pepper if convenient, and when softened stir in 2 tablespoonfuls of barley flour, 1½ teaspoonful of salt, and ¼ teaspoonful of pepper. Add slowly 1½ pint of milk, and when boiling stir in 1 quart of finely diced, cooked potatoes. Re-heat and add 1½ cupful of coarsely chopped peanut-meats, reserving a few to sprinkle over the top of the dish. Serve at once.

Nut Loaf

1½ Cupful Ground Mixed Nuts
2 Cupfuls Stale War-bread Crums
1 Egg
1 Teaspoonful Poultry Seasoning
1 Tablespoonful Ground Onion
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
1 Cupful Evaporated Milk
1½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Water

COMBINE the ingredients in the order given, mixing thoroughly. Let stand for 20 minutes, then pack into a bread-pan which has been rubbed with vegetable-oil and bake 45 minutes in an oven at 375 degrees Fahrenheit. Serve with either tomato or white sauce.

Vegetable Cutlets

2 Cupfuls Cooked, Sifted Winter Squash or Mashed Parsnips
⅔ Cupful War-bread Crums
1 Egg, Well Beaten
½ Tablespoonful Butter-substitute
1¼ Cupful Coarsely Ground Walnuts
Salt and Pepper to Taste

BEAT the ingredients together while the vegetable is still hot. Let stand till cool, then shape into cutlets or flat cakes, dip them quickly in milk, then in equal parts of fine, dry war-bread crums and extra nut-meats, finely ground, and fry in vegetable cooking-oil. Serve with a white sauce containing, if possible, a little minced green pepper, or with a brown nut gravy.

Brown Nut Gravy

MELT 2 tablespoonfuls butter-substitute in a saucepan, add 2 tablespoonfuls peanut flour and 1 tablespoonful rye or barley flour and cook the mixture, stirring constantly till the flours are brown; then add 1½ cupful boiling water, ¾ teaspoonful salt, and a little pepper. For thin "platter" gravy, replace the rye with more peanut flour.

Peanut and Sweet Potato Cakes

3 Cupfuls Mashed, Seasoned Sweet Potatoes
1 Tablespoonful Peanut Butter
1 Tablespoonful Butter-substitute
1 Egg
1½ Cupful Ground Peanuts
A Little Sage (optional)

COMBINE the ingredients in the order given, shape into flat cakes, dip in corn-flour and brown quickly in vegetable-oil. Serve as the main course at luncheon or supper with an accompaniment of rather tart apple sauce, or baked apples.

Scalloped Chestnuts with Samp

2 Cupfuls American Chestnuts, Roasted
2 Cupfuls Cooked Samp
1 Ground Green Pepper
1½ Cupful Brown Nut "Platter" Gravy
½ Cupful Grated American Cheese

OIL a baking-dish. Add the peppers to the gravy and halve the chestnuts. Place the samp, chestnuts, and gravy in alternate layers in the dish, sprinkle over with cheese and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Nut Fruit Salad

1 Cupful Diced Celery
1½ Cupful Diced Tart Apple
2 Bananas, Diced
1 Cupful Coarsely Chopped Nut-meats
Lettuce
Boiled Dressing, or Eggless Mayonnaise

PREPARE the fruits and celery, combine them with the dressing and just before serving add the nut-meats, reserving a few to sprinkle over the top. Arrange on a bed of lettuce, and serve as the main course at luncheon or supper, accompanied by oat and corn muffins.

The Nourishing Bean

WHEN one thinks of using the legumes, the first dish that suggests itself is likely to be baked beans. But as we are being asked to save pork and bacon along with the other meats, the question arises, "What shall we use for seasoning?" A little sage, or mixed poultry seasoning, together with ½ cupful of home-rendered beef fat, or corn- or cottonseed-oil will solve the problem.

The Government is asking us especially to use freely pinto and soy beans. Generally speaking, all beans may be used interchangeably, if proper care is taken to soak them, and boil them up with soda. Pinto beans cook more quickly than any other kind; soy beans take longer.

Cow-peas are really a variety of bean and are grown in about twenty species in this country, of which the black-eyed bean is probably best known.

Lentils, altho an excellent meat-substitute, are not a practical food at this time because of the restrictions on shipping.

Casserole of Pinto Beans with Oats

½ Cupful Pinto Beans
1 Cupful Rolled Oats
¼ Teaspoonful Baking-soda
1 Tablespoonful Molasses
1½ Teaspoonful Salt
⅛ Teaspoonful Pepper
1 Cupful Stewed Tomato (optional)
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter-substitute

SOAK the beans overnight, drain them, cover with boiling water, add the soda and let them boil up thoroughly. Then drain again, mix with the other ingredients in a well-oiled casserole, cover and bake about 2 hours in an oven at 300 degrees Fahrenheit.

Soy Beans with Brown Rice

½ Lb. Soy Beans
⅛ Teaspoonful Soda
½ Tablespoonful Salt
2 Onions (optional)
⅛ Cupful Butter-substitute
½ Lb. Brown Rice

SOAK the beans overnight; in the morning drain and scald with the soda. Drain again, cover with boiling water, add the onions, chopped, the seasoning, and butter-substitute, and simmer till tender—about four hours. The beans should not boil hard, as this toughens the protein. Add the rice and finish cooking. The water should be allowed to cook away so that when finished the mixture will be thick.

Baked-Bean Loaf

3 Cupfuls Cold Baked Beans (any kind)
2 Small Onions, Minced
1 Cupful Stale War-bread Crums
Salt and Pepper to Taste
1 Cupful Mashed Cooked Carrots (optional)

COMBINE the ingredients in the order given; form into a loaf, pour over a very little vegetable-oil and bake thirty minutes in an oven at 375 degrees Farenheit. If the mixture is not sufficiently moist, add a little Chilli sauce.

Substitute Sausage

1 Cupful Cooked Beans (any kind)
1 Cupful Finely Ground Peanut Meats
1 Cupful Cooked Barley or Rice
1 Cupful Stale War-bread Crums
2 Tablespoonfuls Minced Onion
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Sage
½ Cupful Milk

COMBINE the ingredients in the order given, let stand a few moments, and form into small, flat cakes. Dip in peanut flour and fry quickly in vegetable-oil. Serve with brown nut gravy.

Some Cottage Cheese Dishes

A THIRD of a cupful of cottage cheese, we are told, is equal in food value to ¼ pound of sirloin steak. This brings out an important point—that in making up meat-substitute dishes, we must put in enough of the actual meat-substitutes to keep up the necessary protein value. That is, we can not make up a salad for luncheon, and just because we happen to put in a half cupful of cottage cheese, make it serve as a meat-substitute for six people. The right amount of cottage cheese to use in this case would be almost a pound. This rule applies to all meat-substitutes.

Green Peppers with Cottage Cheese

6 Medium-sized Green Peppers
1½ Cupful Cottage Cheese
2 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful Salt
⅛ Teaspoonful Onion-juice
⅛ Teaspoonful Paprika
Corn Flakes
Tomato Sauce

IF THE cheese is very firm, moisten it with a little milk. Then add the eggs, well beaten, and the seasonings, and thicken the mixture with the corn flakes till it can be handled. Cut the peppers in two, lengthwise, remove the seeds and cores, and fill with the cheese mixture. Transfer them to a service that can be put in the oven, pour in tomato sauce to the depth of half an inch, and bake in an oven at 375 degrees Fahrenheit, till the peppers are tender and the cheese is browned on the top.

Scalloped Rice with Cheese

1½ Cupful Brown Rice
6 Medium-sized Onions, Chopped
2 Minced Pimentoes, or 1 Green Pepper
1 Can Tomato Soup
½ Lb. Dairy Cheese
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter-substitute
1½ Teaspoonful Salt
2½ Cupfuls Boiling Water

FRY the onions in the butter-substitute till softened, then add the rice and boiling salted water. Boil till the rice is nearly done and then add the soup (there should be a pint). When the rice has taken up all the liquid, stir in the pimentoes and add the cheese, cubed. Bake in a casserole till browned, or stir over slow heat till the cheese is melted. Season with paprika if desired.

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COOKING

WITHOUT ANY WHEAT

(United States Food Administration Recipes)

TO HELP women carry out the new flour regulations, which make the use of wheat almost prohibitive, the Government itself has undertaken to work out ways of using the many other flours which can be used in its place. If the directions given in these recipes are carefully followed, they will be found more nutritious and appetizing than the more familiar wheat breads. The Government asks us only to use a half-and-half measurement, but many patriotic women are glad to do better and use no wheat at all. None of these recipes calls for wheat.

One-Egg Barley Muffins

2 Cupfuls Barley Flour
3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Egg
1 Cupful Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Molasses
1 Tablespoonful Melted Fat

MIX and sift dry ingredients. Beat egg, add to it the milk and molasses. Stir the liquid mixture into the dry ingredients. Add melted fat. Stir quickly and pour into well-greased muffin-tins. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 45 minutes.

Buckwheat Muffins

USE the Barley Muffin recipe above, substituting 2 cupfuls of buckwheat flour for the barley flour.

Oatmeal Muffins

USE the Barley Muffin recipe, substituting 1 cupful of ground rolled oats for 1 cupful of the barley flour.

Oatmeal-Peanut Biscuits

1 Cupful Oatmeal
2 Cupfuls Rye Flour
1 Cupful Crushed Roasted Peanuts
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
1 Tablespoonful Fat
6 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
¾ Cupful Milk

SIFT the dry ingredients together; cut in the fat. Add the peanuts and milk to make a soft dough. Roll on a slightly floured board to ⅝-inch thickness. Bake in a hot oven about 15 minutes.

Corn Bread with Barley Flour

1 Cupful Barley Flour
1 Cupful Corn-meal
5 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Teaspoonful Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls Molasses
1 Egg
2 Tablespoonfuls Melted Fat
1 Cupful Milk

TO THE sifted dry ingredients add milk, molasses, beaten egg, and melted fat. Stir well and put into a greased shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

Potato Spoon-bread

¾ Cupful Corn-meal
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
2 Eggs
¾ Cupful Milk
1¾ Cupful Water
1 Tablespoonful Fat
¾ Cupful Mashed Potato

MIX the corn-meal, salt, water, and fat, and boil 5 minutes. Beat eggs slightly, add milk and mashed potato. Combine with the mush mixture. Beat well and bake in a greased baking-dish for 40 minutes in a slow oven. Serve from the same dish with a spoon.

Steamed Brown Bread

1 Cupful Ground Oatmeal
1 Cupful Corn-meal
1 Teaspoonful Baking-powder
1 Cupful Barley Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Soda
¾ Cupful Molasses
1¾ Cupful Milk

ADD molasses and milk to the sifted dry ingredients, and mix thoroughly. Grease molds and covers, fill two-thirds full of the mixture. Cover and steam 3 hours.

Wheatless Yeast-bread

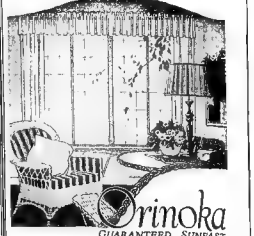
1 Cupful Ground Oatmeal
3 Cupfuls Rye Flour
2 Cupfuls Barley Flour
¼ Cupful Corn-sirup
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
2 Teaspoonfuls Fat
1 Egg
1½ Cupful Boiling Water or Scalded Milk
1 Cake Compressed Yeast
½ Cupful Lukewarm Water (for Softening Yeast)

POUR boiling water or milk over sirup, salt, and fat. When cooled to room temperature, add yeast, softened in lukewarm water, and beaten egg. Add sifted flours, beating mixture until smooth after each addition. When all flour is added, knead dough until it is elastic and less sticky, about 15 minutes. Moisten top of dough. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Knead until large air bubbles are broken, about 4 minutes. Shape into loaves and place in greased pans. Let the dough double again in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven for about 1 hour.

Barley Chocolate Cake

3¼ Tablespoonfuls Fat
¾ Cupful Sugar
¾ Cupful Dark Corn-sirup
1 Egg
¾ Cupful Milk
1 Cupful Barley Flour
1¾ Teaspoonful Baking-powder
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Square Chocolate
¾ Teaspoonful Vanilla

CREAM the fat, add sugar gradually, then sirup and well-beaten egg. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to the first mixture. Add chocolate which has been melted over hot water. Add vanilla. Bake about 30 minutes in a moderate oven.



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COOKING

Potatoes for Every Course

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The girls of the home economics department of the Topeka High School, Topeka, Kansas, prepared and served a potato luncheon recently, in which as far as possible potatoes took the place of wheat in every recipe. We publish the recipes herewith for the benefit of our readers.

Potatoes au Bouillon

1 Cupful Mashed Potatoes
3 Cupfuls Milk
Salt and White Pepper
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Flour
1 Slice Onion

HEAT the milk and onion together, but do not boil; pour over the cold mashed potatoes and press through a purée strainer. Melt butter, stir in flour and let bubble, but not brown; cool slightly and add the milk mixture slowly, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the seasonings, and serve very hot, sprinkling with a few nicely browned croutons or a little grated cheese.

Chicken Croquettes

1¾ Cupful Chopped Cold Cooked Fowl
¼ Teaspoonful Celery-salt
Few Grains Cayenne Pepper
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-juice
Few Drops Onion-juice
1 Teaspoonful Finely Chopped Parsley
1 Cupful White Sauce

MIX ingredients in order given. Cool, shape, crum, and fry as for any croquette. Croquette mixtures should always be as soft as can be conveniently handled, when croquettes will be soft inside.

White Sauce

2 Teaspoonfuls Butter
2 Tablespoonfuls Potato Flour
1 Cupful Milk
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Few Grains Pepper

PUT butter in saucepan, stir until melted and bubbling; add flour, mixed with seasonings, and stir until thoroughly blended. Pour on gradually the milk, adding about one-third at a time, stirring until well mixed, then beating until smooth and glossy.

Parsley-Butter Potatoes

WASH, pare, and shape potatoes in balls, using a French vegetable-cutter or cut potatoes in ½-inch cubes. There should be two cupfuls. Soak 15 minutes in cold water, and cook in boiling salted water to cover until soft. Drain and add parsley-butter.

Parsley-Butter

CREAM 3 teaspoonfuls butter, add 1 teaspoonful lemon-juice, ½ teaspoonful salt, ⅛ teaspoonful pepper, and ½ tablespoonful finely chopped parsley

La Salade des Pommes de Terre

4 Baked Potatoes
½ Cupful Onion
1 Small Cucumber
1 Stalk Celery or Radish
¼ Cupful Nut-meats

PEEL the baked potatoes and cut in small cubes, add cucumber, onion, and celery or radish, chopped fine. Add nut-meats, and mix with salad dressing.

Salad Dressing

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
2 Eggs
1 Tablespoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Mustard
½ Teaspoonful Paprika
¼ Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Vinegar
1 Cupful Skim Milk

COOK flour in melted butter. Remove from fire and add eggs slightly beaten, or the yolks of 4 (one egg may be used but decreases color, texture, and food-value). Add sugar, salt and other seasonings, vinegar, and milk. Return to stove and cook until mixture begins to thicken. Place in double boiler. Cook 15 minutes. Care should be used to add vinegar before the milk to keep the mixture from curdling.

Potato Biscuit

2 Cupfuls Sifted Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
3 Tablespoonfuls Shortening
1 Cupful Mashed Potatoes
Liquid Sufficient to Mix (about 1 cupful)

SIFT together twice, the flour, salt, and baking-powder. Cut or rub into this the cold shortening. In the same way rub into this flour mixture the mashed potatoes. Add just enough cold liquid to make the mass cling together. Do not knead. Place on floured board, roll until ½-inch thick, and cut into rounds. Place these on lightly floured biscuit-tins and bake 15 to 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven. Bake of potato-bread more slowly than those made with flour alone.

Sweet Potato Pie

1 Cupful Flour
½ Cupful Mashed White Potatoes
¼ Cupful Fat
1 Teaspoonful Salt Water

SIFT together the flour and salt. Cut or rub into this the cold shortening; add the potatoes and just enough water to combine the material. Roll out in thin sheets to cover pie-tin, and fill with the following ingredients, combined in the order given. Two cupfuls riced sweet potatoes, ½ teaspoonful salt, ½ cupful sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon, ½ teaspoonful nutmeg, 2 eggs, and 1½ cupful milk.

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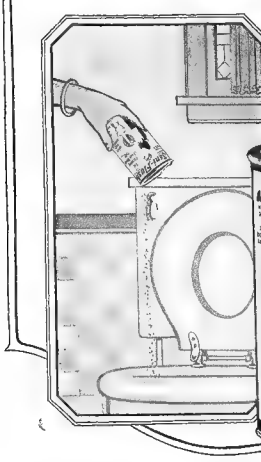

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COOKING

Storing Up Food

Recipes from Our Readers

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We publish herewith the fourth instalment of the prize-winning recipes in our Drying and Preserving Contest. The preceding articles appeared in PICTORIAL REVIEW for June, July, and September, 1918.

Drying Pumpkins for Winter Use

By Mrs. R. W. F., Renwick, Iowa

PUMPKINS can be dried and kept for Winter use by the following method, in use by my grandmother for many years.

Pare the pumpkin and stew it slowly until it is dark-brown in color and the moisture is cooked out of it. Put it through a colander, then make it into little pats and place on a granite or stoneware dish in the hot sun. Or a slow oven may be used, if more convenient. When thoroughly dry, put into tin boxes or cans to keep. To use, soak in warm water till soft and proceed as with freshly cooked pumpkin.

How You Can Keep Grapes

By Mrs. O. C. R., Springfield, Ore.

PICK over the grapes and put a 3-inch layer of them into the bottom of a stone jar. Cover with 1½ inch of sugar, and continue to put in grapes and sugar until the jar is full. The top layer should be of sugar; either brown or white may be used with equally good results. These grapes will keep at least seven or eight months. They should be covered, but need be weighted down with nothing more than a plate. Serve the grapes plain with the juice drained off. The juice may be used as a delightful beverage.

Home-made Potato Starch

By Mrs. D. J. MacF., Edgerton, Alberta, Canada

HERE is my grandmother's recipe for a good, nourishing and altogether practical potato starch. She usually made it up in the Fall, filling a large jar full which would last a year or so.

To make this starch, take firm white potatoes and after washing and paring them grate into a crock of cold water, just enough to cover the potato. Set this crock in a cool place and stir frequently. Allow it to stand overnight to draw the starch from the potato; in the morning stir thoroughly and drain off the water. The starch which settles at the bottom of this water is put to dry at once; an old screen door covered with a piece of cheese-cloth and laid on two saw-horses proved a satisfactory device for us.

The dried potato starch is much like corn-starch and can be used in all the ways that powdered rice and corn-starch are used, both in cooking and for starching clothes. The water which is drained from it is unexcelled for cleaning white enamel or light-colored woodwork, gilt picture-frames, etc.

Saving Salmon on the Pacific Coast

By Mrs. M. E., Tacoma, Wash.

ON THE Western Coast, where salmon run so plentifully in the Fall months, it is customary to scale and clean the fish, remove the backbone and cut the fish into pieces of convenient size, wiping them thoroughly with cheese-cloth or some other soft absorbent fabric. No water at all is used in the cleaning process. A layer of salt is spread thickly in the bottom of a stone jar, then alternate layers of fish and salt are added until the jar is filled, having the final layer of salt. This salt will soon melt and make its own brine. The fish must be taken from the brine and soaked in several changes of fresh water for at least a day before it is ready for use; it is then boiled like fresh fish.

This same method is successful with sea, mountain, and river trout, as well as with grayling and whitefish.

Another Way of Preserving Fish

By Mrs. F. D. MacC., Belford, N. J.

HERRING are the best fish for pickling and when in season can be bought quite cheaply

First clean the fish and put in a strong brine for 24 hours. Take from the brine and cut into convenient pieces for packing into fruit jars—each fish should be divided into about four pieces. Pack these closely in the jars and to each quart jar add 1 tablespoonful of whole mixed spices and fill with cold vinegar. Place the jars in a warm oven on a wooden rack for 4 to 5 hours, having the rubbers on and the tops partly adjusted. At no time must the liquid boil but should only heat thoroughly; this cooks the fish. Seal while hot

Perfection Meat Brine

By Mrs. M. E., Tacoma, Wash.

THIS recipe has been in the family for years and has become the standby for this locality. Because of its superior qualities it has earned the title of perfection meat brine.

To make it, weigh 12½ pounds of salt, either table or rock salt, and 5 pounds of

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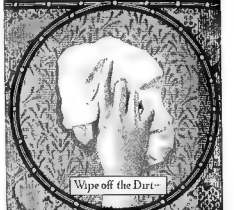

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COOKING

white sugar, and put them into a tub. To this add to gallons of cold water. If you desire your cured meat to have a bright red color, you may add 4 ounces of saltpeter to this solution, but not otherwise. Stir the solution until the salt is dissolved. Skim off the sediment rising to the top, then pour, through a strainer over your meat—previously packed in a crock or clean barrel. This quantity of brine is sufficient for a barrelful of meat, but may be made in any proportion to suit your needs. Cover the meat with a clean cloth, place a board over this and a weight on top of the board, in order that the meat may be submerged at all times. A great advantage of using this pickling method is that all the meat remains in this solution until desired for use. In a damp climate, a scum will sometimes form on top of the barrel. Be sure to remove this, and you will have no trouble with spoiled meat.

This brine is splendid for venison, beef, pork, or mutton, and by its use meat may be bought and stored under the most economical and healthful conditions. If your storage room is limited, you will find it a good plan to buy a stone jar of suitable size, then you can corn your fresh beef at home, and have a delicious meal of corned beef of your own making.

Canning Chickens for Winter

By Mrs. W. H. C., Echo, Ore

I LIVE in a small town in a farming district, yet it is often impossible to procure a chicken whenever we happen to want it. The local butcher finds it too expensive and too much trouble to keep extra chickens, and when he has an opportunity to purchase a number from a farmer, I buy them from him and can them. Sometimes I cook four or five at a time. I cut them up as for fricasee, pack them closely in self-sealing jars, cover the chicken with cold water, filling the jars full, and cook them for 3 hours in the boiler. If the chicken seems tough, I cook it a little longer.

When company drops in for dinner, it is convenient to have a two-quart jar of chicken and gravy stock on the pantry shelf.

Home-cured Bacon

By Mrs. J. W. Y., Jr., Paris, Ky.

EVERY Fall we cure our own bacon by the following method. We like the flavor as well as that we are able to buy.

Boil together 6 gallons of water to which have been added enough salt to float an egg, 3 pounds of brown sugar, ½ pint of black molasses, and saltpeter the size of an egg. Skim off the sediment that will form on the top, and when the mixture has cooled pour it over the meat. Let it stand two weeks, then hang the meat and smoke it well.

Canned Beef-juice for Soups

By Mrs. A. G., Wychoff, Minn.

WHEN you are canning beef, it is sometimes difficult to remove all the meat from the bones. I take these bones, cover them with cold water, add salt, and cook them slowly for several hours. I then pour the juice into cans which have been sterilized and seal them. When I am ready to use, I add vegetables or noodles, or use the juice alone to make delicious soups.

Preserving Pork

By Mrs. W. H. M., Westerly, R. I.

PRESERVING meat on the farm is quite as important as saving the vegetables and fruits.

Meat must be cured for a few days after butchering. Cut the fresh meat into convenient-sized pieces and cook in salted water until tender. When cool enough to handle, slice and pack into jars. A little of the liquor from the boiling should be put into the jar before any meat is added; the jar should also be filled up with the liquid after packing. Boil in a canner for at least two hours.

The odds and ends of fat and lean can be made into sausage. To 10 pounds of meat, use 3 tablespoonfuls of salt, 2 of pepper, 2 of sage or allspice, and mix thoroughly Pack into jars.

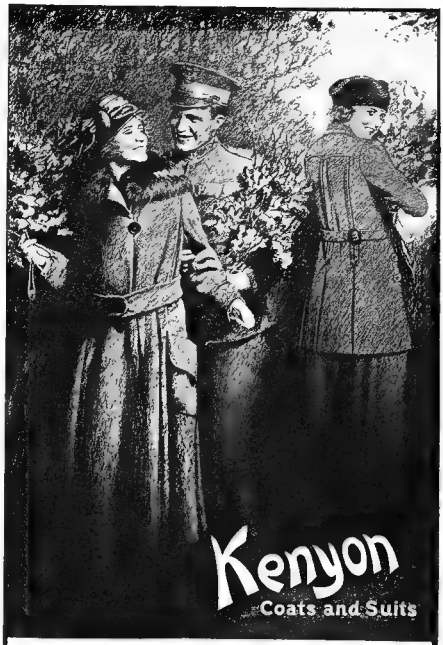
Dry-salting Bacon and Hams

By E. B. N., Spirit Lake, Iowa

HAMS or any part of the pig designed for bacon we think are better salted dry than put in pickle.

Our practise has been to weigh both pork and shoulders 6 pounds of fine salt to 100 pounds of pork. First sprinkle about ¼ ounce of saltpeter, finely pulverized, upon a tin or platter, and then rub it well over with salt. Pile up these pieces in a dry room as you would pile up stove-wood. They should be looked over at least once and the spare salt rubbed on fresh-looking spots; also the pile should be reconstructed so as to allow the air to reach all parts. The salting process will take as many days as there are pounds of meat

For pickled pork, it is advantageous to salt it in bulk, before packing in barrels. When your pork is ready to go into the barrel, pack it as tightly as you can and then fill the barrel with brine—not salted water, but brine, that is water saturated with salt. Pork thus cured will keep indefinitely.



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The Bitter End

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

It happened one night early in September. It was very late, and Stephen Clarke was alone in the smoking-room, yawning in front of the fire, and feeling unconsciously bored. He heard the door open and shut, and he looked up and beheld James.

Clarke had only to give a glance at him to be aware that there was some peculiar change in his appearance. His trip to the seaside had not apparently benefited him at all. His face looked larger and puffier than usual. There were great bags under his eyes, and he was breathing heavily. His clothes appeared disheveled, and he shuffled in his walk. Clarke said casually:

"Hullo, Boltiver! You're back then. How are things?"

And James did not answer. He seemed to grope in a blind sort of way for the bell-push near the fireplace. When the waiter appeared he ordered a double whisky, and Clarke, exerting the utmost tact, refrained from making any further comment until the reviving beverage had been placed at James's elbow, and he had taken several long swigs, and then he said sympathetically:

"I hope you haven't had any bad news?"

And still James seemed unable to explain himself. His large, babyish face appeared almost on the point of breaking into tears. And when he spoke, he spoke incoherently, and kept on raising his fat arms in a helpless sort of way as tho he were trying to press something from him.

"THEY'VE no right to talk about—the bitter end, not here they haven't, in any case. I'm a kind-hearted man, Stephen—any one will tell you that. I'm not a fool, not in every way, in some ways perhaps. Of course, all these new-fangled notions. The awful thing is to be shut out from—what you want most intensely, sympathy, love. And then, of course, if you don't *see* the thing. If you haven't imagination. Old Bennison Larway—It's so easy to read the newspapers, to wear flags, to go without a grilled sole. Don't misunderstand me—the boy is splendid. He's one of the best. England is made by such boys, not by you and me, Stephen. You would never have thought of it if you'd seen him in the sea, laughing with his sisters, and some children who were there. His mother—no, no, he said nothing, nothing at all. I wanted him to talk. I got him alone. But it was no good. I was shut out from him. The hampers and the parcels are nothing. You can't get through in that way. Press the bell, Stephen, will you?"

At his second double whisky, James seemed to have more control of himself, but his tongue still flickered about his mouth as tho it were dry, or as tho all the moisture had been absorbed by the little damp stump of a cigar.

"I never liked the boy so much before—and yet I had a kind of unreasonable jealousy of him. It was yesterday the terrible thing came to me. I had all been peaceful, placid—one would have known nothing. And then I went with him to Southampton. I couldn't bear to witness the parting with his people—jealousy again, perhaps. I met him at the station, and we travelled together. We had not much time at Southampton. He had to report himself. Of course they didn't let me on the transport, but I went down to the docks. I left him at a little wicket gate, formerly used by the Customs people," said gayly to him, and he laughed. 'You know how these boys will—and then, good God! he had another twenty yards to walk at right angles to the line of the rail where I stood. He did not look back, but I could see his face.

"Stephen, do you remember how I told you one day when I was a young man I went into the stockyards at Loughborough. And I stood near the gate of the slaughter-houses—and I saw on the faces of the cattle *that look*—they knew they were going to be killed. In a sudden flash I saw that look on the face of my nephew!"

The voice of James was low and husky, and he rasped out:

"He never turned and looked at me. And there was this difference. On the face of the cattle there was that blind, dumb appeal, but he had no such look. There was something a little—elated, isn't that the term? He was so sure of himself. He held his head erect, and I saw him salute an officer on the way, and he passed out of my sight.

"And I stood there feeling lonely and desolate, and the strange thing is that my sorrow was all for myself."

James's hand trembled as he held the glass to his lips, and he muttered hoarsely:

"This stuff is eating its way into my system, Stephen. I've known—oh, for years, that I ought not to touch it. It is laying out the bitter end for me. Think of it. It might take ten years to die, and all the while there is nothing. And I envied the boy—the wind-swept field, the cold, raw air, the sudden—what can it be? —a blinding glory—and still yet something of youth preserved.

WHO will ever forget Peace-night? We have known prim old ladies who, in those years of waiting and suspense, suddenly flashed an ecstatic, "Peace night! I think I shall get drunk on Peace-night." We knew that this was rather an extravagant expression, but it marked the desperate craving of their hearts. It is quite credible that when it came they drank a glass of cherry brandy and cried a little. We have known epicurean old gentlemen who have taken us to their cellar and have pointed to an array of bottles and have remarked, "I am keeping those for Peace-night." And it is possible that they lived up to their promise.

BUT it must, alas! be acknowledged that the whole tenor of the Peace-night promise had a Bacchanalian ring. Everybody meant to go mad and behave hysterically. And so it must be confessed that when indeed that day did come, it came rather in the nature of an anticlimax. The strain, the dreary waiting, the awful toll of suffering held us silent. Indeed the bells did ring, and ribald crowds of students did parade the streets, but for the most part we merely sat numbed and muttered, "Thank God!"

Only among these nomadic bands of students, and in certain clubs, did older men drown their better impulses in the wassail of vanity and self indulgence.

And in the smoking room of The Bath Oliver old James Boltiver got very drunk, and he was not conspicuous in so doing.

"We wore them down, old boy," he kept repeating to Stephen Clarke.

He spoke thickly and garrulously of what we had done. It was the golden hour of his life. Everything was glorious in this best of all possible worlds. He rolled to the window to cheer a passing band. He flung money right and left. Every one was his guest. Every one was a "good fellow." He glowed in the dazzling possessive sense of material power. We had got through. We, we, *we!*

And behind it all was the even greater contentment: Peace declared, and Laurie safe! Miracle of miracles! He had come through it all. James enjoyed vivid glimpses of the brilliant days to come. Laurie's return. His career. He would be married. He would become famous. James could see himself nursing Laurie's babies on his knee and saying:

"O dear! O dear! Now, who is he like?"

And then his own splendid patronage. The things he would do for Laurie. He could hear the boy's gentle voice:

"Dear old Uncle!"

About midnight he suddenly felt faint and ill. He sat solemnly by the fire without speaking for twenty minutes, and then he took a cab home.

FOR two or three days following he was very feverish and ill, and a doctor came and prescribed a drastic treatment. His brain was not clear until the third day, and then they brought him his letters. On the top was a telegram to say that Laurie had been killed.

He gave a choking cry of pain, and the doctor was sent for. He was given powerful sleeping-draughts, but when normal he indulged in paroxysms of anger and violence. He would not believe the news.

It was nearly a month later that an elderly gray-mustached color-sergeant paid him a visit. He was a thick set man, with a loud harsh voice that could not attune itself to the atmosphere of a sick-room.

James was peevish, and the color-sergeant was matter-of-fact.

"He was a good lad," he said.

"How did it happen?" James asked weakly.

"Well, you see, sir, there was a bit of a salient formed by the angle of the wood we occupied. We had been scrapping over this for more than a month. The Germans saw their chance that morning. They'd exploded a mine—a fairly successful job. We—"

"But peace!" said James. "I thought peace had been declared that morning."

The sergeant coughed.

"When you've had a job like this going on for years," he said, "you can't leave off in five minutes."

"But it was treachery, then! Filthy murder!"

"Not exactly. We had no specific instructions. We'd probably have done the same thing if positions had been reversed. There had been a lot of mining. The telephone wires get disorganized. It was a very important point we held."

"You mean they didn't know?"

"As likely as not."

"But what about the boy?"

"He was a good lad. He got a packet twelve hours after peace was declared."

James sat up in bed and trembled. They were alone in the room. He suddenly said in an altered voice:

"Sergeant, would you like a drink?"

"Oh, thank you, sir."

James rang a bell, and a maid appeared. "Er—bring up the whisky from the dining-room. I want to give my friend a drink."

When the whisky was brought, he told the sergeant to help himself. When he had done so, he said:

"And I

Pour me one out too, sergeant, a—stiff one."

He drank the whisky in little sips, and laughed. "They say this is poison to me," he exclaimed suddenly.

The sergeant looked at him with his unimpressionable stare, and said stolidly:

"Oh, I'm sorry. Why do you drink it, then, sir?"

And James smiled at him, and nodded his head knowingly, and answered.

"Because I don't mean it to—last ten years, Sergeant."

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HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR MONEY?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

family has $2.00 weekly for all this, which means that they have practically no chance at it at all. Happily there are not many $20.00-a-week families in these days of high wages.

This item is, after all, one with which we are most deeply concerned. It is the one that includes the things we work for. We *have* to be clothed and housed and fed, but we *want* to save, to travel and to have books and to know the ease and enjoyment of life that these things bring to us. The economist I consulted with regard to this article, Dr. Benjamin F. Andrews, of Columbia University, remarks seriously that the "personal allowance tends to increase more rapidly than the Income," and it certainly does in a double sense, that when we make more money we have more to allow for this purpose and also that we want more as we get more, a fact that most of us recognize. At the present time we have to consider this item with great seriousness.

We sometimes think we can dispense with all recreation, but we soon learn that even the soldier who is on the sternest business possible must take time for these things and that the government recognizes this need and fills it. We too must have some play—how much?

In pre-war times, incomes that were "ideal" were divided in this way. Out of $2,000 to $4,000 a year:

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5 per cent. for vacations and pure recreation.
1 per cent. to 5 per cent. for personals, doctors, etc.

It is the re-adjustment of these items that will give us our thrift stamps, our war-saving stamps, and our Liberty Bonds, these and in many cases the acceptance of a simpler method of living.

Th' Old Mill Stream

By RALPH D. HARTMAN

WHEN you're old and got roomatiks,
An' your j'ints all creak like sin
Ev'ry 'tarnal time you move them,
An' you're r'ally sufferin',
Then it is you like to settle
In your fav'rite nook an' dream
Uv th' boys an' you in swimmin'
In th' Old Mill Stream.

There's a racin' 'long th' roadway
Stirrin' up great clouds uv dust;
There's a hurdlin' uv th' fences
Each one tryin' to be fust;
There's a shower uv pants an' blouses,
Then a swish like 'scapin' steam;
There's a dozen boys in swimmin'
In th' Old Mill Stream.

Fatty starts th' fun by divin'
From th' spring-board smooth an' wet,
But he slips, an', suff'rin' roosters!
What a dive—I'm laffin' yet.
Then we duck th' young 'uns under;
Gosh all hemlock! How they scream
But it all goes when you're swimmin'
In th' Old Mill Stream.

"Hey you, Rusty! Want a lickin'?
Quit your knottin' up them pants!"
How he laffs; but tain't so funny
When he finds his full uv ants!
Throwin' mud an' splashin' water,
Oh, how short th' hours seem
When you're with the gang in swimmin'
In th' Old Mill Stream.

But them good old days sir over;
Alus 'lowed they couldn't last.
Then I sorter wooed th' future,
Now I'm conjurin' up th' past.
So I'm settin' here adreamin'—
Kinder wond'rin' how 'twould seem
To be young ag'in, an' swimmin'
In th' Old Mill Stream.

The Biggest Book of New York Styles Ever Issued By— Bedell

Bedell Exclusive Fall and Winter Model Coat

This Catalog Sent Postpaid FREE

Bringing to Your Home the Great Fall & Winter Styles of Our Famous Ten-City Organization.

This big, beautiful book illustrates and describes the Choicest Selections to be exhibited in our ten great Bedell retail establishments this Fall and Winter. You will find them much newer and better than those presented by exclusively mail order houses. Coming from Bedell, you may be sure they are genuine NEW YORK STYLES and New York's BEST STYLES.

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And see what smart women will wear this season—see New York's favorite fashions for Fall and Winter—see all the interesting style changes—see how much money Bedell can and will save you. Write today—*now!*

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The Bedell Policy Best styles—lowest prices—finest materials and workmanship—express paid by Bedell—money back if not satisfied.

The Bedell Buildings as they would appear if grouped together—covering an area of 2 acres—1,000 shopping feet—with a frontage equal to eight New York City blocks.

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His Mother Knows

That Grains Should Be Super-Cooked

Prof. Anderson Says:

A grain of wheat contains about .125 million food cells. And they must be broken to digest.

Ordinary cooking methods break only part of them. That's the great trouble with grain foods for children. They are generally not half-cooked.

I Explode the Cells

In Puffed Grains I explode these cells. The grains are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in a fearful heat. Thus steam is created inside of each food cell.

Then the guns are shot. Instantly every food cell explodes — 125 million per kernel. Every granule is thus fitted to digest.

You see grain bubbles, eight times normal size. You see airy, flaky, toasted tidbits with a most enticing taste.

I see only hygienic foods. These grains are cooked, then toasted, then exploded. Grains were never so cooked before.

That's the reason for Puffed Grains. They seem food confections. But the great point is, they do not tax digestion. And every atom feeds.

Mothers who consult their doctors will serve these grains in Puffed form all they can.

Mix with Fruit

Or serve with cream and sugar. Between meals, douse with melted butter and let children eat like peanuts.

Float in Milk

These crisp, flavory bubbles are delightful morsels. And they taste like nut-meats scattered on ice cream.

Puffed Rice

Puffed Wheat

Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c

Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1050)

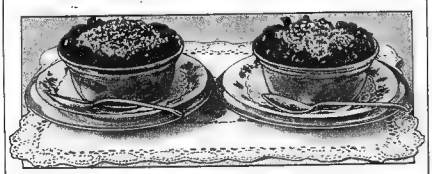
Desserts from Late Fruits

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

Six new ways of utilizing the plentiful, late Summer fruits. Every one of these desserts is as palatable as it is attractive-looking.

TO make grape smash wash a quantity of ripe grapes, bruise with a wooden spoon and press out all the juice. Measure and allow an equal quantity of water. For each 2 cupfuls of this mixture, add ½ cupful honey or corn-sirup and 2 tablespoonfuls lemon- or orange-juice. Mix all together and freeze to a mash. Put a spoonful of whipped cream on each serving.

FOR quince and apple dainties (below) 4 ripe quinces and 8 tart cooking apples are required. Divide each into 8 pieces, covered with water, and cook until pulpy. Press through a sieve, add honey or sirup to taste, and simmer again for 15 minutes. Chill and serve in dainty cups, covered with whipped evaporated cream or meringue Decorate with crystallized violets.

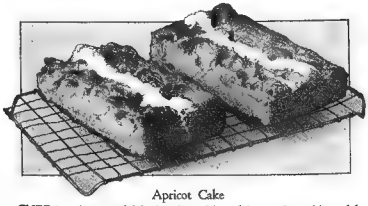


Plum Betties

PLACE a layer of halved unpeeled plums in small baking-dishes; add some grated maple-sugar, butter-substitute, powdered mace, cover with bread-crums and repeat. Pour ¼ cupful boiling water into each, cover and bake 40 minutes.

Ripe Pear Shortcake

MIX and sift 1 cupful barley flour, ½ cupful peanut flour, ½ cupful corn-meal, ½ teaspoonful salt, and 3 teaspoonfuls baking-powder. Add 4 tablespoonfuls butter-substitute, chop in well, then add 1 cupful milk. Bake in two layers. Fill with 4 cupfuls pears, halved and peeled, and garnish with whipped cream.



Apricot Cake

SIFT together 1 cupful barley flour, ½ cupful corn flour, ½ cupful wheat flour, ½ teaspoonful salt, and 3 teaspoonfuls baking-powder. Add 2 beaten eggs, 1 cupful milk, ½ teaspoonful vanilla extract, and 3 tablespoonfuls melted butter-substitute. Spread the mixture ½ inch thick in a greased baking-pan and lay ripe apricots cut into quarters on top. Sprinkle with sugar and bake in a hot oven for 40 minutes.

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Delicious Foods Made Without Eggs

Raisin Buns

Cornmeal Rolls

CORNMEAL ROLLS. 1 cup cornmeal, 1½ cups wheat flour, 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ¾ cup mashed white potatoes, 2 tablespoons sugar or syrup, 1 tablespoon melted fat, ¾ cup milk. Sift dry ingredients. Add mashed potatoes, sugar or syrup and melted shortening to milk, and add to dry ingredients to make a soft dough. Roll out on a floured board one-half inch thick. Cut into circles, spread with melted fat and fold. Bake in hot oven twenty to twenty-five minutes.

RAISIN BUNS. 1½ cups wheat flour, 1 cup corn flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons syrup, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons fat, ⅔ cup seeded raisins, ⅔ cup mashed sweet potatoes, ⅞ cup milk. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt three times. Cut in the fat, add the raisins, sweet potatoes, syrup and enough milk to make a stiff dough. Mold into round buns.

Lay them close together on a greased baking tin. Brush over the top with milk and sprinkle with the sugar. Bake in a moderate oven thirty-five to forty-five minutes.

THESE RECIPES SAVE WHEAT AND SUGAR AND REQUIRE NO EGGS

In nearly all recipes the number of eggs may be reduced, and often omitted altogether, by using an additional quantity of Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted. Try this economy with your favorite recipes and remember, to obtain the best results you must use

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

If you have not received our economy booklets, "Best War Time Recipes" and "55 Ways to Save Eggs" they will be mailed free on request. Write to

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 129 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK

Coffee Cake

1 cup buckwheat flour	1 cup wheat flour	¾ cup milk
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder	½ cup sugar	⅔ cup corn syrup
	½ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons melted fat

Sift dry ingredients together. Stir in the milk, syrup and melted fat; beat well. Put into two greased layer cake tins and sprinkle over the top a mixture consisting of one tablespoon cinnamon, two tablespoons brown sugar, one tablespoon fat and one-half cup chopped nuts. Bake in moderate oven from fifteen to twenty minutes.

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The Dusty Shaft of Light

The pure, clean sunshine that streams through the tree-tops of a mountain forest—contrast it with the dusty beam of light that comes through your window.

The woods are healthful mainly because they're free from dust. Cities are nurseries of disease because they are dust-enslaved.

Every breeze—every footstep—every turning wheel—every broom-swish keeps the germ-laden dust in never-ending circulation. Heed well the lesson in the dusty shaft of light. Contemplate the menace in its shimmery mass of uncountable dust particles.

Remember that dust is the most efficient germ carrier known.

Every breath you draw—every breath your children draw is as dusty and as full of menace as the sunlit space before you might be.

Pin Your Faith to Lysol

Lysol Disinfectant annihilates all germ life at the instant of application. Its powerful qualities are relied upon by virtually every hospital in the land. Boards of Health urge the use of Lysol, and so do physicians.

Lysol is economical; a 50c bottle added to water makes 5 gallons of powerful disinfectant; a 25c bottle makes 2 gallons. Get a bottle today. Make systematic household disinfection a regular duty. Use a few drops of Lysol in the water when you wipe window-sills and other woodwork. Use it in scrubbing-water and in garbage-cans, sinks, drains, dark sunless corners, and wherever flies gather or breed. Be especially vigilant when sickness is rife.

Take these simple, easy precautions and you will make a better fight against disease than it can make against you. Lysol is for sale in all drug stores.

Lysol is invaluable for personal hygiene. See instructions with package.

Lysol Shaving Cream

Contains Lysol, and kills germs on razor and shaving-brush, guards the tiny cuts from infection, and gives the antiseptic and comfortable shave. You will enjoy it. If your dealer hasn't got it, ask him to order a supply for you. Price 25c.

Manufactured by
LEHN & FINK, Inc.
87 William St.,
New York

Lysol Toilet Soap

Contains Lysol, and therefore protects the skin from germ infection. It is refreshingly soothing and healing and helpful for improving the skin. Ask your dealer. If he hasn't got it, ask him to order it for you. Price 25c.

Lysol
Disinfectant

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Just See—I've Made It Like New With Sunset

Of course I've been so busy knitting for the boys Over There, that there's been no time to think of a new sweater for myself. So I have just made this dingy, faded sweater as fresh and attractive as new, and a lovely, rich autumn color with true-to-color

Sunset Soap Dyes

be for the greatest achievement in a dye product ever offered for home use.

SUNSET makes it possible to accomplish, even in a cooking pot, what you have heretofore entrusted only to the high priced professional dyer. There's no skill, no practice necessary, you can't go wrong.

There is no streaking; the color penetrates the SUNSET way—evenly, thoroughly, beautifully. Whether it be fancy cut jacquard wool, knit goods or the soft, smooth feel that it had what now

No matter how many things you've spoiled with other dyes, SUNSET will never disappoint. It's boiled in and boiled out, and the result is always a success. And there is don't have to do a stitch more than mean a spot. SUNSET removes grease spots and other stains. It dyes, and gives the same deep full color to wool, silk, cotton, and linen. That's why a SUNSET dyed garment is always so soft and lustrous. SUNSET is the result of knowledge and fastidiousness come out all the better for it.

Try it today. It's the cleanest, quickest dye you ever used. Does not stain the hands or utensils, and takes just thirty minutes. Dyes heavy wool or Belfast Georgette, Silk or Cotton, Lace or a vest. Ask your dealer, or send us his name and 15c.

Buy SUNSET by the dozen in assorted colors. Then no unexpected fashion can catch you with "nothing to wear." With SUNSET in the house, a new blouse or skirt, a pair of stockings and stockings are "ready-to-wear" in just 30 minutes.

Ask your dealer for your favorite color or send us his name and fifteen cents and we will mail it to you, with simple directions for dyeing the goods in 30 minutes.

15c

Pink, Scarlet, Cardinal, Wine, Light Blue, Dark Blue, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Light Green, Dark Green, Gray, Sand, Heliotrope, Delft, Mauve, Old Rose, Old Blue, Orange, Black, Taupe, Purple, U.S. Olive Drab.

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Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., 171 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.
Sales Representatives for U. S. and Canada

Write for Our New Money-Making Plan

Would you like to learn how to turn your spare time to profit, or earn a *steady income* for full time? Write us today and we will tell you how hundreds of women and men too, are making splendid incomes acting as our factory representatives. If you are ambitious and anxious to succeed, *you, too,* can make good money at this work.

Earnings average $2.00 an hour for spare time and from $25 to $60 a week for full time. The work is pleasant, congenial and healthful. Don't let this opportunity pass, but write us *at once* for full particulars of our easy sales plan. We furnish

Free Sample Outfit

and teach you our *sure* sales method without charge. No experience or capital necessary. You start earning money at

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by underwear and guaranteed hosiery at mill-to-wearer prices. You can quickly build up a permanent, profitable business. Be independent—no canvassing necessary. We pay all express charges, guarantee satisfaction and assure prompt service. Don't get your own hosiery at factory prices.

Get Agents Working for You—Make Double Pay

You can make still larger profits by becoming our District Manager. In addition to your own profits on your own orders you get a commission on all the goods they sell. Your customers are permanent customers. They order year after year. Many of our District Managers started in this permanent, profitable way and have now become owners of our entire business. Write today for complete details of our easy sales plan.

Malloch Knitting Mills
708 I St. Grand Rapids, Mich.

COMFY SLIPPERS
are soft, easeful, soothing

Wear them in the house instead of stiff leather shoes

"Bob and Boo"—a wonderful story book for children—sent on request

Daniel Green Felt Shoe Co.
106 East 13th St., New York

Styles for every member of the family

Daniel Green Comfy Felt Slippers

What One Mother Did With Pictorial Review Patterns

DEAR FASHION EDITOR:

Aren't these the most perfectly adorable kiddie's things you ever saw? No, they didn't come from Paris, nor did I buy them

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12081, blue or yellow, on dress No. 5797.

in a high-priced specialty shop. I made them myself from Pictorial Review Patterns, and I am so delighted with them that I just *had* to send them to you to be photographed for your magazine so that you could tell other mothers of my success. You see it isn't as if I were an expert sewer. I never made any clothes for myself, and I started in buying my little daughter's clothes ready-made, too. But one day I happened to see in Pictorial Review a coat and dress that appealed to me so that after trying vainly to duplicate them in the shops, I made what was to me a most terrifying resolve to try to copy them myself. So I bought the patterns

Back view of Dress No. 5797. ¼ to 4 years.

Pictorial Review Transfer No. 11741, blue or yellow,

and before spending any money on materials, I read the directions over carefully, studied the cutting and construction guides, and said, "Well, If I can not follow these simple instructions I must be lots more stupid than I ever thought I was." I bought sheer white batiste for the dress and

Pictorial Review Coat Pattern No. 6873—Sizes, 2 to 8 years.

bonnet, and pale blue silk poplin for the coat. Of course I was slow and clumsy at first, for remember this was my very first attempt at dressmaking. But by degrees I found the work simply fascinating, and as the little garments grew under my fingers into things of beauty, I really think I got as much pleasure from them as an artist from painting a lovely picture. And think of the money that I saved. Why clothes one makes oneself cost about one - quarter what they cost ready-made. Long live Pictorial Review Patterns!

MRS. BLANCHE ANDERSON.

Back view of coat No. 6873. Embroidery Transfer No. 12081.

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I AM Miss Manhattan—an interpreter of Fashion's moods—a reflection of her newest successes in ultra-youthful coats and suits. My label is an assurance of fine materials well tailored in a mode acclaimed by Fifth Avenue's most discriminating taste.

You will probably find my styles in your city's leading store. If not, send me the name of the best merchant in your vicinity, and I will arrange with him to show you my Book of Fashions and order for you any suit or coat you wish, at prices ranging from $29.50 to $75.00.

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Miss Manhattan

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For over thirty years Larkin Co. has led the merchandising world in values given direct to the consumer. By buying your foods, soaps and other home supplies from Larkin Co. you save the middleman's expense. This saving is given to you in the form of beautiful and serviceable Premiums such as this splendidly Upholstered Tapestry Davenport or Serviceable Fashionable Wearing Apparel.

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Send for this interesting book. See the hundreds of useful home furnishings you can get as Premiums by this economical method of Factory-to-Family dealing. Interest your friends and neighbors in these great War-time economies. We make this a profitable service for you.

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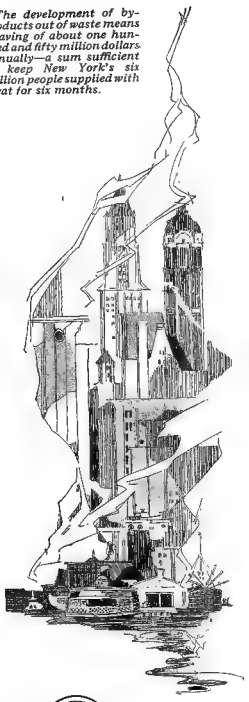
An industry that is saving millions out of waste

The development of by-products out of waste means a saving of about one hundred and fifty million dollars annually—a sum sufficient to keep New York's six million people supplied with meat for six months.



THERE was a time when the steer was handled solely for its edible meat, its hide, and its tallow.

The remainder of the animal, in weight totaling many millions of pounds annually, was thrown away—a sheer waste.

Today virtually all of this former waste is utilized. Over 250 articles are now contributed by the steer to human needs, and a larger proportion of the animal is saved for human food.

* * * *

At the time of writing, Swift & Company has to get about $125 for the dressed meat from an average beef animal in order to break even.

But if the old order of waste prevailed today and only the hide and tallow were saved, Swift & Company, to break even, would need to get about $135, or to pay the producer less for his cattle.

This is a saving of about ten dollars per animal -a saving which, when multiplied by the total number of cattle dressed annually by Swift & Company, over two million, amounts to more than twenty million dollars yearly, and this saving results in higher cattle prices and lower meat prices.

If applied to the entire number of cattle dressed annually in America, approximately fifteen million, this saving would amount to about one hundred and fifty million dollars annually.

* * * *

The real development of by-products came with the development of the larger packing organizations.

Success was attained not easily, but by patient effort, by exhaustive experiment, by intense specialization. It has been a big job and has called for big methods—a job far beyond the resources of the old, unorganized system of local meat dressing.

Not only are by-products saved but their value has been increased through better handling of hides, fats, and other edible portions of the steer.

Swift & Company is glad to have had a part in this development. It is an achievement of thrift—an achievement that has made possible today lower meat prices to the consumer and higher prices to the producer of cattle.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

A nation-wide organization with more than 20,000 stockholders

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THE FASHION DEPARTMENT

To Prove that She Is Not Discouraged Paris Sends these Delightfully Clever Autumn Models Posed by that Charming Star of Ziegfeld's Follies, Kay Laurell

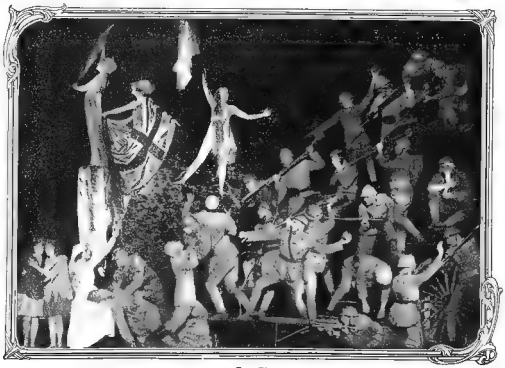
WHEN one is young and slender like Kay Laurell, one may indulge in all sorts of tucks with the greatest impunity. Even the broad revers need not abash one, for they add a dainty softness that is simply enchanting. Paris makes much of filet lace in this frock of Georgette crêpe (at right) for, not content with fashioning the revers and collar of it, she inserts it in broad bands between the tucks, and uses the lace as a panel at the side-front of the skirt.

COSY and comfy enough to withstand the worst offensive of Jack Frost, Miss Laurell appears in this stunning suit (illustrated below) that is one of the newest models Paris has sent this season. Note the long narrow skirt, bordered in fur, and the long straight-line jacket with its wide stole collar of fur to match the shirt border.

ABOVE is shown another view of the suit illustrated below at the left. Aside from the fur collar buttons form the only decorative note, and they are applied in a long row on a plait, and set close together, each button with its corresponding buttonhole opposite, for all the world as tho the plaits could be buttoned together. A sort of sartorial joke.

THEY are wearing them longer in Paris" as may be seen from this stunning suit (illustrated below) of soft thick wool, rich as velvet and lavishly trimmed with fur. The high close collar of fur is wonderfully becoming to Miss Laurell.

FORWARD Allies," the tableau illustrated below was arranged and staged by Ben Ali Haggin, the brilliant artist, for Ziegfeld's Follies. Kay Laurell makes a most appealing picture as France (central figure).



PARIS is written all over this handsome coat (above) with its wonderful embroidery and rich fur. It is especially becoming to Miss Laurell's lissom slenderness. The panel, longer at the back, the large armholes, and the string belt at low waist-line are new notes.

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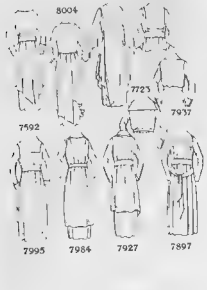
How To Be Modish tho Stout Is Attractively Shown Here

7592 Ladies' Blouse—Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. No. 7995 — Ladies' Two - piece Skirt Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4½ yards 40-inch satin —1⅛ yard beige satin for vest and drapery facing — ⅛ yard 27-inch white lace for collar — ¼ yard black lace for trimming-band — ⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Because one is stout is no reason why one may not dress smartly and in up-to-date style if the proper lines are adhered to in the design of the frock. In this satin afternoon model the long revers of the blouse give length of line in front, and the skirt while simple, has an up-to-date touch in the drapery sections that are inserted in the side seams and are faced with contrasting satin. For a plainer frock these may be omitted.



7599—Ladies' Blouse Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¾ yard 36-inch satin—1⅛ yard passementerie—1¼ yard 18-inch allover cream lace for collar and vest —⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The bretelles that extend over the shoulders and down to the waist-line are very becoming to stout figures, and length of line is given by the hanging pockets that depend below the shaped girdle.

7937—Ladies' Blouse Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch voile. Like most of the new blouses this is very simple in line, but the fulness on the shoulders is very becoming to women of plump figure. For the slender woman the blouse may be high-necked with a high turn-down collar.

7723—Ladies' Blouse Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3½ yards filet lace for trimming. Embroidery No. 12367, blue or yellow transfer pattern. When developed in soft fabrics like voile and Georgette crêpe draped revers of this style may be worn by the stout woman.

7965—Ladies' Dress Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch satin—4½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Here is a charming frock for afternoon or informal evening wear for the stout woman. The closing is at the back, and the tucked kimono blouse may be made with high, round, or deep square neck outline. The tunic falls in points in front, and is mounted on a two-piece gathered skirt.

8004—Ladies' Dress Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch satin—2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard 36-inch white satin for collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The stout woman who is inclined to be short-waisted will find this an ideal model for giving the effect of a longer waist-line. The surplice blouse is drawn down to form a deep girdle, and buttons at the side, and the skirt may be accordion-plaited or gathered, and is attached to the underbody.

7990—Ladies' Dress Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 6¾ yards 36-inch black satin—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery No. 12422, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Long rolling revers and a vest that extends below the girdle give the desirable and becoming length to stout figures, and a gathered tunic is mounted on the two-piece skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

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Mrs. Castle's Newest Gowns

WAR-TIME has its compensations. Silk this season will not be an indulgence, but the most practical and most patriotic fabric one can wear.

Naturally the silks most in demand are those with practical wearing quality. For this reason, Mrs. Castle chose Corticelli dress silks for her newest gowns.

For the chic dress in rose pink, Mrs. Castle chose Corticelli "Satin Patria"—remarkable for its rich lustre and the exquisite shades in which it comes. It is a superior quality, adorable for dressy gowns, yet entirely suitable for simple day frocks.

The quaint little apron dress is in Leghorn yellow Satin Militaire, a lighter weight which comes in delightful evening shades and the new deep shades for street frocks.

Ask at your favorite store for these and other lovely Corticelli dress silks. Corticelli Gilt Edge Poplin is being worn more and more in place of serge for practical frocks. Corticelli Taffetas are in the lightest "Thistledown" weave and the heavier "Service" quality. If your store cannot show you a wide variety of the newest Corticelli dress silks, please write us.

NEW BOOKLET

showing several of Mrs. Castle's newest gowns and describing all the Corticelli Dress Silks, mailed on request. Address Corticelli Silk Mills, Box 540, Florence, Mass.

• • •

FOR THOSE WHO KNIT

Send for Corticelli Yarn Book No. 8. Just out! New things for our soldiers and sailors. Newest designs in knit things for women, children, babies, men and boys. Mailed for 18c.

"TOINETTE"

Mrs. Castle calls this demure little gown of shimmering leghorn yellow Satin Militaire, with its double apron of white organdie, "Toinette." Picot edged bands of the satin itself adorn the organdie sleeves and tie at the waist line. "Ribbon is so promic," says Mrs. Castle, "and in this way I'm sure of having the absolute match." Pattern for the above especially cut from Mrs. Castle's own design. Sizes 32 to 40 bust. Price $1.00. Address Corticelli Silk Mills.

"FRANCIA"

"Francia"—the land of style-inspiration shows its influence in every chic line of this charming frock. Rose pink Corticeli Satin Patria is the material Mrs. Castle chose for it; collar and cuffs are of filmiest white organdie, and organdie folds trim the tunic in characteristic fashion. Pattern for the above especially cut from Mrs. Castle's own design. Sizes 32 to 40 bust. Price $1.00. Address Corticelli Silk Mills

Corticelli Dress Silks

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Fashion Favors Panels and Tunics for Dressy Gowns

7988—Ladies' Peplum Blouse. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch black satin for skirt and overblouse—2⅞ yards black Georgette crêpe for blouse and peplum —1⅝ yard fringe—⅝ yard white satin for collar and cuffs—1⅛ yard ribbon. Beading No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

A stunning effect is given to this frock of Georgette crêpe and satin by the beaded motifs that are embroidered on the blouse and the peplum, which gives the effect of an apron tunic front and back. The blouse closes in front, and has a jumper of satin closing on the left shoulder and under the left arm. Attached to the blouse is the two-piece gathered peplum open at the sides, and finished with deep fringe.

7999—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. No. 7993—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 7 yards 36-inch crêpe meteor —½ yard white satin for collar. Beading No. 12426, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

The vogue of satin and satin-faced fabrics is increasing all the time for Autumn afternoon frocks. This is a particularly attractive model with blouse cut on simple lines and closing at left side-front. It may be made with or without the trimming sections in box plait effect, and the pattern provides a tunic section which is not illustrated. A choice is offered of square, round, oval, and deep square neck outlines. Most attractive in style is the collar which stands out from the neck. One of the new spiral tunics is an attractive feature of the two-piece skirt which closes at the left side. Deep tucks are formed above the hem of the tunic, and these may be hemstitched if desired. Soft plaits are formed at the back of the skirt with gathers in front.

Blouse 7988
Skirt 7830
Beading 12372

Blouse 7999
Skirt 7993
Beading 12426

7974—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 27-inch satin for collar—1¼ yard Irish crochet picot edging. The closing is arranged in the box plait in front, and a pointed or round collar may finish the oval neck.

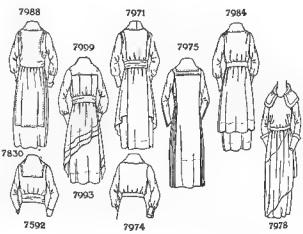
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

Dress 7975 Dress 7984 Dress 7978

Dress 7971
Beading 12467

7971—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch navy blue taffeta—4¾ yards navy blue Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard gray satin. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Beading on girdle No. 12467, blue or yellow transfer pattern.

Embroidery may be used if preferred. The lines of this frock adapt it admirably to stout women, but it is equally becoming to the slender figure. The combination of Georgette crêpe and taffeta is a happy one, and added smartness is given by the beaded motif on the girdle. The gathered waist closes at left side-front, while the back of the waist is in panel style extending to the lower edge of the skirt, and joined to the back of the tunic. The waist is mounted on a front-closing underbody that may be made with high or square neck. Over a two-piece gathered skirt closing at left side-front is arranged a two-piece gathered open-front tunic falling in jabot-like folds.



Blouse 7592 Blouse 7974

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The Tie Blouse and Tiered Skirt Are Strikingly New

7968—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch velvet—7 yards fur—⅞ yard fringe. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The fashionable back closing is featured on this frock as well as the flying panels which are arranged at the back and sewed in with the shoulder seam. The oval neck-line is very smart in style, but if preferred, high, round, or V neck may be substituted, the V neck finished with a pointed collar. The two-piece gathered skirt may have inserted pockets.

7978—Ladies' Dress Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 7¼ yards 36-inch satin—⅛ yard 36-inch allover lace—⅝ yard 36-inch white organdy. Width at lower edge 1¼ yard. The diagonal line described by the tunic is a new fashion feature and is decidedly attractive. The dress shows the fashionable back closing, and the blouse extends below the waist-line in yoke effect, and is attached to the tunic. The two-piece skirt is lengthened by a flounce.

7992—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7546—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge, about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 7 yards 36-inch check Pussy Willow taffeta—¼ yard 44-inch organdy—1⅜ yard black ribbon. The panel front of the blouse which is cut in one with the draped girdle gives a jumper effect. The neck may be square or in V shaping, and plain one-piece sleeves may replace the flowing sleeves. At the back a panel is arranged that hangs loose from the neck. Completing the costume is a two-piece gathered skirt with a gathered tunic section at each side.

8004—Ladies' Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch satin—2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard white satin for shawl collar. Width at lower edge 1½ yard. A novelty is featured on this charming afternoon frock in the long-waisted bodice which extends down on the tunic in a diagonal line. The skirt may be gathered or accordion-plaited.

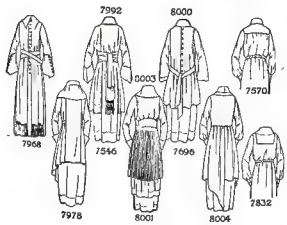
Dress 8004

Blouse 8000
Skirt 7696
Panel braiding No. 12420
Braiding border No. 12426

7892—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The neck of this charming blouse is finished with a square collar perforated for round outline, and to this collar the tucked revers are attached.

Dress 7968 Dress 7978 Blouse 7992 Skirt 7546

Blouse 7832



8003—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 8001—Ladies' Skirt Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 7 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2⅜ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. A charmingly graceful frock for afternoon wear is this model of crêpe de Chine and Georgette crêpe, the fronts of the blouse to be tied in front or crossed in surplice style. The long kimono sleeves are cut in one with the side sections. The skirt may be in three or four tiers, with the upper tier accordion-plaited or gathered.

Blouse 8003
Skirt 8001

Blouse 7570

7670—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard 27-inch bias satin for shawl collar.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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Velvet, Georgette Crêpe, Gabardine, and Satin Are Fall Favorites

7710 — Ladies' Blouse. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. No. 7704—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3 yards 36-inch blue charmeuse for skirt and collar—3¾ yards 36-inch gray charmeuse for blouse and tunic—⅞ yard 40-inch blue Georgette crêpe for sleeves. A charming new style feature is introduced in this model in the Mandarin sleeves which are of Georgette crêpe, while the frock itself is of charmeuse. The waist, which closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, is mounted on a front-closing underbody and may have a peplum plaited at the back if desired. The spiral tunic gives distinctive style to the skirt which is a two-piece gathered model closing at center-front. A suspender attachment is included in the pattern.

7952—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅓ yards 44-inch gabardine—1 yard 42-inch plaid for collar and drapery sections. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Draped sections of plaid provide an agreeable trimming note, relieving the simplicity of this frock of gabardine which closes at center-front. It may button to the top of a standing collar or the V neck illustrated may be selected, finished with a rolling or shawl collar.

7986—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¾ yard lace banding—5¼ yards edging. Charming for soft fabrics like Georgette crêpe and voile.

7960 — Ladies' Jacket. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch gabardine — ⅛ yard 50-inch plush for collar and cuffs—4⅛ yards 36-inch Pussy Willow satin for lining. Length at center-back 43 inches. No. 7745 — Ladies' Two - piece Skirt. Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 44 - inch gabardine. Width at lower edge, about 1⅛ yard. This smart Autumn suit features the new long jacket which displays another new fashion feature in the panel at center-back, while the sides have applied sections and the belt that crosses the front is an extension of the underarm sections.

7965 — Ladies' Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch satin—5⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—2⅝ yards fur banding—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yard. New style notes are the panel back, the novel sleeves, and back closing.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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The Mandarin Blouse and Long Jacket Are Chic Style Notes

7647 —Ladies' Blouse
Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch dotted organdy—1 yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar—1¼ yard filet lace for trimming. A large gathered frill finishes the V neck, and over this may be arranged a shawl collar knotted in front. The blouse is gathered in front on the shoulders.

7650 — Ladies' Blouse
Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch plain voile—¾ yard 36-inch embroidered voile —2⅝ yards edging. The sleeves instead of widening out below the elbow, may be gathered to deep cuffs finished with turn-back cuff sections.

Blouse 7647

Blouse 7650

Blouse 8000
Skirt 7330
Braiding 12425

8000 — Ladies' Blouse
Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch black satin. Braiding border No. 12425, blue or yellow transfer pattern providing three yards of 1¼-inch border.
No. 7330—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt
Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch satin. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Presented here is the new Mandarin blouse with straight Renaissance neck-line and Mandarin sleeves. It closes at the back, and has a deep border of soutache braiding. The sleeves are sewed into the armholes of the underbody, and instead of the Mandarin sleeves, plain sleeves may be selected. The skirt is a gathered model, but as it is made with straight lower edge, it may be accordion-plaited as illustrated here.

7903—Ladies' Coat
Seven sizes; 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth—3¾ yards 36-inch Pussy Willow satin for lining. Length at center-back 48 inches. Most of the new utility coats are cut on straight easy lines like this model. For early Autumn the coat fronts may be rolled back to form revers as illustrated with the collar turned down, while for colder weather, the coat may close to the neck with the fronts buttoned over.

Coat 7997
Skirt 7339

7997—Ladies' Coat
Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch black velvet. No. 7339—Ladies' One-piece Side-plaited Skirt
Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch plaid. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. For informal street wear the plaid skirt and black velvet coat is particularly jaunty. This coat buttons in single-breasted style and is finished with a shawl or square collar. Plaited skirts are among the notable fashion features of the season, and this model is distinctly smart, arranged in side plaits and closing at center-back.

Coat 7963

Jacket 7960
Skirt 7830

7960—Ladies' Long Jacket
Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch English mixture—¾ yard 36-inch velvet for collar. Length at center-back 43 inches. No. 7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch English mixture. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Here is one of the new long jacket suits that are the smartest things for Fall wear. This suit has the straight tailored lines that are so much in vogue for general wear, and may be fashioned of tweed, English mixture, serge, or gabardine. The back is made with the fashionable full-length panel. At the underarm there are applied sections cut in one with the belt that crosses the front of the jacket.

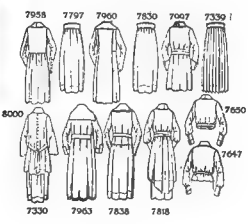
7838—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress
Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch check taffeta—2¼ yards 44-inch serge—¾ yard 44-inch organdy for vest and collar—4 yards wide and 4 yards narrow braid. Width at lower edge 1⅞ yard. Quite new is the combination of check taffeta with serge which may match the dominant tone of the check. This model shows the fashionable long waist-line at which the serge is joined, tho the dress itself is belted at normal waist-line.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

Dress 7838

Jacket 7958
Skirt 7797

Dress 7818



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Morning and Home Frocks and Some New Sleeveless Overblouses

7436—Ladies' Work Dress Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 7¾ yards 36-inch linen—½ yard plaid gingham for collar. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. In these days when women are engaged in so many outdoor activities a dress like this is a perfect boon. It consists of a simple gathered waist cut in one with pantalets and drawn in at the waistline by elastic drawn through a casing, forming overalls. The pantalets are drawn in at the lower edge, and over these is slipped a separate three-piece skirt. A small square collar finishes the open neck, and the sleeves are perforated for shorter length.

7911—Ladies' Morning Dress Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch percale—⅞ yard 27-inch white lawn for collar—½ yard 27-inch chambray for trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Delightful in its simple charm is this morning and home frock of figured percale closing in front, and with square collar of white lawn finishing the open neck. The edges of the collar are rolled back and faced with solid color chambray. One-piece sleeves are provided which are perforated for shorter length, and the four-piece skirt, which is joined to the waist under the belt, is slightly gathered.

Dress 7606

Work Dress 7436

Apron 7643
Cross-stitch 12460

Dress 7816

7606—Ladies' One-piece Dress Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 6 yards 27-inch check chambray—⅝ yard white lawn for collar—1⅛ yard lace edging. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Easy to make and launder is this simple house frock of check chambray buttoning at center-front. Allowance is made in the pattern for a square collar, and a pointed collar perforated for round outline.

7907—Ladies' Morning Dress Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch plain gingham—⅝ yard plaid gingham for trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Embroidery No. 12184, blue or yellow transfer,

7981—Ladies' Sleeveless Apron and Cap Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch calico—⅝ yard white lawn for bias trimming-bands. This is an attractive apron for the housewife with comfortable low neck and large armholes. The closing is at the back, and a choice is offered of square and V neck outlines. A cap is provided.

7643—Ladies' Apron Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires for apron with short sleeves, 7 yards 27-inch chambray—⅛ yard 27-inch white lawn for collar. Cross-stitch No. 12460, blue or yellow transfer pattern. This neat apron is plaited below a square yoke front and back, and may have long or short sleeves.

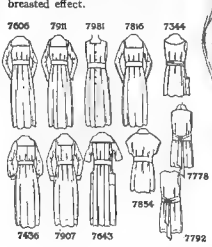
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

Dress 7911

Dress 7907
Embroidery 12184

Apron 7981

7816—Ladies' One-piece Dress Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch check serge—⅝ yard black satin for collar and belt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. This dress may be in single- or double-breasted effect.



Overblouse 7344
Braiding 11818

Overblouse 7778

Overblouse 7854
Braiding 11347

Overblouse 7792
Embroidery 12373

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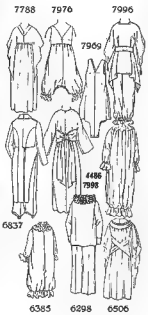
Hallowe'en and Patriotic Costumes, Negligées, and Lingerie

7788—Ladies' and Misses' Empire Kimono
Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. Medium size requires 5¾ yards 36-inch flowered crêpe —1⅜ yard plain crêpe for collar, bow, and sleeve facing —⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The angel sleeves are cut in one with the body of this kimono, and the three-piece skirt section is gathered to form a heading. The inside of the long points of the sleeves may be lined with plain crêpe like the collar.

7976—Ladies' Combination
Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 2½ yards 36-inch batiste—1 yard ribbon. Embroidery No. 12206, blue or yellow transfer pattern. This combination closes at the back and is slipped on over the head.



7996—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas
Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 18 years, 36 and 42 bust. Medium size requires 4½ yards 40-inch flowered batiste—⅝ yard plain batiste. Very charming in style are these pajamas, the coat with round or square neck, and to be slipped on over the head. It dips in a point at each side, but is perforated to be cut with straight lower edge.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

7998—Ladies' and Misses' Liberty Costume
Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 18 years, 36 and 42 bust. Medium size requires 2½ yards 36-inch red and white striped satin for skirt—1½ yard 36-inch blue satin with white stars for kimono waist—1 yard 36-inch blue satin for sash.

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Charming Afternoon and Street Frocks for the Young Girl

Dress 7970

Dress 7983

Dress 7989

Dress 7973

Dress 8002

Dress 7906

Dress 7977

Overblouse 7778
Dress 7776
Embroidery 12372

7983

7970

7989

7973

7906

8002

7977

7776

7778

7983—Misses' Dress Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards 44-inch plaid serge—⅞ yard 44-inch white organdy for collar, vest, and cuffs—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The blouse of this frock of plaid serge is cut down in deep U shaping in front to show a chemisette of white organdy which is applied to the front-closing underbody. Perforations permit of shortening the long sleeves that are gathered to deep cuffs, and the one-piece gathered tunic is attached to the blouse at slightly raised waistline. It is mounted on a two-piece gathered skirt closing at left side-front and joined to the underbody.

7970—Misses' Dress Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch velvet—¼ yard satin for collar—1¾ yard narrow—1⅝ yard wide fur banding—⅝ yard fringe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Velvet is the material of the season for handsome afternoon frocks, and it is at its best in a simple model like this which closes at the side. The blouse is mounted on an underbody of lining, and there are two styles of neck outlines and two styles of sleeves provided. Fur and fringe trim the frock attractively, and there are flying panels arranged at the back of the dress, extending from the shoulder seam down almost to the hem of the two-piece gathered skirt. The panels may be worn under or outside the girdle as preferred.

7989—Misses' Dress Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 48-inch serge—1¾ yard 36 inch satin—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin for collar and sleeve facing—2⅞ yards soutache braid for trimming. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Over a front-closing blouse of satin is arranged a jumper section of serge draped to form a girdle. The neck may be high, square, or round, and one-piece sleeves gathered to deep cuffs may be substituted for the Mandarin sleeves illustrated. The jumper closes on the left shoulder. Rows of soutache braid trim the skirt effectively, and the moat collar is a distinctly new feature.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

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All that Is Newest and Smartest in Fashions for the Miss

7959—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket
Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch tricotine. No. 7773—Misses' Two-piece Suspender Skirt Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch tricotine. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. For young girls as well as their elder sisters and mothers the long jacket is a new style feature. This jacket buttons all the way up the center-front like a tailored dress, and may have a standing collar with small turnover, or the open neck may be finished with a large square collar as illustrated. The two-piece gathered skirt has a suspender or jumper attachment.

7938—Misses' and Juniors' Coat Eight sizes, 13 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth. Instead of the notched collar and open front, the coat may have square collar and may close high to the neck. An inverted plait is formed at center-back.

7987—Misses' Dress Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 44-inch serge—3¼ yards 36-inch satin—1⅞ yard fringe —⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge of accordion-plaited skirt about 2 yards. This jaunty frock of serge and satin shows the new "sandwich" panel effect. The panels are of serge and are loose from the neck at the front and back, tho the front panel may be held in slightly at the waistline by a satin girdle. They are mounted on a foundation dress of satin consisting of a front-closing waist joined to a one-piece accordion-plaited or gathered skirt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

No. 87—Black kid lace boot, Cuban heel, turn sole.

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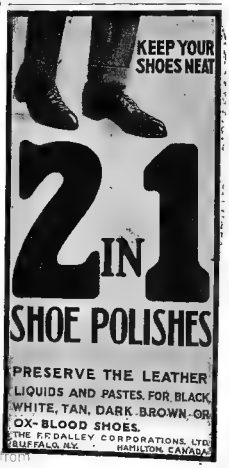
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Simple Lines and Little Trimming Mark Children's Styles

7935—Girls' and Juniors' Coat Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch covert cloth. Quite military in style is this smart belted coat with inverted plait at center-back. It fastens in double-breasted style, and may have the collar turned down and the fronts rolled back in revers as illustrated, or it may close high to the neck. Large pockets accentuate the jauntiness of the coat.

7503—Child's Coat Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 54-inch broadcloth—⅜ yard 24-inch velvet for collar. The surplice collar buttoning onto the coat is a charming feature of this model.

7967 — Child's Empire Coat Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards 36-inch velvet. The richness of velvet needs no trimming, and it is very effective in this model which may have a round or shawl collar. The skirt section is gathered to the body.

7748—Juniors' Dress Three sizes, 13, 15, and 17 years. Size 13 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch serge—⅝ yard 48-inch white broadcloth—2⅝ yards braid. Here is a very jaunty school frock of blue serge lightened by a collar of white broadcloth. The waist may be made with or without the deep yoke, and it is joined to a four-piece skirt plaited in front and closing at left side-front. Pockets may be inserted in skirt and yoke.

7789—Girls' and Juniors' Dress Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch serge—⅝ yard 36-inch satin. Embroidery No. 12469, blue or yellow transfer. A touch of novelty is given to this serge frock by the extensions on the front of the waist that form a sash effect. The inset vest that fills the deep U-shaped opening is of satin to match the collar and cuffs. The sleeves may be long or short, and the two-piece skirt closes at left side-front. A square collar finishes the neck.

6856—Child's Dress Five sizes, 1 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 2 yards 44-inch serge—⅝ yards soutache braid. The sleeves of this little frock are attached at drooping shoulder-line and the closing is at left side-front.

7866 — Girls' and Juniors' Dress Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 32-inch check gingham—¾ yard 27-inch piqué for collar—¼ yard plain gingham. The simplicity that is such a feature of school frocks is admirably displayed in this model of pink and white check gingham trimmed with pipings of plain pink gingham and a Peter Pan collar of white piqué. The skirt is a two-piece model with straight lower edge and closing at left side seam.

7849—Juniors' Dress Three sizes, 13 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool Jersey. Embroidery No. 12363, blue transfer, A novel belt gives style to this frock of the fashionable wool Jersey which is untrimmed save for a touch of hand embroidery in dark red silk. The closing is at the back, and the sleeves are perforated for shorter length.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

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For the Varied Needs of the Little Girl's Wardrobe

7844—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress
Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 44-inch serge. Cross-stitch No. 12460, blue or yellow transfer. The fashionable panel effect is worked out on this little dress at the front and back. The closing is on the left shoulder and at left side under a plait, and the neck may be in round or square outline.

7972—Child's Dress
Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch dotted dimity. Here is a cunning frock for the small girl closing at the back and gathered below a yoke. The sleeves may be long or short. The collar is perforated for smaller outline.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7979

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7844
Cross-stitch 12460

Child's Dress 7972

7738

7844

7972

7985

7923

7979

7738—Girls' and Juniors' Dress
Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3½ yards 44-inch organdy—1 yard ribbon for sash. Embroidery No. 11336, blue or yellow transfer pattern. An apron panel front and back tucked lengthwise at the waist-line and daintily embroidered gives charm to this frock that may be of white or some pastel shade of organdy. The closing is at the back, and long sleeves are provided, perforated for shorter length. The panels fasten on the left shoulder and are perforated for shorter length.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7738
Embroidery 11336

7985—Child's Dress
Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch white batiste—5½ yards eyelet embroidered banding—8¾ yards edging. For the Hallowe'en party this is a becoming dress for the little maid to be fashioned of sheer pink or white batiste or Georgette crêpe. It closes at center-back, and may have round or square neck. Long one-piece sleeves may replace the short puff sleeves, and if desired, the trimming-bands may be omitted, but they add a lot of style, so their use is advocated if a dressy frock is desired.

Child's Dress 7985

7979—Girls' and Juniors' Dress
Four sizes, 6 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard plain gingham. Here is a good-looking school frock of pink and white or blue and white check gingham. The waist closes at the back, and the two-piece skirt closes at the left side seam. Long sleeves are provided in the pattern perforated for shorter length, and the skirt has plaits at the sides.

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7923

7437

7991

7826

7964

Child's Petticoat 7826

Child's Combination 7991
Embroidery 12175

Girls' and Juniors' Bloomer Dress 7437

Girls' and Juniors' Gymnasium Suit 7964

7923—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Dress
Eight sizes, 8 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch serge—5½ yards braid for trimming. For the Fall school frock nothing takes the place of blue serge, which would make up attractively in this model that is cut with a yoke extending into a full-length panel at center-front and back. High neck and standing collar may replace the open neck and sailor collar illustrated here and the sleeves are perforated for shorter length.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 89

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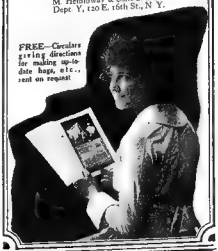

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A Honeymoon à l'Américaine

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

new fad was no longer new) for her collection of pet dogs or Egyptian rings.

A scouting party from another charitable institution, one of the very "chic" *œuvres*, nosing around our institution to make sure they were losing no points in the game, stumbled on our new press and were as awestruck as I had been by its costliness and speed. After this, all the information which I had about the Halls, scanty and highly improbable as you will see it to have been, was repeatedly pumped from me by one past-mistress after another in the art of pumping.

I BECAME so curious as to what the reaction of the Halls to this world would be and as to what this world would make of the Halls, that one afternoon I took the time off to go to one of those horribly dull afternoon teas in which fashionably-disposed charitable ladies made up for the absence of their usual pre-war distractions I did not see the guests of honor at first, and stood dismally taking my tea, submerged in the talk customary at such affairs, for the most part complaints of war-inconveniences—the hardship it was to have so few taxis in Paris, how inconsiderate the Government had been to forbid cakes and candy on two days a week, how the tailors and dressmakers were profiting by the high prices—to ask preposterous ones, "even of their old clients." how hard it was to get coal enough to have a fire in one's *cabinet de toilette*—— It was one of the days when we had heard of the failure of a great French offensive, and of the terrible shortage of hospital supplies at the front. My tea and sandwiches were ashes in my mouth. Through the window I saw a one-armed soldier with his head in bandages hobbling by the house and I found myself bitterly longing for a bolt from heaven to descend and consume the whole worthless lot of us. Then I caught sight of the Halls.

They towered above the crowd and above the very small but very important person who was monopolizing them—none other than the Duchesse de Sazarat-Begonine, who was obviously engaged in opening upon them, one after another, her redoubtable batteries of persuasion.

Do not let this casual mention of so well-known a title lead you to the very erroneous idea that I move in the aristocratic society which she adorns. Nothing could be further from the truth. The very fact that I know the Duchesse de Sazarat-Begonine is a startling proof of the extent to which, in the pursuit of her war-relief work, she has wandered from her original circle! It shows, as nothing else could, what a thorough sport she was in the pursuit of her new game, stopping at nothing, not even at promiscuous mingling with the obscure. She was, if you will allow me the expression, the *as des as* of the fashionable war-relief world in Paris. Like Guynemer, when she mounted her aerial steed in pursuit of big cash donations to her *œuvre*, all lesser lights abandoned hopes for theirs.

She had so many different weapons in her arsenal that she was irresistible; her *château*, full of the memories of those distinguished thieves, intriguers and murderers, the illustrious ancestors of her husband; her far-renowned collection of historic snuff-boxes; her wonderful Paris house with its rigorously select circle, to enter which any woman there would have given her ears; her astonishing and beautiful jewelry; the reputation of having been in her youth the *bonne amie* of one of the best-known of the Bourbon pretenders (or was it a Napoleon?); and, when the Duchesse started out to bring down a wealthy philanthropist for her Home for One-armed and One-legged Soldiers, she never missed her aim. It was not to be doubted that people who had succumbed without a struggle to the early-old parish priest with his war-orphans would put up no resistance to this brilliant onslaught.

WHEN I perceived the Halls corralled by this personage, I shamelessly moved closer so that I could overhear what was being said. This was little enough on the part of the two Halls. Mrs. Hall smiled silently down on her short and majestic interlocutor. Mr. Hall's strongly marked face was inscrutable. However, the great lady was quite used to respectful attention from those of her ex-compatriots with whom she deigned to converse and she continued to talk, with her habitual certainty of herself. At moments when I came within earshot, she was retailing to them exactly how many hundreds of wounded heroes had passed through "her" hands to their eternal benefit; exactly the praises the Minister of War had given her when her red ribbon was conferred; exactly how she had attacked and driven from the field a Spanish lady of wealth who had had the presumption also to attempt to aid one-armed and tubercular soldiers; how imitators had tried to "steal" her methods of outdoor work for the tubercular, and how she had defeated their fell purpose by allowing no more visitors to that institution without a card from her, personally——

At this point my attention was called away by an acquaintance who asked me in a whisper if those people whom the Duchesse had so ruthlessly grabbed were really the extravagantly rich and queer Americans everybody was talking about, attached to no institution, who gave as they pleased, dodging recognition and decorations, mavericks of the fashionable war-relief world, breaking all the time-honored traditions of that society.

When I could resume my eaves-dropping, the Duchesse was embarked upon her snuff-boxes, graciously dropping down from the pinnacle of her lofty exclusiveness an actual invitation to the two nobodies before her to call on her and see that world-famed collection, comprising snuff-boxes used by the Duc de Talleyrand, the Duc de St. Simon, the Marquis de la Rochefoucauld——

About this time I detected an inward glow in Mr. Hall's steady eyes. He said grimly, "I don't happen to be acquainted with any of those gentlemen, but in our country snuff-taking is accounted a rather low form of amusing yourself."

The Duchesse was brought up short, not in the least by any intimation that she might not be extracting her usual due of admiration, but by a great desire to laugh at the unsophistication of the barbarians. For my part I went warm all over with cheerfulness, and stepped forward to present my cordial greetings to the Halls. Mrs. Hall soon fell back a step or two with me, leaving Mr. Hall looking down severely on the jewel-covered woman before him. There was a shade of anxiety on Mrs. Hall's usually clear face. "You don't suppose," she murmured to me, "that Robert will be taken in by that horrid, common old woman and give some money to her? Men are so blind, even the best of them!"

I must have laughed out at this, for the Duchesse turned and came toward us, carrying off Mrs. Hall the moment thereafter, with her wonderful irresistible assurance of conferring a distinction. I said to Mr. Hall, moved by the most genuine curiosity, "What do you think of the celebrated Duchesse de Sazarat-Begonine? You know she is accounted perhaps the most chic of all chic Parisiennes. Is there any other city where a woman of her age could set the style for the most exclusive society?"

MR. HALL did not seem interested in the chicness of the great lady. He was silent for a moment, watching, over the heads of the crowd, his wife listening to the Duchesse, her kind eyes bent attentively downward. Then he said, with decision, "If that bragging old harridan gets a cent out of my wife, I'll—I'll spank Margaret."

I thought then that my cup of diverted satisfaction was quite, quite full. But it ran over splashingly when, half an hour later, separated by the crowd from the Halls, I heard the Duchesse near me, announcing confidently to a friend, "Oh, no difficulty whatever. The simplest fish who ever swallowed down the bait in one gulp. Hooked? My dear, they are in my basket already!"

I went away on that, full of threadbare meditations on the little child who had been the only one to see that the Emperor had really nothing on.

Altho, after this, our braille printing establishment continued to benefit by casual visits from the Halls, visits followed usually by some sound suggestion for improvement accompanied by a check, they were strictly Scriptural as regards the ignorance of the right hands for the doings of the left, and I had little idea of what were their occupations in other directions. Once in a while they carried me off to dinner in some famous restaurant where otherwise I should never have set foot, and where my war-tired and gloomy spirits received a lesson in the art of cheer. There was in those delicate and costly repasts a sort of robust confidence in the ultimate rightness of things—or at least I used to have this fancy to explain to myself the renewed courage which came to me after such evenings, and which may have been simply the result of a really hearty meal, after a good deal of penitential and meager fare.

I needed all the courage and calmness I could extract from any source during those days, for it was at that time that my old school-friend, Marguerite Moysset, was notified that her husband was killed in a skirmish on the Champagne front. Marguerite had already lost, almost at the beginning of the war, her only child, a boy of nineteen.

The death of her soldier husband left her desperately poor and inexpressibly alone. She had not wept for her boy's death nor did she shed a tear now for her husband whom she had almost extravagantly adored. She shut herself up in a white, stern horror which frightened us, all her well-meaning friends, who hovered about her in the most timorous ministrations which do more harm than good, but which nevertheless one dares not omit.

Paradoxically enough, it was the much-dreaded moving-out of the old apartment, full of memories of the twenty happy years passed there, and the moving-in to the two little rooms on the fifth floor of a dingy old tenement house in a poor quarter of the city which did more for Marguerite than all our foolish efforts. At least it aroused her to a sort of shocked and horrified life, and carried her out of her own misery.

Not long after she had gone there to live I found her with four pale-faced, dirty little children in one of her two rooms. She was heating water on her charcoal stove. "I'm going to give them a bath," she said to me, pronouncing the commonplace words with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

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A HONEYMOON À L'AMERICAINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

a strange, wild accent. "Do you know they have never had a bath, all over their bodies, in their lives?" I stayed to help her, wondering at the curious expression on her face. She was, as she had been ever since the blow had fallen, still very white, but now that pallor was like white heat.

After the children were clean, Marguerite dressed them in coarse, clean new clothes, which she told me she had sold her watch to buy—"the church-bells strike so near that I don't need a watch any more"—and gave them each a piece of bread and jam. They took their departure then, stricken into an astonished silence, and Marguerite turned to me with an angry toss of the head. "Do you know what the war is?" she asked me fiercely. "I know! It is the punishment we have called down on ourselves. I see now that the war has only intensified everything that existed before, it has *changed* nothing fundamentally. We were living as hideously in a state of war before as now, except that it was not physically bloody. There were children in this awful house then as now, without baths, without food, without decency, while I was giving all my energy that one little boy might have everything, everything that he could wish."

AT THIS I could not repress a protest, calling up the very modest comforts of her simple home. She brushed me on one side. "It was luxurious—sinfully, wickedly luxurious—to live so while other human beings were living as they were in this house. Oh, I see it so plainly, we were all living with all our mights according to the horrible Prussian maxim that you have a right to anything you're strong enough to keep other people from sharing. All the Germans did was to carry it to its logical, murdering conclusion, and show us what we really were."

I could not, Heaven knows, deny this, but I ventured a palliative murmur. "But at least we are ashamed of it. We tried to hide it. We never gloried in it, as the Prussians do."

"I am ashamed of it *now*," she told me somberly, "now when I have nothing, nothing to use as help but my two hands. I am ashamed of it now when it is too late."

The black misery on her face was such that I brought out the foolish phrase that I had been repressing all during the weeks since the news had come. "Marguerite dearest, why do you keep such a dreadful calm! Wouldn't it do you *good* to cry?"

"I?" she said bitterly, "I haven't the right to cry! Look at my neighbors!"

The next time I went back I found her two little rooms full of children, three small babies on the bed, and a dozen or more of different ages playing together, while Marguerite, in a long black apron, stirred a soup-pot on the charcoal fire.

"Their mothers are working!" She gave me this as all-sufficient explanation, adding, "But there are so many, many more that I can't help! If only I had more room to take them in—and more soup—and more bread! But with children it's wicked to start more than you can carry on, and—I've made the calculation! I can't possibly help any more than there are here!"

I noticed that the feverish, wild look had gone from her eyes, that she looked steadied—infinitely tragic—but quiet, purposeful. The children had brought her back into real life again.

On a sudden impulse, I left her, and went to telephone the Halls, asking them to meet me near there. While I waited for them, I found myself very much agitated, my head whirling with possibilities for Marguerite's future, my legs a little unsteady under me. I revolved the best way to "approach" them, the most tactful manner of presenting the matter to them. I brought to mind all the painfully acquired war-relief lore about "managing" people with money; I tried to recall what I knew of them so that I might gauge at some weakness of theirs to exploit—perhaps I could promise to get recognition for them from the French Ministry of the Interior—what was the exact name of that medal they gave to foreign philanthropists, of course not the red ribbon, but still—

IN THE midst of these cheap calculations, their taxi drove up to the curb, they stepped out, and I perceived that I had forgotten what they were. It was not surprizing. I lived in a world where there were few reminders of such as they. Mr. Hall looked at me out of his honest eyes, and said with his honest American accent, "Well, what's doing?" and I found myself without preamble giving them the facts, the naked facts, without an adjective to qualify them, without a single picturesque arrangement. I did not even make an appeal to them. I simply told them all that had happened since the death of Marguerite's husband. I even hid nothing of what Marguerite had said which might seem a criticism of them or of life and of mine. I told them all. When I finished, they glanced at each other with their good look of deep understanding which, in the cold, ill-smelling city street, was like a gust of warm, country-scented air across my face. Mrs. Hall said, "I wonder if she'd mind our going to see her?" Mr. Hall qualified, "Of course if you think best not to—we're not acquainted with her. We don't want to seem to 'butt in.'"

We found her giving those little people their noonday meal—hot soup and bread.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

Tender gums—a warning

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A Honeymoon à l'Américaine

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

Having only her small kitchen table and four bowls, the children came in relays. The fear of those who waited, lest the soup should give out before their turn, was painful to see. Marguerite glanced at my companions, surprized, and gave me a questioning, half-challenging look. The Halls stood quietly in one corner of the dark little kitchen and watched the white-faced, clear little mites, all their ineffably clear child's eyes turned on the tall, pale foster-mother, bending over them, serving them, stooping to catch a timidly murmured request, smoothing a little cheek, tying and untying their bibs, wiping their lips—every gesture pregnant with passionate motherliness. To me she wore the look of a mother who returns to her brood after an absence and, finding them ill-cared-for and unhappy, strives burningly and remorsefully to give them their lost due of love and care.

WITH the last relay of four occurred a tragedy. Scrape as she might, Marguerite could not bring out of the kettle more than enough for three bowls. For a moment there was silent consternation. Then, sighing, without any suggestion from Marguerite, these children of the poor began dipping from their portions into the empty bowl. There was on their thin little faces a patient and unsurprized resignation. When all the bowls were equally full, they set-to eagerly, a natural childlike greediness coming at last into their eyes. I glanced at Mr. Hall and saw that his lips were moving as tho in some exclamation, but I could not catch what it was.

When the last drop had been scraped up from the last bowl and Marguerite's long white fingers were once more immersed in dish-water, I ventured to bring my visitors to her and introduce them. They asked a few questions which Marguerite answered in her careful book-English, astonished and a little tired. I could see, by their directness and lack of ceremony,

"Yes," she said, turning a second glance of interrogation on me—who were these strangers in her house?—yes, there were other lodgings to be had in the house where she could care for more children, the whole top floor was a big, deserted factory loft with skylights letting in the sun and with windows opening on a flat-roof terrace where the children could play. But of course that was out of the question. The rent was very high, it would cost a great deal to heat the room, and where could she get money to feed any more—even with the number I have, you saw—"

"Yes," they said hastily, they had seen, they had seen! I took it from their accent that they would not soon forget what they had seen.

Mrs. Hall looked at her husband—their serious, eloquent glance. He nodded, cleared his throat and took out his wallet—that famous wallet! I remember exactly what he said, it being of the most masterly brevity, and I mean to set it down textually as he said it. What I can not set down is the inimitable, straight, clear gaze out of his eyes, as he looked at Marguerite, everything but their common humanity forgotten. He said, "Madame, my wife and I want to help you help these children. I am going to leave five thousand francs with you to-day, for you to rent anything, buy anything, do anything you think best for the children. And there will always be plenty more where that came from, for you to go on."

Having said all that he had to say, he was silent, laying down on the table, with a bang, the five big bank-notes, and picking up those of the children's soup-money. I noted especially the gentleness with which he touched the coarse, yellow earthenware, as tho it were of great value. I wondered intensely how Marguerite could thank them. I did not venture to look at her face.

Marguerite did not thank them at all. She stood perfectly motionless for a moment, and then, putting her hands over her face, she broke into a storm of loud sobs. The tears ran down between her thin fingers and fell on the coarse yellow bowl and on the bank-notes—

Mrs. Hall pulled at my arm. Mr. Hall opened the door, and I found myself stumbling down the steep, dark stairs, holding desperately to the greasy railing. We groped our way down, step by step, in darkness and in silence, until, nearly at the bottom, I called back, with a quavering attempt at a jest, "But now about the necessity of a sound business basis?"

From the fetid darkness above me, dropped down Mr. Hall's clarion American accent, "Oh, damn a sound business basis!"

I found myself obliged to wink back the tears which came along with my laughter.

Emerging into the gray light of the narrow street, I turned to wait for my companions, but when I saw the expression of their faces I knew I would not be missed and, while they stood to hail a cab, I made hasty farewells and betook myself to the nearest *Métro* station, my ears ringing as tho I had been hearing the loud, triumphant note of trumpets.

I was about to dive into the ant-hole of the subway entrance when I heard my name called and saw Mrs. Hall's chic little toque thrust out of a cab-window. "We forgot to tell you," she called across the street to me, "that we are very much obliged to you, indeed, for telephoning us."

With this inimitable farewell they vanished again from my view until, months after this, I ran across them, for the last time. I was at the *Gare de Lyon*, seeing off a blind soldier, whom, with his family, we had been able to place in a home in the country. As usual with the poor, to whom journeys are considerable events, we had been fearfully ahead of time because they were in a panic for fear of losing their train. I had settled our protégé with all the innumerable small things—valises, bags, roll-ups, and wraps which are the accompaniment of a French family, even the humblest, *en voyage*, had hidden them godspeed and was going back along the platform to the exit when I was confronted by a familiar overcoat of furs, followed by a mountain of baggage on a truck.

"Hello!" said Mr. Hall. "You on the move too?"

I explained my presence and turned back to walk with them to their train. "We are going to Italy," announced Mrs. Hall, "and for once we are going to try and *take* Italy something, instead of just getting the most out of her scenes to make up for what everybody else has done all these tourist years."

I had some reflections of my own about what Italy had taught me, what I had taken from me, but I kept them to myself, recognizing that, as usual, I was on a very different plane from the Golden Age of my companions.

"You see," explained Mr. Hall in their astonishing, matter-of-fact manner, "You see, one of our enterprises at home in the States is making a lot more money than ever before because of the war-manufacturing—now that the Government is in the war, thank the Lord! Of course, that money's got to go somehow to make up for some of the harm the war is doing. And it's such a lot that it can swing a big proposition. We've thought it over, Margaret and I, and we've decided to put it into helping the reforestation movement in Italy." I had only a blank plan to greet this idea, so totally unexpected was it to me. They hastened to explain and expand, both of them talking at once, with a fresh, eager interest. I gleaned the idea in broken bits of phrases, "—terrible floods in Italy every few years—tops of the mountains bare and—campaign or education needed—a thousand young pines to the acre—forty millions needed—a fine Italian forestry society already existing to direct work, but without funds since the war—hundreds of thousands of acres to be reclaimed—" My head whirled, but the main outlines were clear.

"*En voiture!*" shouted an employee running down the *quais*.

THEY scrambled into their car hastily but turned at the door for last remarks. "We've left a deposit in the bank for your friend with the tenement-house children," they suddenly remembered to assure me, "enough for a couple of years, and then, whenever she comes, we're going to—"

Mrs. Hall, on a sudden impulse, stooped low to give me a good-by kiss. "I do hope your husband gets back all right from the front!" she said earnestly, divining the constant anxiety of my every moment, and then, her eyes shining, I thought I could wonder if anybody ever was so lucky as to have such a perfectly, perfectly lovely honeymoon as Robert and I!"

The train began very slowly to move. I walked along beside it, dreading to see the last of those clear eyes. They smiled and waved their hands. They looked like superpeople, the last inhabitants of the world before the war, the only happy human beings left.

I looked after them longingly. The smooth, oily movement of the train *de luxe* was accelerated. They were gone.

I went soberly back into the big echoing station and out into the dingy Winter Paris street.

I had not gone ten steps before I was quite sure again that I had made them up, out of my head.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

7934—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch satin—3¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¾ yard white Georgette crêpe—2 yards fringe—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Beading No. 12461, blue or yellow transfer. Georgette crêpe and satin combine very attractively for afternoon wear in this frock which is designed to give length of line to stout figures.

7927—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch serge—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for overcollar and cuffs—⅜ yard white Georgette crêpe for vestee—2¼ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Braiding No. 12321, blue or yellow transfer. A tunic with irregular lower edge gives style to this simple frock of blue serge which is suitable for afternoon street wear for stout women.

7897—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 44-inch check serge—⅝ yard 36-inch black satin for collar. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Distinctive style is given to this good-looking frock of check serge by the yoke which extends into a full length panel at the center-front and back.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

7975—Ladies' Dress. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 44-inch biscuit-color serge—2 yards 40-inch satin—⅜ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar. Width at lower edge of accordion-plaited skirt 2¾ yards. A charming exponent of the conservation frock is presented in this model which is in overdress effect, the overdress forming a panel front and back. These panels are of wool fabric, while the waist and the accordion-plaited skirt are of satin.

7984—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch satin —3½ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3 yards fringe—4¼ yards bead banding—1¾ yard Persian banding. Width at lower edge 1⅝ yard. This makes a very attractive frock for all sorts of afternoon social functions.

7978—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 7¼ yards 36-inch velvet—⅝ yard 36-inch cream lace for collar and cuffs—⅝ yard accordy for trimming—1⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge 1⅛ yard. The back panel which is such an attractive feature of this frock is tacked to the shoulders, and is attached to the skirt at flounce depth. It conceals the back closing. Another attractive feature is the diagonal line that is taken by the tunic extending down from the side below the hips and then draped up at the back. The foundation for this very unusual costume is a tunic-piece skirt improved by a straight flounce, and attached to a back-closing underbody. The deep Cavalier collar is new and charming and the neck may be in V shaping with a small collar.

7892—Ladies' Blouse. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 27-inch allover lace—⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

8000—Ladies' Blouse. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7696—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch tan satin —¼ yard 36-inch black satin ⅛ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar—⅜ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Braiding No. 13300, blue or yellow transfer. Braiding border is No. 12426, blue or yellow.

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6872—Ladies' Blouse. Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. No. 7778—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse. Sizes small, medium and large, corresponding with 18 years, 36 and 40 inches bust. Medium size requires 1½ yard 44-inch plaid—⅝ yard 36-inch white satin for collar and trimming.

7951—Ladies' Blouse. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—4 yards frilling. White or flesh-color crêpe de Chine would also make up attractively in this blouse.

7943—Ladies' Dress. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch broadcloth—⅛ yard lace for collar—2¼ yards 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge 1¾ yard. In the fashionable overdress effect is this frock of broadcloth which closes at the center-back. The overdress is made with a yoke that descends into a panel front and back, and long close-fitting sleeves may replace the Mandarin sleeves illustrated. The overdress in redingote style is mounted on a foundation that consists of a back-closing underbody joined to a two-piece skirt that is gathered at the back and closes at center-back. The underbody may have high, oval, or V-shaped neck outlines, and the redingote may also be made with high neck finished with a standing and turnover collar. At each side of the panel front and back below the yoke are inserted gathered sections.

7661—Ladies' Blouse. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. No. 7995—Ladies' Two-piece Draped Skirt. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 40-inch check velvet—1⅜ yard 36-inch plain velvet. A chic note in the new fashions is the combination of plain and check velvet, making a frock suitable for afternoon and street wear. The blouse, which shows the new oval neck-line, closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front.

7940—Ladies' Dress. Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch gabardine—3½ yards 36-inch satin—6 yards braid—¼ yard organdy for undercollar—⅞ yard lace for overcollar—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Valuable propaganda for the wool conservation movement is furnished in this frock which combines gabardine and satin. The gabardine forms the smart overdress which closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

7958—Ladies' Jacket. Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch gabardine—3 yards 36-inch Pussy Willow taffeta for lining. Length at center-back 45 inches, perforated for 42-inch length. No. 7707—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge 1⅜ yard. Shawl and notched collars, both of which are included in this jacket pattern, are the newest neck finishes for the season's tailored suits.

7818—Ladies' Dress. Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch satin—3½ yards 44-inch serge—⅛ yard white satin for vest—1¼ yard fur banding —⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 2⅛ yard. There is quite a fad for these conservation frocks that by using part satin and silk minimize considerably the quantity of wool material that is necessary.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

7344—Ladies' Sleeveless Overblouses. Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires for the overblouse illustrated 3⅜ yards 36-inch black velvet. Embroidery or braiding No. 11818, blue or yellow transfer. Two overblouses are included in this pattern.

7778—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse. Three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 18 years, 36 and 40 bust. Medium size requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool Jersey. Braiding No. 11347, blue or yellow transfer.

7854—Ladies' Sleeveless Overblouse. Three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36, and 42 bust. Medium size requires 3 yards 36-inch velvet. Embroidery No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer.

7792—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse. Three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36, and 42 bust. Medium size requires 3 yards 36-inch velvet. Embroidery No. 12372, blue or yellow transfer.

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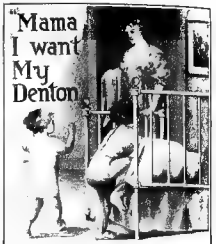

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

6337—Uncle Sam Suit for Men and Youths. Four sizes, 28, 32, 36, and 40 chest. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch red and white striped satin for trousers—4 yards 36-inch blue satin for coat and front of vest—⅝ yard 27-inch lining for back of vest. The vest has white stars appliqued on it. These may be cut from white satin. No allowance is made in the pattern for the hat.

7939—Ladies' Envelop Chemise. Three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Small size requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1 yard narrow—⅜ yards wide lace. Embroidery No. 12175, blue or yellow transfer, 10 cents.

6385—Clown Suit and Hat. Seven sizes, 4 to 16 years. Size 12 requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch white satin. For the Hallowe'en masquerade there is nothing more popular than the clown suit which may be fashioned of an inexpensive white surf satin or white sateen with pompoms of black.

6296—Men's Pierrot Suit. Seven sizes, 32 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch white satin for coat and hat—2½ yards 36-inch black satin for trousers. The ruching will have to be bought by the yard.

4486—Clown Suit and Hat. Eight sizes, 32 to 46 chest. Size 36 requires 10 yards 36-inch sateen. This clown suit is cut in one from the neck to lower edge.

6306—Greek Costume for Ladies, Misses, and Girls. Four sizes, 36 and 40 bust for ladies and misses, and 8 and 12 years for girls. Size 8 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch cheese-cloth or voile. For costume parties or for the Hallowe'en masquerade, this little costume is very attractive.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

7973—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch plaid taffeta—1 yard plaid taffeta for collar and trimming—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Among the smart features of the season are the surplice blouses that are drawn around to form a girdle. In this model the surplice closing is outlined by a long shawl collar of plaid taffeta, and the plaid is repeated in the facing of the sleeves, and of the tunic which is a one-piece gathered model pointed front and back. It is mounted on a two-piece skirt closing in front.

7906—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch taffeta—⅞ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yards silver ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Over a kimono blouse of Georgette crêpe is mounted a petal of taffeta front and back cut with the straight neck-line that is so fashionable. The sleeves may be in elbow length as illustrated or they may be cut off at drop-shoulder line and deep Mandarin sleeves attached. Over the two-piece gathered skirt of taffeta which closes at left side is arranged a three-piece gathered tunic open in front and trimmed with bands of silver ribbon.

7778—Ladies' and Misses' Overblouse. Three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 18 years, 36 and 40 bust. Small size requires 2¼ yards 36-inch velvet—⅝ yard white satin for collar. Embroidery No. 12379, blue or yellow.

No. 7779—Misses' Dress
Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 18 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette for dress without collar. Width at lower edge 2 yards. For early Fall afternoon wear a frock of Georgette crêpe in delicate coloring with an overblouse of black velvet is distinctly chic. The waist of this dress closes in front, but the closing is concealed by a panel which fastens on the left shoulder. High, V, and round neck outlines are provided, and Mandarin sleeves may replace the gathered sleeves illustrated.

8002—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch serge—2¼ yards 36-inch satin —1¾ yard soutache braid—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge of accordion-plaited skirt about 2 yards. There is a perfect craze for these plaited skirts, and many of the newest frocks show them developed in satin with long Mandarin or Russian blouse of serge. This closes at the back, and the long sleeves may be made without the flaring cuffs. The circular peplum forms points front and back, and it is worn over a one-piece skirt that may be accordion-plaited or gathered.

7977—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6 yards 44-inch organdy—10 yards satin ribbon for ruchings and trimming—½ yard satin for girdle—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. There is a quaint old-time charm to this frock of maize organdy with its Quaker fichu that is finished with a ruching of ribbon. The waist closes in surplice style and the odd sleeves are in two sections. Over the two-piece gathered skirt which closes at center-front, are two straight tunics gathered at the top, and finished with ribbon ruching to match the fichu.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

8005—Misses' Dress. Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch satin. Width at lower edge of accordion-plaited skirt about 2 yards. Braiding on blouse No. 12419, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Presented here is the new Mandarin blouse with the fashionable Renaissance neck cut straight across from shoulder to shoulder, tho it may have high or round neck if preferred. The blouse closes at the back, and plain sleeves may replace the flowing Mandarin sleeves. A one-piece accordion-plaited or gathered skirt is attached to the underblouse.

7966—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch navy satin—3½ yards 40-inch navy Georgette crêpe—½ yard white satin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Embroidery No. 12461, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Over the front closing blouse of Georgette crêpe is arranged a jumper section of satin that is draped around to form a girdle. This closes at left side-front. Over the two-piece gathered skirt which closes at center-front, is a gathered tunic falling in a deep point at the side-front and side-back.

7962—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅞ yard 44-inch organdy for shawl collar and chemisette—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Braiding on collar No. 11290, blue or yellow transfer pattern. Among the new fashion features of Fall frocks are the long-waisted surplice blouses worn without a girdle, the shawl collar, and the irregular edged tunic. This charming frock of taffeta combines all these features and is ideal for afternoon wear for the young girl. The blouse buttons at the left side-front and crosses in surplice style over a front-closing underbody with square or V neck. The waist is attached to the gathered two-piece tunic which extends in a deep point front and back. The one-piece skirt may be accordion-plaited or gathered.

7980—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 9¼ yards 36-inch black satin—¼ yard white satin for undercollar. The overcollar is an embroidered one that may be purchased ready-made. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. A waisted jacket is applied at the center-front and back of this frock of satin, the foundation of which consists of a front-closing blouse with square or round neck joined to a gathered skirt in two sections tucked above a deep hem.

7860—Misses' Dress. Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5½ yards 32-inch figured challis—⅝ yard white organdy for collar—1½ yard 36-inch satin for sash—¾ yard fringe. A charming feature of this simple frock is the yoke which descends into a panel at the center-front and back of the blouse. This blouse shows the fashionable low waist-line, and the neck, while high at the back, descends in a V in front. Full-length or three-quarter sleeves may be selected, and the waist closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front. It is joined to a three-piece side-plaited skirt of straight lower edge and about 2¾ yards wide.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

7904—Infants' Layette. This consists of a dress, kimono pinning blanket, shirt, and bootees. Cut in one size only. The dress requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch nainsook, the kimono 1⅝ yard 36-inch cashmere, the pinning blanket 1⅜ yard 36-inch flannel, the shirt ⅝ yard 27-inch baby flannel and ⅛ yard 36-inch piqué for bootees. Scallop on kimono No. 11747, blue transfer pattern. Feather-stitching on pinning blanket No. 12303, blue transfer pattern.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

7886—Child's and Girls' Gathered Petticoat. Eight sizes, 1 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch fabric—2⅜ yards 4-inch embroidery for ruffle.

7991—Child's Combination ——. Six sizes, 1 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch longcloth for combination, or 1⅝ yard for underwaist and drawers. Embroidery No. 12175, blue or yellow transfer. This combination may button on the shoulders, or it may be made with drawers buttoning to an underwaist that closes at the back.

7437—Girls' and Juniors' Bloomer Dress. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 3½ yards 36-inch blue drilling.

7964—Girls' and Juniors' Gymnasium Suit. Nine sizes, 6 to 17 years. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch white drilling for middy—1⅜ yard 44-inch navy blue serge for bloomers, collar, and cuffs—3⅜ yards braid.

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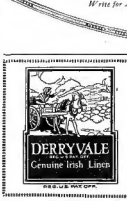

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A Real Help in the Home

YOUR helpful suggestions as printed from time to time in PICTORIAL REVIEW have assisted me wonderfully in solving many vexing problems in my home.

I am a minister's wife and have been keeping house for twelve years. My husband is away much of the time, leaving me with my two children, a baby girl, eighteen months old, and a boy, eight years old, and the responsibility of the home to look after. Many an hour is shortened and filled with cheer as I read the interesting articles found in your paper. But I get more than pleasure out of it. I get real help in planning and doing my household duties.

OHIO.

In Answer to "The Protest of a Domestic Failure"

I HAVE just finished reading the article by a "Domestic Failure." How I should love to shake hands with her, dear fellow sufferer. Now, if some other courageous woman will only rise and swat the gentle and noble female who persists in telling us just how to raise our children. This female invariably has a cook, maid, and nursemaid, so that she is always ready to visit little Mary's kindergarten and never fails to show her interest in all her big boy's doings, by attending the ball game with him, and entertaining his friends at any and all times. She also makes it a rule always to appear at the dinner-table dressed in white, realizing the wonderful influence for good this has over her children.

I wonder just what this paragon would do, if she had to do all the work for a large family, as many of us are doing out here on the prairies, with none of the conveniences and comforts of city life. Would she always be so sweetly superior?

Once more I salute the "Domestic Failure" and with Mrs. Mahoney, I say: "Dearie, them sentiments does you credit."

MONTANA.

Harry Kemp Writes Real Poetry

IT'S worth five cents to put before you my appreciation of that little bit of poetry in the June PICTORIAL—"To Think That Somewhere," by Harry Kemp.

WISCONSIN.

Can Almost Taste the Recipes

I JUST can't wait for your PICTORIAL REVIEW to come out on the newsstand. And I do love to walk straight to the stand and buy it! If I subscribed to it and it came just so regularly on a certain date every month, I shouldn't have that nice little feeling of going to purchase it. Can you understand what I mean? For a long time my brother absolutely refused to purchase your magazine for me, because he didn't want to be seen coming home with a *woman's* magazine under his arm. But now he wants the magazine even before I glance through it. So you please both of us. Every story is good, and I like the recipes. You can almost taste them. And to sum it all up, your PICTORIAL REVIEW is *just awfully good* all over, inside and out. I am a proud reader.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Inspiring and Uplifting

PERMIT me to express my satisfaction with the way your magazine is handling the war situation, not only editorially, but particularly in your war fiction. I think fiction, as well as essays, can be made inspiring and uplifting, and should be, especially at this time. Your fiction has been a marked contrast to that of some others, whose stories leave more the tone of and much the same appeal as the "court-room tales" that attract certain kinds of readers. A story of a German-American malcontent, converted, is worth a great deal more to America than one where the malcontent is merely thrown down-stairs or has handcuffs put on him. In short, your stories are clean, and have mostly ended not merely with the triumph of right over wrong, but the conversion of wrong to the right. That makes your stories better.

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BOOKS AND READING

BOOKS FOR COOKS

By JANE LEE

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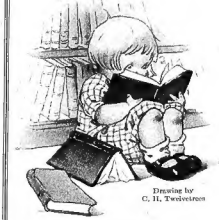
The second book, "Cakes, Pastry, and Dessert Dishes," covers a wide field which ranges from the very simple cake to elaborate party confections. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. Price, $1.50 each.)

THERE is no one better fitted to reorganize your home and put it on a practical war basis than Mary Schwartz Rose, the assistant professor of the Department of Nutrition at Columbia College. Under the title of "Feeding the Family" she has written a book in simple every-day terms telling just how the science of nutrition may be applied in ordinary life. The food needs of men, women, children, and babies of a typical family are treated in separate



Drawing by C. H. Twelvetrees

chapters. This is a book which can not be disregarded while we must keep our homes on a war basis and our families good natured and in good health at the same time (Price, $2.10).

Her second book, "Every-day Foods in War Times" was written in response to thousands of inquiries about war food. In this volume Mrs. Rose seeks to make it easier to save wheat, sugars, and fats and still prepare a good meal at low cost (Price, 80c). (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

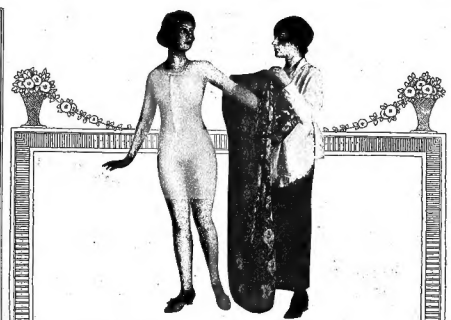
THE very title of "Better Meals for Less Money" would make a book sell in these times. Mary Green, at one time an instructor in a famous cooking school, is the author. The book is full of sensible suggestions and food facts, in addition to its seven hundred reliable recipes. Miss Green does not preach the total elimination of "Cakes and Ale," but the sort of sensible economy that the average housewife can really practise in an average kitchen. (Henry Holt & Co., New York. Price, $1.25.)

OVER two hundred recipes will be found in "The Housekeeper's Apple Book" by L. Gertrude MacKay. Until you have studied this volume it hardly seems possible that this king of fruits could be prepared in so many ways. Included are toothsome ways of cooking apples—baked, fried, stewed, in jams, jellies, and custards—apples in pies, cakes, and puddings, in croquettes, salads, and fritters—in fact practically every form in which apples may be utilized. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. Price, 75 cents.)

A MODERN economical "Kosher" cook book is a decided novelty. "The International Jewish Cook Book," by Florence K. Greenbaum, contains no less than one thousand six hundred tried and savory recipes according to the Jewish dietary laws. Every one knows that the Jewish housewife has always been accustomed to use the cuts of meat heretofore scorned by many modern cooks. Yet she has always been famous for savory and varied dishes. The recipes are planned for a family of five and it is considered by those high in authority to be the best and most complete Kosher cook book ever issued in this country. (Bloch Publishing Company, New York. Price, $1.50.)

STILL another book devoted to a special line of cookery is "Diabetic Cookery," by Rebecca W. Oppenheimer. The author, herself a diabetic patient for many years, collected the recipes at Carlsbad and Neuenahr where she saw each one cooked and tested under a physician's supervision. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, $2.00.)

EDITOR'S NOTE:—We will be glad to secure any of these books for our readers, upon receipt of price quoted. Ten cents extra must be added to cover postage on each volume. Address Literary Editor, Pictorial Review, 214-226 West 30th Street, New York.



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The regular use of the proper kind of soap goes far in this direction. Resinol Soap is just that kind. It has an unusually cleansing lather, a mild refreshing odor, and just enough of the soothing, healing medication to relieve clogged, irritated pores, and give the skin a healthy outdoor look.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

Men with tender faces find that Resinol Shaving Stick prevents irritation.

DAUGHTERS OF THE GOLDEN TREASURE

The Meaning of Service

COULD any red-blooded American look on our beautiful National Capital—the City of Washington—without a thrill of pride and an intense longing to render greater service to our country?

When I began to think of what I should talk to you about this month, dear Daughters and Daughters-to-be, I recalled to mind a recent visit to Washington and decided that we are all more interested in *service* than anything else in the world.

Yes, Washington seems to be the embodiment of service. Once the tranquil, the calm, the beautiful home of our National Government, its aspect is all changed now. All the quietness, the tranquillity has gone —we are at war—and Washington is the center of all our war activities. Preparation and service are the watchwords. It almost seems that the busy throngs on the streets are as eager and alert as the soldiers drilling in uniforms.

I WISH I could tell you how much Golden Treasure money has been earned for Red Cross work especially.

There is scarcely a mail any day that does not bring as a rich reward for all the energy and thought devoted to the club, letters from members telling me how the club has helped them to do the things that otherwise would have been impossible.

Here, for instance, is a letter from a lovely young Red Cross nurse. It came with her photograph just a few days ago and is full of inspiration, and the thrill that comes with sacrifice. I must pass it on for you to enjoy.

"DEAR PEGGY: I am enclosing a little picture in my Red Cross costume. I knit all of my spare time. It just seems that I can not waste a single precious minute. Father says he thinks I knit in my sleep. So when I knew that I should soon go 'Over There' I had this little picture taken with my knitting so they would know it's really me!

"Of course, I am very anxious to go because I know how great is the need for nurses to help take care of our boys, but naturally there is a sort of 'sickish' feeling in the bottom of my heart at the thought of leaving Mother and Dad and all the folks.

"I must close now, Peggy, but I did want to send you this long-promised picture and to tell you that Golden Treasure money has helped me to get my outfit and to prepare for my work 'Over There.'

"MARGARET H——, L. I."

Dear little girl! As I looked at her picture and saw how young she is, I realized how much she was sacrificing.

Hundreds of letters from members and prospective members that come to my desk day after day would interest you, but my space is too limited to show many of them.

What greater service could we render than in helping the Red Cross? Now is the time to *do*. It is your privilege and mine and each day brings added proof of the help that is needed. Should we not make greater effort to render service? I know you want to help and I want to help you to earn Golden Treasure money for that very purpose.

WE may think that we serve and have given, but our utmost could be but a tiny speck compared with what *they* are doing "Over There." How are we then to give when our resources can not be stretched to cover the necessities? Why, we must earn more money! There is not one among my readers who could not earn more money. The club is here with all the money that you need—there is enough for all—and I am here to tell you all about our plan and to explain exactly how you can be a Daughter of the Golden Treasure and earn as much money as you need.

You are under no obligation to join the Daughters of the Golden Treasure if you do not wish to. All you need to do is to tell me who you are and where you live. If you would like to, write me about yourself, and I'll answer with a long letter explaining all about our money-earning plan. Then if you want to be a member you may be sure of a hearty welcome; if you don't want to join we'll be friends anyway. Do send me your name and address to-day. You'll be glad you wrote. I know you will. Wouldn't it be nice to know how you can earn money—if you really want to?

There are other rewards given to successful members than the money they earn, the loveliest gifts of gold and silver, silk stockings, linens—just the beautiful and useful things that all women love to have but somehow do not feel that they can afford to buy when they need their extra money for Red Cross work and war service.

All these lovely things are sent to the Daughters as little reminders of their successful club work. Are you getting your full measure of money and gifts, dear Daughter? Then why not make up your mind to earn more and more? Would you not enjoy earning your Red Cross money and sharing our beautiful gifts, dear Daughter-to-be?

Then let me assure you of a hearty welcome in our club.

Peggy Key Scott

President, Daughters of the Golden Treasure,
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING,
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Woman's Charms Cannot Survive Old-Way Sweeping

THE fatigue of sweeping slowly but surely leaves its mark. Fair faces and shapely figures succumb to this unnecessary drudgery. Wasted time also takes its toll.

But these wasters are easily avoided. There is an easy way to sweep—a way more thorough and more sanitary, a way that saves time and aids, not hinders, home pleasures. That way is the Bissell way.

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